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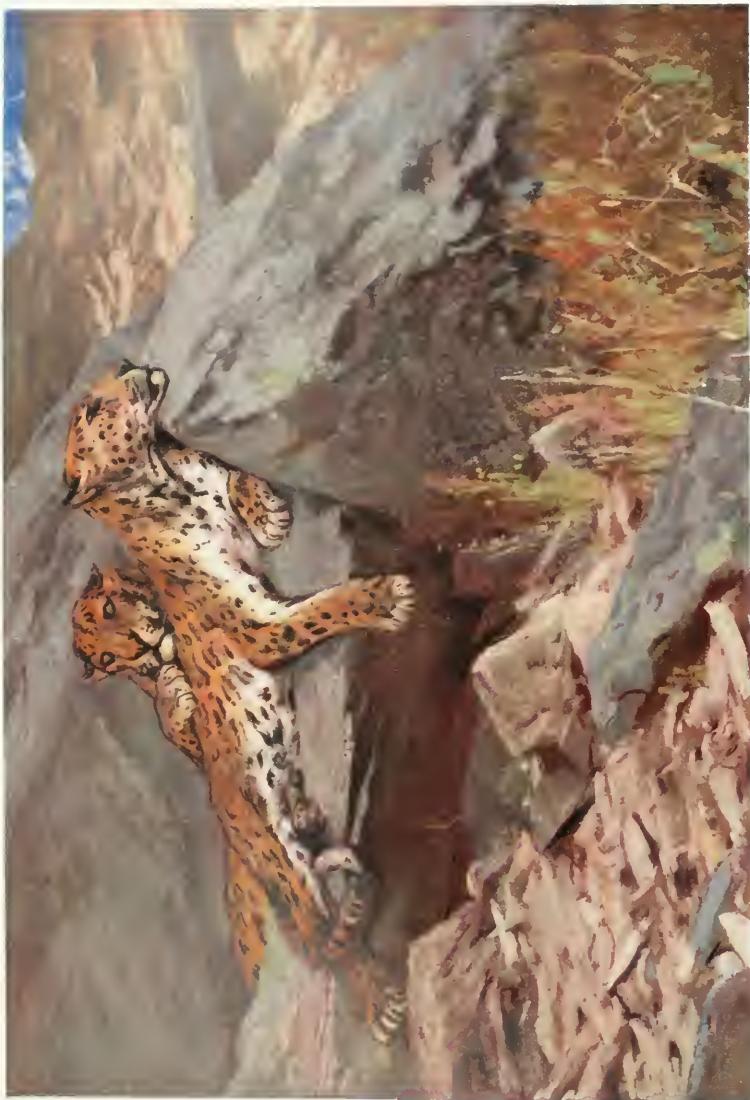
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"LEOPARDS RESTING." FROM THE  
PASTEL BY ARTHUR WARDLE



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JULY, 1916

## A NNE GOLDFTHWAITE AS A POR- TRAIT PAINTER BY A. D. DEFRIES

In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* the article on women is very much shorter than the article on wood carving, and the reference to women's art is insignificant. "Increasing provision has been made for decorative work, silver-smiths, dentists, law-copyists and plan tracing." The *Encyclopaedia*, like every government and academy has to be at least one generation out of date, and so here we get a very good idea of the attitude toward the art of women fifty years ago.

In spite of isolated women artists in the past it is not too much to say that this generation is the first to develope the fine arts in women. The result is a flood of feminine art, most of which has very little true art in it; it is not often worse than that of the opposite sex, but so far it has not reached the great heights attained by the Masters (unless you except Rosa Bonheur?). Nevertheless in every country women's work is infinitely finer and more creative than that of all the chiefs among the men.

An Englishwoman, Mrs. Sergeant Florence, possibly the first woman mural-decorator, who was in 1891 awarded the Dodge prize at the New York academy, said to me:

"The women of my generation are the pioneers of woman's art. . . . We are the ones who are clearing the way for the generation to come. No one knows better than I the limitations of my own work . . . but it is because the energy, time, imagination and physical strength that men use freely for their art has in my case had to go in ceaseless struggling . . . in my case not for money only, but for the 'right to work.'"

She belongs to the generation of *our* mothers, and already we are benefitting by *their* efforts.

To-day in England, of the forty-nine members of the New English Art Club, seven are women; The International Society (founded by Whistler and with Rodin now for president) has four women members. In Paris and Glasgow the work of a few women is regularly purchased for the Public Galleries; in Pittsburg and other American cities also; and women artists in general get better treatment in America and in France than they receive in England, Germany or Italy.

In the Anglo-American exhibit at the White City in 1914, the two best pictures from a feminine hand came from two Englishwomen: Lily Defries and Alice Fanner. Certainly the best miniaturist is an Englishwoman—Gertrude Thompson—the last of the Pre-Raphaelites—who is painting in a thoroughly modern and individual way. Ethel Gabain, also a Britisher, is the best woman lithographer in the Seneffeler Club, and Beatrice Howe is preferred by most Paris critics to the American, Elizabeth Nourse, who also interests herself in painting peasants and babies. Both those artists are represented in the Luxembourg, as is also the French woman, Gaultier Bossiere, who only turned seriously to art after her children grew up, and is a fine flower painter. Of all the women portraitists in Paris in 1914 I thought the chief was Olga de Boznanska, a Pole. In the salon of that year she and Beatrice Howe stood out as the equal of the men: both totally different from each other and expressing at the same time an essentially feminine point of view with a very vigorous and simple technique which shirked nothing and knew much. Olga de Boznanska is the only woman whose name is written up on the board among the professors at the atelier in the rue de la Grande Chaumière: but in America women get more easily into the professorial posts.

But of all the women's art that I have seen—

## *Anne Goldthwaite as a Portrait Painter*

apart from craft—the work of the woman I have named remains forever in my memory. And in 1915 to this mental gallery I added the portraits of Anne Goldthwaite, an American, from Paris. In her exhibition at the Berlin Photographic galleries she also showed the landscapes, chiefly of her native state, Alabama, but these did not strike me as very vital. To me they were simply very sincere studies in the manner of the French artists at the beginning of this century. For me there was more distinction in her etchings and of these there was one which I particularly admire, a Parisian café, and the rhythm in the two dancing figures—the common abandon and recklessness restrained only by the rules of the dance—is as vivid to me now as it was when I saw it four months ago.

But it is as a portrait painter that Miss Goldthwaite's work interested me most. One critic laid great stress on the debt she owes to Cézanne, and in the freedom of her outlines, the directness of her touch and the simplicity of her paint, certainly there is more than an indication that she is a post-Cézanne. Another critic asserted that she had "studied Cézanne deeply." She said to me, "It has been unconsciously." This point is interesting because I have found that women artists work much less consciously than men, and have fewer theories about their work. The work of women in this direction seems almost completely a case of intuition becoming unconsciously articulate. Women reason less, and in time when they attain a greater freedom they may prove to be nearer to the unreasoning spirit of creation than the more trained mentality of the male can ever be.

Signs of a growing freedom and abandon are in the portraits of Anne Goldthwaite; in fact, she and Olga de Boznanska, different as they are in age and style, seem to satisfy what I am looking for in portraiture better than most male painters and better than any other women. At the same time do not let us be led into exaggeration. Anne Goldthwaite would be the first to tell you her own shortcomings, and there is no need to dwell on them here. She is young and this is her first important exhibition in New York. Much may be expected of her; judging the work she brought from Paris by the side of what she has since done, it is clear that she is developing rapidly. So far I do not find in her pictures any very deep psychological insight, or

any strong feeling for the *interior* character of the personality, nor does she seem to feel very strongly the marks of her sitter's life-history. She works rapidly and what she gets is the vital impression of a mood and an appearance.

In the portrait of *The Little American* perhaps she gets near to essential characterization—more (possibly) of childhood than of the individual child—though the likeness is striking. What she conveys in this portrait is the wonder and mystery of a child's innocence, never more wonderful than in the expression on the faces of little boys. This little boy is at a delightful age too, emerging out of babyhood so quietly. The most striking work in the galleries to me was the portrait of herself which has since found a purchaser. This is quite unlike any portrait I have ever seen. Most of her work is freshly inspired and this, more than the rest, strikes a new note. Again, it lacks depth of insight, but it has a strength never seen in, for instance, the work of Cecilia Beaux, who is completely outstripped by this post-Impressionist.

Beauty in quality of paint and in colour is another of Anne Goldthwaite's values. Of Harold Bauer she made two studies, one, the direct one, was exhibited, but I infinitely prefer the one she calls an extract of the other. Having finished working from the sitter she took a fresh canvas and made a portrait from memory, and this is the one which I think has in it the real Bauer.

Mr. Charles Caffin liked best of all the portraits exhibited the one of Cardinal Gibbons—which certainly is the most complete and final of her statements; and after all the many portraits of cardinals it was remarkable that she should have been able to present a fresh point of view. She certainly does see with her own eyes, and her seeing is clear and to the point.

There is something very American in her outlook and her racial characteristics come out in all her work. For she is Southern to the fingertips; her Parisian education has not perverted her national spirit.

She is essentially an American painter, with American quickness to grasp surface qualities and reduce them to a common factor, with American directness and clear-headed cut-and-driedness. There is no uncertainty about Anne Goldthwaite's work, no mystery, and there is very much skill; skill, too, in the total neglect of the unessential, and it is skill of a very high order.



SELF-PORTRAIT  
BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE



PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS  
BY ANNE GOLDTWTAITE



AN AMERICAN BOY  
BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

## Anne Goldthwaite as a Portrait Painter

It ~~you~~ come to think of it, remembering the ~~number~~ of portraits there have been, it is no common talent which can place a head on a canvas in such a way that without being eccentric the pose appears new. You forget all the portraits you have seen before when you see this easy and fluid style.

In her introduction to her catalogue Martin Birnbaum told the history of her style: which is never the case of a slap-dash painter, but always of one who has outgrown a fine discipline. More than fifteen years ago she learnt with William Shirlaw, after which she went to Paris in 1907.

She was quick to understand the young movement which was longing for new forms of expression. "At that time," says Mr. Birnbaum, "Cézanne was still living. Gauguin, fresh from Tahiti, was making his first great sensation. Impressionism was dethroned." Personally I cannot accept the phrase of Impressionism dethroned, because I do not see that a new idea in art overthrows the last; it seems to me on the contrary that beside the throne of Impressionism another throne was erected in keeping with the spirit of the succeeding generation. It seems to be obvious that new schools of art never "overthrow" the last ones. We reverence Goya in spite of Velasquez and we value Velasquez more than we do Manet even now. I cannot see that Gauguin overthrew El Greco or that, in a word, one artist does anything to the work of another.

We can still love the work of Manet and his group and if it appears to us extraordinary that anything so conventional could have caused such a revolution it is merely because we have got used to it and have seen more unconventional things! We do not any longer think Democracy extraordinary—and already that is going to be a back number; it is interesting to realize that a finer credo can overthrow a political platform—but that nothing can alter the value of a great work of art, because as Leonardo da Vinci said: "*Cosa belle mortal passa, e non d'arte,*" or as the Gaels said long before Leonardo was thought of: "*Thig criochair in t'saighal agh mairigh goal is eol.*" (This world passes, but love and music live forever.)

If you believe in evolution (even if it is only a wheel-like evolution in a widely recurring cycle of development) it will not seem to overthrow

anything when a new group forms professing new ideas in art. To me it is a perfectly natural phenomena. At the outset there may and will be "confusion—natural and inevitable"—this confusion is the friction without which there can be no birth.

Accordingly a small group of artists, of whom Anne Goldthwaite was one, agreed to meet at 86 Notre Dame des Champs for the purpose of trying to solve their difficulties; and they asked Charles Guérin, the president of the painters' section of the Autumn Salon to come in at regular intervals and criticize. He preached nature and tradition to the Académie Moderne. Each summer the circle would leave Paris and repair to the Ile-aux-Moines, Cassis en Midi, or to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to work without interruption.

The great war scattered them. Guérin went to the trenches—and Anne Goldthwaite returned to America. Her etchings had already become public property—owned by the Congressional Library and other institutions.

To many people all talk of art may seem irrelevant now; art itself may seem futile to them; but they do not see beneath the surface and forget that even in the wildest tempest the bottom of the ocean is still; beneath every turmoil there is calm, and the end of all striving is peace. Artists know this; and the more enlightened know that art is an essential organ of Human Life—"one of the conditions of Human Life" and civilization has brought with it the development of this organ in the life of women which grows every year more full of promise and power.

An interesting point about technique was raised one day when Anne Goldthwaite met an artist who believed that good painting consisted in carrying the work as far as possible "in finish."

"Yes," said Anne Goldthwaite, "I believe in that if it does not mean that the freshness and spontaneity is lost. . . . I would 'finish' if I could do so without losing the vitality I get by leaving off. I carry as far as I can without spoiling; as time goes on I shall probably do more, but at present I find the way I do is the only way for me."

Her art is practically all the result of natural talent and experience: she took to painting like a fish to water, and had none of the struggle that usually falls to the lot of women artists. And she certainly takes her place as one of the best living portrait painters of her sex.

## Art and the Magazine Cover

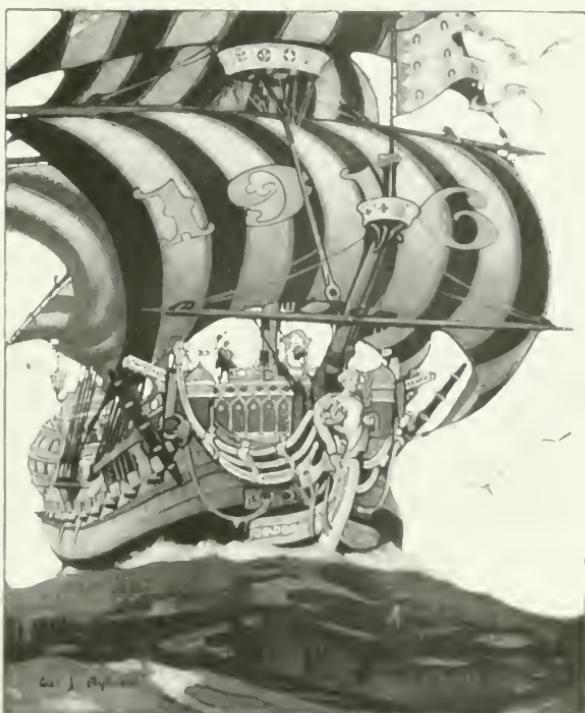
### A RT AND THE MAGAZINE COVER BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THERE is nothing so compelling as custom. Force of habit tends to deaden the senses to fitness, and it is only when some bold innovator comes along and blazes a fresh trail that we commence to realize how futile the old track has been. We need shaking and wakening in all departments. For years we have been confronted, and are still being confronted, with different insipid types of magazine cover designs stretching in interminable rows at the book-stalls, tier upon tier, heralding each new issue of the popular magazine. These types may be generally summed up as "Kiss-mammy," "Pretty Girl," and "Suggestive."

Dozens of periodicals vie with one another, week by week, or month by month, in reproducing chorus girls and artists' models in every conceivable pose, with blonde tresses, cherry lips, and the usual battery of forceful and abounding charms. We have no quarrel with "The Pretty Girl" *per se*, but it is possible to have too much of her. The news stalls fairly bristle and blaze with visions of fair damsels playing their part, according to the season. The winter cover portrays a ravishing face hovering above a huge muff with a saucy little cap to match, and a discreet sprinkling of snow to give the proper winter spirit. A fine rhythmic composition is attained by the skating and skiing maid whilst the motoring and tobogganing ladies are captivating variants of the eternal theme. Just at present the approaching bathing season gives the artist grand opportunities for depicting gleaming necks and rosy limbs encased in neat little crea-

tions from Trouville or Dieppe. Venus in a crimson cap with lips to match emerges from the crest of a purple wave, giving a pleasing and anticipatory suggestion of Atlantic City. And *so ad infinitum*. The brew is very simple, the only ingredient for a thousand such dishes is a fashion-plate beauty and a change of condiments to suit the palate.

Of recent years a change for the better has been noticeable and a slight relief from Kiss-mammy and Lovely Alice, with other banalities, has sporadically attracted attention. Amid this welter of prize beauties, bewitching madonnas, and all-too-attractive Phrynes, a cover appeared in March of a totally different nature and immediately invited notice throughout the States; and, strange to say, the design contained no trace of Lovely Alice nor of any of her sisters. It was birds.



Courtesy, *The Ladies' Home Journal*

A COVER DESIGN

BY W. J. AYER



Courtesy of The Ladies' Home Journal

A COVER DESIGN  
BY CARTON MOOREPARK



Courtesy - *The Ladies' Home Journal*

A COVER DESIGN  
BY CARTON MOOREPARK

## *Art and the Magazine Cover*

The decorative significance of the *Ladies' Home Journal* issue for March, 1910, with its cover design by Carton Moorepark at once marked out the Curtis Publishing Company as pioneers of the best quality of design in magazine covers and as a firm gifted with prescient knowledge of the real public taste. The enthusiasm evoked on all sides plainly shows that the public is perfectly able to appreciate the good and to give it preference over the vulgar or commonplace. Where the high-water mark of cover design lies none can say, but at least it may be affirmed that this new departure has raised the mark very considerably above its previous level. A standard of excellence has been set and bids fair to be maintained.

Beyond a limited list of constant subscribers the disposal of the popular magazine depends far more upon cover than contents. The passer-by seldom looks beyond the outer leaf in selecting an armful, so that the message sent forth by the cover is of far-reaching results. That Birds have defeated Beauties in this forum of public opinion testifies to an inherent taste for better things in the public mind, proving in fact that the average person possesses, even though mildly, an aesthetic perception which might under favorable circumstances develop into connoisseurship and devotion to the real principles of art.

We all know the origin of *toujours perdrix*, how a French monarch rebuked his minister for intimating that he should pay more devotion to his wife, the queen, than to the ladies of the court, whereupon the hapless minister was incarcerated for a while, but treated with every kindness excepting that at each and every meal partridge was served. The moral is easy to supply and it applies to the Pretty Girl upon the magazine cover. Let her, by all means, continue to smile upon us, but not to the exclusion of all other subjects equally worthy to be artistically rendered. It is only when she nauseates by persistent appearance that we wish her condemned to the hoardings and the chocolate box. The Curtis Publishing Company have deserved well of the public in thus breaking away from that tiresome jade, custom, and encouraging additional ideas.

The design originating what is to be hoped will be a series of Bird Patterns are Cockatoos, followed up by Flamingoes, the latter being, if anything, an improvement upon the first. The features of these productions are novelty of design and restraint. The feeling aroused is that here we have something new and original; something

that does not hark back to the East nor savour of the British academic attitude. We see here birds treated with perfect expression in point of character, their scientific aspects carefully considered with necessary concessions to artistry. In a word they are decorative but truthful, and the unessential has been eliminated. The sole appeal to the aesthetic senses is through pure decoration. It is a step toward that far-off ideal where commercial or utilitarian art shall be inseparable from the beautiful. Birds as motifs for design have not received heretofore such attention in America as in England where the great name of Edwin Alexander and Joseph Crawhall at once occur. The Beggarstaff brothers, the Detmolds, and Carton Moorepark, whose "Book of Birds" won him reputation as far back as 1898, are worthy followers of the tradition.

We do not for a moment suggest the elimination of the Maid and an endless chain of Bird designs in exchange. Perish the thought! That would be a still more flagrant example of *toujours perdrix*. All we ask is more taste and discrimination, greater artistry in the cover and above all things, more variety. Willy Pogany for the *Metropolitan Magazine* frequently selects for his pattern young women of bewitching face and form, but he renders them with imagination and charm, consequently they make universal appeal and are thus aesthetically satisfying. The same applies to many humorous or satirical covers issued by *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*. We protest against mere meaningless pulchritude, amorous rubbish turned out by cheap craftsmen with brains as light as the material they produce. Such stuff is commercialism without a suspicion of art to conceal it.

The Magazine Cover viewed as the popular-picture gallery has great possibilities and the illustrations here shown are evidence that the Curtis Publishing Company are fully alive to the opportunities which this field of endeavour presents and are utilizing the services of men who refuse to pander to a section of the public endowed with tastes that are stupid or vulgar. The insipid pretty-girl head is not the alpha and omega of the magazine cover.

We heard recently of a publisher who was on the look-out for a "snappy" "Life of Christ." So much "snap" wanders into the magazine covers that possibly the supply is insufficient even for so praiseworthy an object.



WINTER

BY ERNEST LAWSON

## ERNEST LAWSON BY A. E. GALLATIN

A STRONG school of painters has of late years grown up in America, in which the landscapists much more than hold their own. This particular group is to-day certainly equal to that existing in any other country. Wyant, Inness and Martin were among the pioneers; the present leaders of this very numerous school include Childe Hassam and Alden Weir, who may be termed the veterans, inasmuch that recognition came to them some time ago and that their place among the more important of contemporary American painters is firmly established. These two artists possess not only individuality, style, sensitive vision, a splendid colour sense but also freedom from mere cleverness and any taint of the academic.

With regard to the landscape artists who have only very recently come to the fore, whose reputations have yet to be won, there is one painter

who easily detaches himself and rises well above his fellow artists, who possesses unmistakable genius, individualism, and true inspiration; I refer to Ernest Lawson. Another artist, not far behind Lawson in accomplishment, who also belongs to this category, is the brilliant Hayley Lever.

Lawson enjoys the unstinted admiration of those artists whose opinions are most to be valued, the critics have been unanimous in paying the highest tributes to his ability, the *amateurs*, although the class, as distinguished from collectors, in America is an extremely small one, have been eager to obtain examples of his work. Recognition by the larger public has, however, as yet been withheld, although, now that their opinion has been formed for them, the public is rapidly coming to see the genius of this man, collectors are on his track, the principal museums are acquiring his canvases, the exhibitions accepting his pictures and awarding them medals. Within a year the Metropolitan Museum ever ready to welcome the really vital in contemporary paint-

## Ernest Lawson

ing, has purchased a picture, and the Panama-Pacific Exposition awarded him a gold medal.

This tardy recognition of a talent so really sincere and genuine is all the more remarkable when we consider the modern fashion of acclaiming and boozing the half-baked beginner, of displaying his immature and mediocre efforts, of writing about him at length; when we consider that even the Cubists for a time were taken seriously. Not many painters to-day seem to have

artist, as it is also to write the first consideration of his work.

The French Impressionists above all other artists of modern times made the greatest contribution to art. The portrait painters of the past two or three hundred years have given us nothing as fine as what went before; in fact, if we except a few pictures, such as the portrait of a woman by Degas belonging to Mrs. Gardner, in Boston, and Whistler's painting of Miss Alex-



THE SQUATTER'S HUT

BY ERNEST LAWSON

the inclination to perfect themselves in their art, they insist upon the short cut, they are content to parade their box of tricks. This is why the average exhibition of modern pictures is so depressing, so tedious. With Lawson we have an artist who paints for the joy of painting, whose reward is seeing his art advance to greater heights. Fame and success mean about as little to him as they did to Degas: they have come to him, but he has not sought them. Certainly it is a pleasure then to consider the paintings of such an

ander, pronounced by George Moore to be the most beautiful and perfect portrait in the world, the art has steadily declined. In landscape, however, thanks to the discoveries of the Impressionists, something new has been said. Landscape art as we understand it to-day is a modern development, very few of the old masters ever essaying a landscape for its own sake, but only as a background for their pictures. The exceptions were Hobbema, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Claude, and a few others, including Vermeer,

## Printing from Wood Blocks

whose view of Delft is far and away the greatest landscape ever painted. These men were prodigious artists, but they did not have the faintest conception how to introduce vibration into their landscapes, how to flood their canvases with the light and air; neither had the Barbizon men, or Constable and his school, the latter the first artists to take their easels out-of-doors. This was the discovery of the Impressionists, of Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley.

The impressionists' technique was, however, at first more scientific than artistic. Later they developed it, still employing the colours of the spectrum, but abandoning the technique of painting in dots. Lawson, an innovator, like all artists of real genius, has pushed these discoveries and developments even further. There is as much sparkle and sense of outdoors in his picture entitled *Winter*, here reproduced, as there is in a Monet, but there is nothing at all eccentric or unpleasant in his technique. Nor is there in the *Squatter's Hut*, painted in 1914, a year earlier than his *Winter*. He has always gone straight to nature for his inspiration and painted his picture in a sane and sincere manner, combining strength with a lyric quality, virility with tenderness. Such a canvas is the scintillating *Road at the Palisades*, sold last January in the Hugo Reisinger sale and now beautifully hung between two Monets at the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts. His brush work and his use of the palette knife is forceful and vigorous, full of spontaneity. He has a great sense of colour and there are in his paintings delicious passages of greens and blues, but never even a suggestion of "sweetness." As drawing and structure have not concerned him as much as has colour, black and white reproductions of his paintings give only a hint of their beauty.

Lawson's art is realistic, but he abhors the sordid and the ugly (so many moderns wrongly think this is synonymous with character). He paints the prosaic, but seen through the eyes of an artist, not through the lens of a camera. This is what Whistler did, waiting for the poetry of the evening mist on the embankment, or for darkness, as he said, to change the poor factory into a campanile. And Lawson has also found beauty at home: for many years he lived in the northern part of Manhattan Island, near the Washington Bridge, and this is where he has painted many of his pictures, even as Rembrandt found beauty in the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam.

### P RINTING FROM WOOD BLOCKS BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

I HAVE been asked to say something about my colour prints. *Printing in water-colour, from a wood block cut with a knife*, is the subject of these few paragraphs. The side of the board is used, not the end. The colour is applied with a brush, and the paper laid upon the block and rubbed down. The process is so different from ordinary printing—with inks on a press—that it may fairly be called "painting with wood blocks."

It is a painter's art, for creative colour is the aim and purpose of the whole thing. It is a free craft, for the artist is his own engraver, printer, and publisher, producing, by hand, single prints, no two alike.

Colour variation has always fascinated me. There is a peculiar pleasure in seeing the same design appear in different colours—the design seems to have a soul in each colour-scheme. I remember these sensations in childhood when I found in a garret two copies of the famous "Blue-back" spelling-book with the wood cuts of the fables coloured differently in each—the fox was red in one, but blue in the other. This was a surprise, the same kind of surprise that comes many times over to the collector of Hiroshige's prints.

Then too, I was familiar with another sort of colour variation. The Ipswich sailors painted their boats in bright hues, using different colours for the inside, outside and streak. They had a limited palette—dark blue, canary yellow, orange, orange-red, several greens, black, and white. They were not content to keep a colour scheme very long, in fact they varied it from year to year, perhaps borrowing one another's paint pots when they freshened up the boats in the spring. "Smart as paint," said John Silver.

These boats were like colour prints as they lay on the shore in the dark shadow of the willows, or slanted in companies down the heaps of white clam shells—and the tide and the sailors always kept new combinations going.

Under the spell of these, and the old picture books, I tried to make wood engravings to colour by hand, but it was not until I became acquainted with Japanese prints that I found a simple way of creating colour variations. The Boston Museum's vast collection showed me every pos-

## Printing from Wood Blocks

sibility of this art, but for one who wanted to practise it little information was accessible.

However, I experimented with the Japanese process, choosing as subjects the shore of Ipswich River with the boats, old houses, bridge and willows, printing many colour variations of each motif. A series of ten colour prints called *Along Ipswich River*, intended to be bound in book form, was produced at that time. *The Dory* was cut with a partial outline, whilst *Old Houses on Ipswich River* has a complete outline, or "key-block." The entire set was engraved upon pine which is easier to cut in broad lines, and gives soft tones. I next tried larger sizes, some with a key-block where every space is outlined, some without a key-block, giving the effect of a wash drawing. In 1895 I exhibited at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the ten subjects with many variations; the larger prints; a book with printed silk covers and six illustrations; a page of text cut in wood; a portfolio cover and a poster—two hundred numbers in all. Professor Fenollosa wrote the introduction to the catalogue, published by the museum.

From that day to this I have made wood-block colour prints, largely as a recreation, choosing my subjects from the familiar New England shore landscape. A description of the making of one print will answer for all: First, a key-block is cut in maple, then several copies are printed on dry Japanese paper. These are pasted, face down, upon four other blocks, thus ensuring accurate registry. After marking each space intended to carry colour, the rest is cut away. The registry is accomplished, as it always is, by two marks, one at the corner, the other at the side of each block. For a print without a key-block I find tracing and transfer paper to be best, making sure to include the registry marks on each one. For printing I use a fairly thick porous Japanese paper, wetting every third sheet and putting them under a weight the day before. The blocks are charged with bristle brushes of various sizes. The Japanese use a thick brush, about  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$  at the end. This absorbs too much colour, unless one is attempting very large prints. Colour is brushed on freely, paying no attention to the hollow places—the paper will not sink into them if you are careful. Ordinary tube water-colours may be used, but the printer with whom I worked in Japan had powdered colours, mixed in water, a bottle of each. He

relied on the sizing of the paper to fix his tones, but I have preferred to use thin paste or gum, and glycerine, with powdered colours.

The dampened paper is laid upon the block and rubbed with a circular pad, which causes it to take up the wet colour. The best is, of course, the Japanese "baren" made of a bamboo leaf stretched over a hollow pasteboard disk. The difficulty of obtaining one of these, to say nothing of *making* one, has led to a search for a good substitute. I have found a finely corrugated glass, cut round, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, to work very well. The paper must be kept of uniform moisture until the entire series is printed. This is done by putting the prints between sheets of damp blotting paper. Ten prints is the largest number that can be produced comfortably at one sitting—six will be quite sufficient.

The special advantages of this art-craft are, first of all, colour *quality*, then colour *variation*. In painting, the water-colour settles into the paper, but in a wood-block print it lies upon the tops of the fibres allowing the luminous tone of the paper to shine through. In this it is like the colour of the best pottery, say Chinese of the Sung dynasty, where the tones lie lightly over a luminous under colour. The old fresco paintings have a similar elusive glowing effect.

Among Japanese colour printers, Harunobu and Kiyonaga are the supreme masters of this quality.

Colour variation I have already touched upon. Mr. Fenollosa remarked that this process "utilizes the lost chances." A painting shows forth a single colour-idea that the artist brings out of his mind. There may be many others floating there, but they cannot all be made visible without infinite labour. With the wood blocks once cut he may seize them all—there is no limit. This is why some wood-block printers will not destroy their blocks. No two prints need ever be exactly alike. The slight variations give a special personal character to each print.

This process affords a very simple method of producing gradations. Merely dip the brush in water or another colour, sweep it across the block in broad swift strokes, and the gradation or blending is accomplished.

So much for wood-block printing in the Japanese way! But I have found that *printer's inks* on the *printing press* can be made to yield similar qualities, especially if the blocks are cut in *linoleum*—but that is another story.



ON OLD HIGH STREET, IPSWICH

BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW



THE BLUE HOUSE

BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

## THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL

"But Robinson paints popular pictures!" exclaimed the Earnest Seeker.

"And I sell them for him," retorted the Picture Dealer quickly. "What then?"

"You are both violating the sacredness of art—making a market-place of the holy of holies," answered the Earnest Seeker.

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Picture Dealer, "that a picture gains in value as a work of art in exact ratio to its unsalability? Is a picture that the public likes always a bad picture, and vice versa?"

"It's more likely to be bad than good," answered the Earnest Seeker.

"It's more likely to be good," said the Picture Dealer promptly. "My experience is that the man who 'knows what he likes' will like something good almost every time. Why? Because he has the courage of his convictions—and the man of courage is generally intelligent."

"Or a blithering idiot," put in the Earnest Seeker. "It has been said somewhere by somebody that fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Fools and critics," said the Art Critic, smiling. "After all, as you have both delicately hinted to me more than once, the professional critic is no wiser or better informed than the man who 'knows what he likes.' Therefore, though you haven't asked me, I shall proceed to step forward and air my opinions.

"Most assuredly I do not believe that the painter who is in popular favour is of necessity an indifferent artist. He may be—he probably is—a very good one, a top-notcher. Certainly, he knows his business—and that business is to preach his message of beauty to as many people as he can possibly reach. How will he do it? Not by sacrificing his ideals, not by lowering his standard of accomplishment, not by painting what is essentially false and passing it on for truth.

"This is what he will do: He will make his art big, simple, direct, choosing a theme of universal appeal, one that is of interest to the learned and the unlearned, the proletarian and the savant. He will paint his picture to the best of his ability, make it as beautiful as he knows how, tell as much of nature as he has discovered, express as much as he has felt (and no more)—

and always try to be understood. This is no easy task. If you doubt me, try it yourselves. Only the elect in art are big enough to accomplish it fully—the Angelos, the Rembrandts, the Shakespeares.

"The painters' painter and the poets' poet are something very rare and precious, no doubt, but they are not for me and the public. We don't understand them. We find them rather unbalanced—too much absorbed in the expression of mere feeling, or the exploitation of mere technique for its own sake, too much this or too much that. They haven't got the right grip on things—or so, at any rate, it seems to us. Anyhow, they think we're all unenlightened nincompoops, and show their contempt in every stroke of brush or pen. They do their best to bewilder us—and we have a wholesome dislike of unnecessary mystification. They may be deep—these painters and poets—but we strongly suspect them of being merely turbid.

"I hold that art is for the many, not the few; that the best art, other things being equal, is that which reaches the greatest number; that it should choose for its expression the subjects in which we are all more or less interested, and that simple and sincere art is not cheap or trite just because simple and sincere lovers of art care for it and understand it. I also hold that simple and sincere art is the art that lives the longest.

"Which reminds me that an artist who is at once popular with painters and public is about to hold an exhibition in a down-town gallery. I am credibly informed, Earnest Seeker, that you have found much to admire in his paintings, and that you, Picture Dealer, have handled not a few of them. I therefore conclude that my belief in the universal appeal in art is not misplaced. When doctors of two such opposite schools agree, there is surely the hope of long and prosperous life for the patient!"

## A MUNICIPAL FLAG FOR AUSTIN, TEXAS

THE city of Austin invites a competition in design for a flag which shall be simple yet expressive of some salient characteristics of the town. Designs to be submitted by October 2. Information obtainable from the chairman of the jury, Mr. F. E. Giesecke, School of Architecture, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

# ART AND THE MAN: BLAKELOCK

BY RAYMOND WYER

RECENTLY there has been an hysterical outburst over Ralph Blakelock. Qualities which his art does not possess have been discoursed upon, and many qualities which are to be found in his work have been forgotten.

Now that apparently everything has been done that can be to atone for the scandalous neglect of the artist and his family for all these years, it will not be out of the way to consider just where Blakelock stands in contemporary art.

Broadly speaking, art echoes the spirit of contemporary conditions of thought and life combined with the influence of human experience of other ages as it is reflected in the arts which have survived. It is also affected by the temperament of the artist, which is part of, and in many ways the product of, these conditions. There is, however, in every one something which is solely his own, something which is not the result of accident of birth, or contact with the world; something which in a large or small degree isolates. This separating factor is more or less balanced by those characteristics developed by environment. When these traits are equally developed with the natural tendencies we have what is called a normal man.

With many, however, the result of this contact dominates to such an extent that there is little purity or power of individuality left to assert itself; and others again have been affected by contemporary conditions hardly at all. When this latter is the case and the personality is original and insistent, we may have an unpractical genius. Such a man is Blakelock.

Now to some of his characteristics. Blakelock's sensory nerves are strongly susceptible to the influence of music. Again, he possesses a power of creativeness which gives life and shapes to these emotional impressions of his mind. Just a little difference in his temperament might have made him a musician. Lastly he has had little academic training.

In reviewing the art of Blakelock we must not look upon it as striking a radical or modern note. It is true that there is a spirit of modernity in the brevity and simplcity of his language. Yet, figuratively speaking, the language is not written with a pen but with a quill. I refer to his scraping the pigment, varnishing and then repainting

a technical means belonging to the sixteenth century but used by many individual artists in subsequent times of whom one or two only, by virtue of much originality, have been able to emerge superior to this method. Monticelli is a notable instance. In this respect, therefore, Blakelock has little historical or contemporary significance. The character of his technique may be due to the fact that he had little technical training. Yet it is quite possible that even if he had, Blakelock's restless spirit would not have permitted him to conform to the restraining and often stifling influences of the academy. It is an interesting speculation although unanswerable — as futile as trying to decide what effect it would have had on Robert Burns had he been sent to Oxford. We can only be sure that it would have made him different.

Why is it that so many fail and Blakelock so conspicuously succeeds in the use of this formula? It is because they only obtain what might be called the mechanical result of the method. It is not difficult nor is great genius essential to obtain a degree of harmony and richness of colour by these means, yet there may be little distinction in the result, the distinction depending always upon the artist and not his method.

Blakelock was by nature a dreamer with a desire to record his dream. To call him a landscape painter is incorrect. No artist has used the landscape as a means to an end more than he. The landscape merely provided forms with which he expressed his moods, inspirations, and eccentricities. All these are brought together in an imaginative synthesis of rich colour and harmonies. But, had he sought for the splendour of colour he would still have been a remarkable artist through the lyrical and imaginative character of his work which so unconsciously manifests itself.

His art sings in its loveliness, not a too-gay superficial loveliness but the loveliness of a poetical and somewhat moody soul. Yet, in spite of the exuberance, the capriciousness, the phantasies, the trees that seem to dance and sing, there is mystery and dignity. Blakelock's courage, his convictions, imbue the creations of his strange imagination with dignity. In many ways and in many of his works Blakelock has emerged superior to his technical limitations by the suffusion of his original and emotional temperament, his intense imagination, and his unswerving convictions.

## *The Paintings of Helen Watson Phelps*

### THE PAINTINGS OF HELEN WATSON PHELPS BY STUART HENRY

HELEN WATSON PHELPS is well known as a practised craftsman in oils. It may therefore seem at first strange that she is at the same time a bold explorer in problems of light and flesh such as the world is distinctly familiar with in modern France. She is able to look upon her art for the exclusive love of it and so has attacked advanced positions on the progressive firing line of the world pictorial. Her sure brush here may be accounted for by her years at Julian's and under Collin and Besnard.

Her nude forms in the chiaroscuros of green woods, or in cosy interiors where mixed lights tend to bring out the infinite beauties of the flesh, evidence what the late Mr. Hopkinson Smith would have indicated as an amazing lot of thought. The American public, that is to say the American taste, owing to its Puritan antecedents, has shrank from the nude in painting. And still the Yankee papa or mama, who has shuddered at the thought of buying a divinely artistic nude for their home, has flocked as a matter of course with the young offspring to the Broadway musical shows where uncladness frankly makes up in interest for the absence of any true art. This illogical attitude is happily improving.

Helen Phelps's collection of works at the Arlington Galleries this spring furnished a little symphony of flesh and air harmonies. *Through the Woods* was a sylvan dream of two figures running, so thrilled with nature in light and action that it might have been sensitively called *The Echo*. *A Cup of Tea* reflected a complicated interior whose plexus of lights from rare *objets de vertu* was counter-matched by the rich tones of the partly draped model resting from her duties. *The Purple Bowl* was a scheme of flesh tones etherealized in terms of a colourful imagination haunted with a vague phrase of unrealizable beauty. *Copper and Gold*, a beautiful and ample nude, is familiar to the New York public, having been awarded the figure prize at last spring's exhibition of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. A similar canvas by this artist was one of the late Mr. Hearn's last purchases at the Academy.

Portraits is the other specialty of Helen Phelps, to whom uninhabited landscapes—that favourite subject of American painters do not appeal.

Her *Japanese Lady*, with her engaging smile so little expected in an oriental countenance, is a rapid sketch, begun and ended quickly under the impulse of a sudden inspiration. A more elaborate and careful canvas is the *Portrait of Mrs. H.*, where a difficult problem of lighting and of textures and hues is tastefully mastered. In it the blending of naturally hostile colours is accomplished with a refinement of harmony which France has taught American artists. A writer upon art has remarked that Miss Phelps gets the spirit of the sitter. There is a distinct and inherent individuality about each portrait, so that no one can enter a portrait gallery and say with an off-hand glance, "That is a Helen Phelps!" This contributes to her successful handling of children as subjects.

In her mountain studio at Elizabethtown, N. Y., where she passes her summers when not in Europe, she paints in the open air. In Paris, in Normandy, in Italy, she wields her brush whenever and wherever the mood is upon her. Out of the wealth of travel, of sojourns in choice spots, and of unusual opportunity, she has garnered many prizes and honourable mentions along paths little frequented by conventional American painters. This is all the more interesting since she came from cold New England. But, you see, her art home has been the Left Bank of the Seine.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. H. BY HELEN WATSON PHELPS



COPPER AND GOLD  
BY HELEN WATSON PHELPS



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO AT COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## SINCERITY IN ART: HAMILTON EASTER FIELD BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WHEN Hamilton Easter Field, a Brooklyn lad, followed vogue and went to Paris to study art, Café Guerbois and "Chez Nadar" had become traditions. Impressionism though bleeding from its many wounds encountered between 1870 and 1890 was very much alive, and beginning even to prosper. This was in 1894. Monets had ceased to sell at 100 francs apiece, and the rotten eggs of a prejudiced public were no longer aimed at the devoted band of artists whose reputation to-day stands so pre-eminently high. The time was opportune.

After two years of self communing and development Field threw himself heart and soul, palette and brushes, into the Impressionist school, especially worshipping at the shrines of Degas and Fantin-Latour. His admiration did not confine itself to these two masters but extended to Courbet, Renoir and Cézanne. Travel and study in Italy further increased his stock of heroes and

moulded his mind. The old masters of the Renaissance gave him an insatiable appetite for studying the different methods then in use; the supports or bases underlying the pigments; the actual pigments from the point of view of stability; de-



WATERFRONT

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD



AT THE PIANO

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD



AT HOME

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

## Sincerity in Art: Hamilton Easter Field

terioration of oil colour, varnishes, and the thousand and one things that enter into the technique or craftsmanship of painting. This research has been of ineffable advantage to him for himself and for his classes.

We are all of us influenced, and the only anxiety should be that we select good models and avoid copying them. Inspiration alone must be wooed. "No individual," says Field, "may fuse his personality into the local traditions. Freedom must be attained so that the artist may choose from every epoch the traditions suited to his temperament and may modify his technique at will." *Les empêchements seuls dominent les ages*, he might have added.

Perched in a veritableerie above the East River in a projecting studio at his charming old-fashioned home on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, Field listens to the sirens of the river he loves, and to the deities of art who fashion his life and tastes. To follow art a man must lead his life accordingly and this Field does to the limit, for art and life are inseparable. Here he muses and works surrounded by treasures dating from days before Christ to the day before yesterday. Greek torsos, old Japanese colour prints, sixteenth-century Flemish tapestries, choice pieces of renaissance furniture, lithographs by Daumier, watercolours by Winslow Homer, landscapes by R. Wilson, and paintings by Besnard, Gaston la Touche, the Barbizons, John La Farge, Desvallières, Lucien Simon, Maurice Sterne, Max Weber, and countless other names are in evidence. Quite a number of Guillaumin's occupy a niche by themselves and delight one with their extreme modernism and youthful spontaneity, paintings executed many years ago, their paint pure, resplendent and vigorous. It is such frank and simple statements that Field approves and emulates in his own work. He hates a posed picture or painting that in any way suggests artificiality. He aims in his interiors at a sense of intimacy and grouping that seems natural. One sees a kinship with the attitudes and gestures of such men as Courbet and Renoir; but Field is always himself.

If we are to express the complex nature of our civilization, absolute freedom from all preconceived ideas as to the subject matter or the purpose of art is essential, and we must have an equal liberty as to the means employed. For our modern man is no longer a creature of local tra-

dition but a citizen of the world, the heir of the ages, and any art, not emancipated from that of the preceding generation, would be false to our times. Now America should be in the vanguard of this movement for freedom, for a broader philosophy on which to build our art, our literature, and our lives, for a fuller sympathy with all manner of men and their works. But alas, our democracy is only skin deep, we are still too tightly fettered by the trammels of convention and our desire for novelty is too easily satisfied. What is superficially new always interests us, but what is fundamentally new, unless cloaked in some outlandish garb, is usually passed unnoticed. This innate superficiality prevents us from recognizing what freedom from convention means. It is usually considered to be the license to follow one's individual caprice without serious preparatory labour, whereas it is only through endless toil that real freedom of expression can be gained. Familiarity with many forms of expression will furnish the materials which will enable the artist gradually to evolve a style peculiarly suited to himself. This in brief may be regarded as the artistic creed of Hamilton Easter Field. His aim formerly and to-day has been so to paint objects that one should feel their bulk, weight, solidity and permanence—in fact to give full expression to tactile values, choice and realization of subject interrelating with patterning, balance of masses and colour harmony. Portraiture interests him only to the extent to which it involves the rendering of the inner life of the sitter. He aims to surround his figures and furniture upon the canvas with air, to paint round them, so to speak, so that every object has a real place in the composition, an effect that one obtains when looking into a stereoscope, where the objects stand out clearly from the background, an effect one appreciates so fully in the interiors of the Bostonian artist, Edmund C. Tarbell.

Walking from room to room and seeing the work of so many artists of divergent tastes might lead one to suspect Field less of catholicity of taste than of an unconquerable habit of acquiring a hodge-podge of canvases such as periodically fall to the tap of the auctioneer's hammer. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His museum of art is his reference library. Every piece of furniture, every canvas, every print or volume has a distinct reason for its admission and are several tributes to his cosmopolitan outlook upon

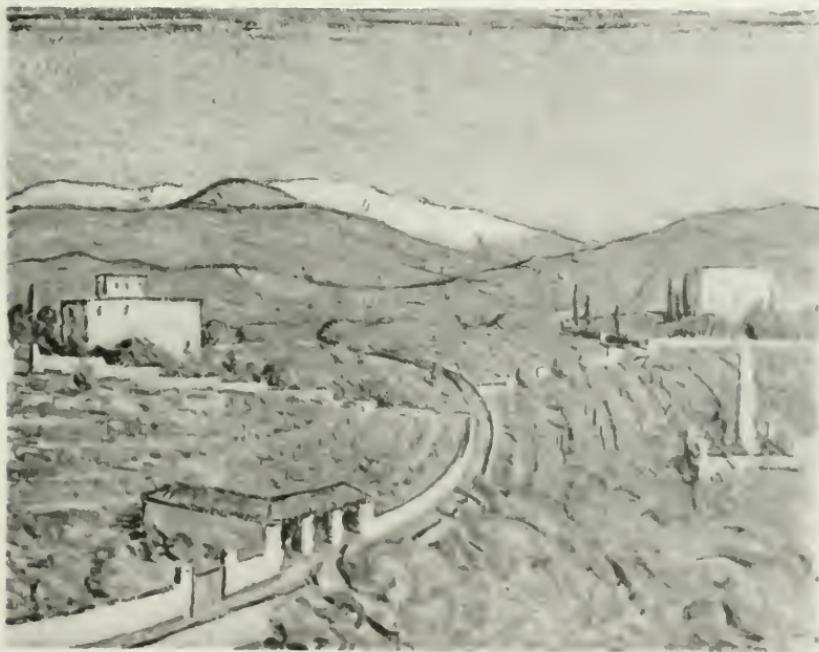
## *Sincerity in Art: Hamilton Easter Field*

life, which gives him freedom and the knowledge that art to be properly pursued is independent of juries and academies, petty prizes, diplomas and scholarships, which are to him meaningless and consequently valueless. Born forty years ago in the house he occupies, he has acquired the next-door house on either side and plans to make his home a real art center in Brooklyn by continuous exhibitions of the works of first-class artists and by the fact that pupils and artists are anxious to take advantage of first-class studios and club life which he can now offer. Added to all this, the joint gardens will be laid out as one with park-like features, enabling the display of fountains and statues in a suitable setting. Who wants to see a fountain in a corridor? As well admire some great statesman's statue in the back kitchen.

His hobby is teaching. Advisedly we use the term hobby for there is certainly no necessity to teach if he did not care for it. Every summer he meets his class on the coast of Maine and by able criticism and advice aims to promote the eternal themes of Earnestness, Respect for Traditions,

Sincerity. He would fain be a horticulturist, letting each pupil or flower produce its own bloom. As he pithily observes, Teaching too often usurps the function of the sausage machine where all kinds of elements wander in but only sausage wanders out.

Every canvas to Field implies the delights and prizes of adventure. He varies his palette to suit each subject and as a master of material, studying pigment as the mariner does his compass, he is actually methodical. By aid of a card system he may put aside a painting for six or twelve months and then resume it with a perfect knowledge of the particular colour scheme employed and of the exact steps to be taken to complete. Corners of nature seen through his temperament are at times sober and austere, but one always recognizes ease of composition, especially in *At the Piano*, and that sincerity which good French art, such as Fantin-Latour's, has evoked. Winslow Homer in his eyes is the greatest exponent of American art; he painted his own life, lived among the fishermen and was as they were. Thus can sincerity be maintained.



TUSCAN LANDSCAPE

(BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD)



STATUE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE  
BY BELA L. PRATT

*Note: On page cxxxii of June issue of the magazine notice was called to this proposed statue and to the desire of the Directors of the Hawthorne Memorial Association to bring it to a happy completion.*





"AT THE WINDOW. WATER-COLOUR  
BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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AUGUST, 1916

## THE WOMAN'S ROOM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, woman lost her capital. But in so doing she gained more than she lost. There was no Woman's Building, but she worked side by side with men, naturally and efficiently. Her activities seemed more gracious, more dignified and more helpful because there was no straining after sex differences.

While there was no widely advertised woman's this, and woman's that, nevertheless the Art Director quietly gathered into one large gallery some five dozen canvases and some small sculpture representative of the very best women have given to art.

Few, indeed, realized that it was a Woman's Room—there had been no advertising of the fact, only a close study of the catalogue revealed it. Mr. Trask, relying on his wide acquaintance with the art of America, had dared to make a kind of Woman's "Salon Carré," and there is no question about it, the result was not only significant, but beautiful. It was by no means exclusive; there were probably over a hundred women painters and sculptors exhibiting in the other galleries, but one had to go to Gallery 6x to see work by Ellen Emmet, Cecilia Beaux, Mary Cassatt, Violet Oakley, Charlotte Coman, Jean McLane, Janet Scudder, Anna Hyatt, Bessie Potter Vonnoh and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle—names sufficient to confer distinction upon any exhibition. Some women sculptors, Edith Burroughs, Evelyn Longman, Gertrude Whitney and



THE YOUNG MOTHER

BY MARY CURTIS RICHARDSON

## The Woman's Room at the World's Fair

others, had friezes, sun dials, fountains and so forth scattered about the grounds—where they belong—in the open. A mural decoration by Florence Lundborg was in the California Building.

Summing up the work of the great four—Ellen Emmet, Cecilia Beaux, Mary Cassatt and Jean McLane—perhaps the most striking note is masculinity. Terse, bold, vigorous work laid on the canvas with clear, definite minds and capable, trained hands. Children, of course—plenty of them—but men too, anything but feminized, and women brilliantly characterized with very slight accent on their clothes—a disregard of fashion which might well be emulated by some of the popular men portraitists whose success has been achieved, not so much by the glory of their art, as the glory of their silks and satins.

But perhaps we may as well concede at once that no one quite paints babies—real tiny babies—as Jean McLane; although when it comes to the walking age, one would never want to see a livelier little miss than Cecilia Beaux's *Ernesta*, the very spirit of mischief with her short black hair (one feels she never would submit to stand up and be curled), her snapping black eyes, her eager, outstretched hand so delightfully painted. Only a master can really paint hands, though there are those who pretend that to evade a difficulty is to conquer it. The spirit of authority is there in the shape of the hand which firmly clasps the eager vivacious imp. A part of Nurse's arm and one foot show, besides the apron and bow. However unconventional this sounds, nevertheless it is a perfect composition; saying just enough, no more.

An artist hitherto unknown to me, a San Franciscan and rightly beloved here on the Pacific Coast, Mary Curtis Richardson, gave us another lovely phase of babyhood. On a long sofa of rich golden brocade, lies a woman with red-gold hair, in a white satin tea-gown, with flowing scarf over her shoulders. The baby on her lap has the brightest of blue eyes. A bowl of goldfish most happily placed above Baby's head proves that Mrs. Richardson possesses that rare but all-important sense of composition. This picture represents young motherhood, to whom the first-born is more a toy than a care.

I cannot refrain from mentioning another picture, *The Sleeping Child*, by the same artist. It was in another room and, therefore, strictly speaking, does not belong to this article. But I

want the name of Mrs. Richardson better known in the east, and the canvas represents the later phase of motherhood: the more sober joy, the spirit of loving care, the brooding mother-heart—the great shield and shelter for all human ills. In the one picture we see what Baby gives the mother; in this one we feel what Mother gives the Baby. The mother stands frail yet indomitable from the spirit within. The droop of the tired little head upon the mother's neck is most tenderly and lovingly painted, and the weight of the child's body upon the mother's arm shows masterly drawing. Mere skin-deep skill and tricky cleverness receive much praise to-day. It is, therefore, thoroughly delightful and heartening to find in Mrs. Richardson an artist who works from within. Fine as her work is, one feels the woman behind the work is even finer. She is adequately equipped to express herself upon canvas, but one does not feel she has *drained* herself. Art to her means much, very much; it is no dry formula, but neither does it exhaust the resources of a rich nature.

A while ago I spoke of blue eyes; none are quite so blue as those of Mrs. Johansen's (Jean McLane) entitled *Brother and Sister*. Her canvases are characterized by an almost incredible swiftness of touch—fairly breathless; simple and sincere is the appeal in their fresh colour laid on with the certain touch of knowledge.

Another lovely baby is the lusty one painted by Marie Danforth Page, of Boston. She calls her picture *Dressing Genevieve*, and the mother has her work cut out for her—but she is an alert-looking woman with strong, capable hands and arms, and seems equal to her task.

Mary Cassatt paints babies, but in her determination to avoid the “pretty-pretty” she often runs into the unpleasant. Her babies are fat little animals, far removed from Wordsworth's “Trailing Clouds of Glory.” How different they are from Sir Joshua's cherubs; painted with angelic faces and no bodies! Miss Cassatt's seem perilously near being *all* bodies. The baby in this exhibition, however, is rather more alluring than usual with her but, as if to make up for a moment of weakness, she has given us a mother with more than the usual harsh ugliness. I should like to whisper in the artist's ear: “Mothers have been known to love their babies even if they do not brush their hair straight back from the forehead!”



IN THE STUDIO  
BY ELLEN EMMET RAND

## The Woman's Room at the World's Fair

The earlier picture by Miss Cassatt, which hung here, is lusciously painted. In the days when she admired Renoir, she did not seem so afraid of achieving beauty.

A little girl by Lilla Cabot Perry has serious eyes. The attitude of listening is admirably caught.

The gem of the room, I am happy to show—Ellen Emmet's (Mrs. Rand) *In the Studio*. The long, wavy, blonde hair, catching the sunlight here and there, is exquisitely painted, and the girl herself is so thoroughly worth while, a typical American girl, self-possessed, unaffected, her grey-blue eyes meet yours candidly. The pussy on her lap is a wonderful black. Altogether the picture is a superb example of the handling of blacks and whites, the two unmanageable colours which easiest reveal or betray the artist. While the canvas fairly bristles with difficulties overcome, there is an entire absence of mere cleverness or showing off.

Quite different from the black pussy is the delightful tortoise shell one painted by Cecilia Beaux in her distinguished *Portrait of Dr. Drinker*, president of Lehigh University. As her *New England Woman*, which hangs near it, it is painted in an extremely high key—the difficult problem of whites against whites being skilfully solved.

I have spoken of the delightful babies and girls in this room, perhaps women artists are expected to paint them delightfully, but Ellen Emmet's *Grenville* does not need the bat in his hands to prove him out-and-out boy. Rumped hair, red sweater high about his throat, eyes that look out fearlessly from the canvas, and yet withal a great

sweetness and tenderness in mouth and chin. The background is of quiet, rich browns and it was one of the great portraits of the exhibition.

*Tony*, by Johanna K. Woodwell Hailman, of Pittsburgh, is a sunny Italian gardener, playing the hose on rich violet and crimson petunias. His sleeves are rolled up over his wiry arms, and the fun in his questioning eyes, as well as the saucy little kewpies that decorate the garden sticks, show the artist has a sense of humour.

Another market picture by the same artist shows lovely colour.

One of Charlotte Coman's most characteristic canvases, *Pocono Hills in Winter*, is a lovely, tender landscape. The violet distances are exquisitely felt and expressed.

A quiet restful portrait of Miss Matilda Brownell, the artist, is painted by Mary Foot. Miss Brownell has two nice canvases in another room.

Many of the little pieces of sculpture deserve mention, especially Anna Hyatt's *Colts in a Storm*, her *Eight Horse Group*; Harriet Frismuth's *Young Girl with Fish*, and Janet Scudder's *Little Lady from the Sea*, but by far the most significant sculpture is the exhibit of



THE WINDY DOORSTEP—  
STATUETTE

BY ABASTENIA  
ST. LEGER EBERLE

Miss Eberle's expressive figures of contemporary life. She is rarely successful in attaining the sculpturesque for all her uncompromising realism. There is neither bareness, thinness, nor blocked-out stumpiness. The figureettes of Mrs. Vonnoh in another case have charm, but are detailed to the point of losing mass—which is never a question of mere size. They attain a pleasing silhouette but with small appeal to the imagination. Moreover, Miss Eberle gives the action of the body: Mrs. Vonnoh the action of the skirts.

## New Motifs in Ornament



These two illustrations are taken from Claude Bragdon's "Projective Ornament," opposite pages 1 and 71.

### NEW MOTIFS IN ORNAMENT BY GRACE HUMPHREY

MR. CLAUDE BRAGDON, of Rochester, already known as architect, mathematician, poet, has created some new motifs in ornament. Developed from geometry, they are available for those crafts which use linear designs, such as lace-work, leading, book tooling and jewellery making. With colour values added, they offer rich opportunity for workers in stained glass, ceramics and textiles.

But their newest and most unique use Mr. Bragdon has been experimenting in with remarkable results; though here, as with all the rest, he says that he is merely showing the way like a pathfinder and that infinite possibilities lie waiting for the next comers into the field.

This new use of his motifs in ornament is in screens for electric lights at out-door concerts. Glaring lights detract from the full effect of the music for many listeners. Why not cover them, and add to the music the beauty of colour and form?

The first screens were tried out at a lawn party, and proved such a success that they were later used on a large scale at a park concert where the famed community chorus of Rochester sang.

Built over a light framework, the screens are made of black Neponit building paper, cut out in geometric designs. Tissue paper of many colours, often three or four layers deep, is pasted in. Over the whole, a sheet of clear glass to protect it from wind and weather. The heavy black outlines give the effect of leading, so that the screens suggest stained glass; but with an additional richness in the unusual colour effects obtained—instead of the limitations of glass and pigment, there are the infinite possibilities of light itself.

Most of the screens, entirely encircling the electric fixtures, are in reality lanterns. But those used on the stage are merely shields, lined with white paper, throwing a blaze of light back on the performers, and protecting the eyes of the audience from the usual hard, steely white glitter.

These shields at the proscenium arch were



alternately circular and oblong. Each made use of all the colours, but with one predominating, so that the row of lights went from violet to red, following the spectrum. To carry well at a distance they were made three feet or more in diameter, and hung twenty feet high.

The base of a screen may be square, circular, oblong or hexagonal. The designs are all geometrical, the lines of triangle, square or hexagon, developed in three and four dimensions, variety obtained by skilful light and dark, and colour values. But this fourth dimension, hyper-cubism, is not to be confounded with the ultra-modern work in art. Where that is often an expression of the artist's intuition or whim, done without compass or rudder or fundamental principles, these designs of Mr. Bragdon's are pure geometry translated into form.

By and for itself, says its creator, this lighting has comparatively little value. It is his intention to use it always with music for the people, not to emphasize one art at the expense of the other, but to combine sound with colour and form, the ensemble making the audience less conscious of either as an art, putting them more into the spirit of the occasion. The natural beauty of the park amphitheatre in Rochester, plus the community chorus music and the lighting, created a psychic atmosphere. So impressed was the great audience that the people hardly applauded; instead they listened and looked and felt.

The new method of lighting offers great possibilities in combination with other arts. Form and colour are themselves enriched when correlated with music, the dance, drama. A fire dance, for example, could be made many times more beautiful and effective with this lighting.

Closer correlation of the arts is a thing to which, unconsciously, many artists in many fields of work are tending. And the salvation of art will come, says Mr. Bragdon, from the people themselves, gifted not with technique, but with an innate love of beauty, and able to correlate the arts into a perfect whole.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Visitors should make a point of seeing the "Recent Additions" in the Print Gallery, which include both ancient and modern examples, also an exhibition of prints illustrating portraiture of Colonial and Revolutionary periods. These displays can be enjoyed through the summer and fall months.

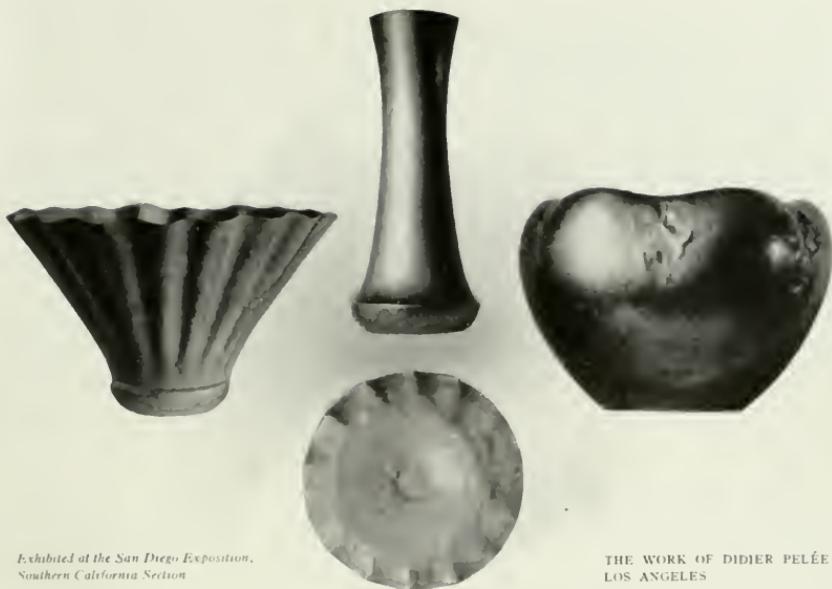
## THE STORY OF A COPPER VASE

WHY is this vase different from hundreds that are daily displayed in the shops? The shape is not strikingly unusual. The colour is the same warm tone of pure copper when undefiled with acids. The essential difference is that it stands for an ideal. One must know something of the development of this vase to appreciate it. For, after all, is it not the association of ideas that causes us in many instances to base our values?

A few months ago Didier Pelée from across the sea sat with his wife, resting from his labours under an orange tree in their simple home. He said to her: "What shall I make that will show future generations that handicraft had not lost its cunning in the commercial twentieth century, something that will stand for beauty, and at the same time show great technical skill? There are few left of the patient, careful craftsmen of old. The shop with its hum of many voices and tread of many feet has drawn the workers from their homes where once they made things of use and beauty, where they formed with their own hands out of raw material the finished product, and felt from beginning to end the thrill of creative joy." Pausing and looking at the distant mountains, he continued, "It shall be a vase. Adown the ages, far as we can trace, mankind has fashioned vases."

This determination having taken fast root, he sought a shape that would be graceful and dignified, at the same time one that would be impossible to spin by machine. The design completed, he took a piece of copper twenty-six inches in diameter and eighteen gauge in thickness and cut it into a circle. He outlined the bottom the exact size it would be when completed. From this small circle, he made flutes to the outer edge. His tools were only two hammers, one long gas pipe, three inches in diameter, and one iron ball, two and a half inches across the top. After the material was fluted, he hammered it round and round, this hammering causing the metal to concentrate. Gradually it changed form. After hammering out the flutes, the disc began to raise and to resemble an immense plate. It was then necessary to anneal the metal and repeat the process. The object, at this stage of development, was too large to anneal with the small torch at hand. So out in the yard this craftsman built a fire, and there each night he annealed

## *The Story of a Copper Vase*



*Exhibited at the San Diego Exposition,  
Southern California Section*

THE WORK OF DIDIER PELÉ  
LOS ANGELES

this piece of copper that was slowly growing into a vase. As the flames leaped and kissed it to the proper glow, this old-world craftsman talked to us of gypsies in the far-off land of Hungary, who still use this primitive method of annealing their copper pots and pans; for there, the women tell fortunes and the men make copper utensils and vend their wares. At evening time they gather round the camp fire, anneal the copper, dance the csárdás, and sing their folk songs interwoven with the wild passion of their lives, the extremes of mirth and sorrow.

For a long time it took a whole day to hammer completely the entire disc twice. The great plate grew into a huge fluted cake dish, big enough to make cake for a whole gypsy band; then it became jardinières of many beautiful shapes. Each time when annealed mingling, sparkling, glorious iridescent colours were produced that baffle description. From the inception of this vase to its completion every hammer stroke had to fall with equal force, else the metal would lump. The greatest care had to be exercised or the metal might crack, then all would be in vain.

For five weeks, eight hours a day, two hundred and forty hours, his regular hammer stroke broke the stillness. At last the vase stood complete,

perfectly symmetrical, without flaw or blemish. From a flat disc of twenty-eight inches in diameter, it was now nineteen inches in height, three and a half inches at the smallest opening near the mouth, and nine inches in diameter at the base. Thus the material had stretched seventeen inches and had remained the same thickness, eighteen gauge, from start to completion.

Not least of its beauty is the clear tone the vase gives forth when struck, a tone like a silver bell. It seems to say, "My beauty lies not only in my form, not only in my colour, but in the thought that brought me into being."

### ASSOCIATED ARTISTS OF PITTSBURGII

ARRANGEMENTS for their seventh annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute have just been completed. Members may submit not more than six works in painting or sculpture, three of which only may be accepted, entries for same to be in not later than Saturday, October 7th.

Information regarding the exhibition may be obtained from Mr. Christ Walter, Penn Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Exhibition Committee.

# ART AND THE MAN: COMMON PICTURES FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

BY RAYMOND WYER

"Why can we not have pictures that a common man like myself would like?" This is a question which is often asked and a sentiment which is expressed in various ways in connexion with museums and art societies. In analysing the meaning of the word "common" one can come only to the conclusion that the common man is one who is not so superior mentally as other men; and that in using this term in relation to art, and in the spirit in which it is used, it indicates a man who prefers a painting which, by those best qualified to judge, is not considered good.

It would be only natural to conclude that there are different degrees of common men. We would be justified in assuming this by the different types of commercial pictures which are sold. There is the high-class store which sells framed canvases painted in the style of the best men of the Modern Dutch School—impressionistic and with all the attributes of their best phase except, of course, quality itself. Attached to these are good old Dutch names which mean nothing in spite of the fact that the salesmen talk glibly of a painting by van Brush or some other name which has never been heard of in the art world.

Also may be found pictures painted in the Pointelist method—in fact a good up-to-date department store will furnish a variety of modern art for those who wish to have the latest thing in pictures.

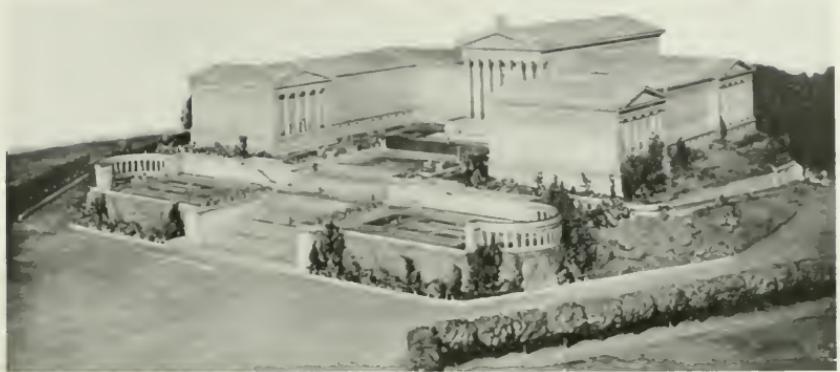
Then we have the department stores offering paintings with the most lurid colours and magnificent frames, usually to be had for prices varying from two dollars and eighty-nine cents to nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. And those that cater to collectors who like a little ivory—or, perhaps it is imitation ivory—inserted here and there in their paintings. Occasionally it is used to give a little distinction to a church tower. I have a suspicion that they are sometimes given away with tea—at least I often see them in shops that seem to sell tea exclusively. At all events, it proves that there is a demand for them and that there is a variety of tastes to be taken into consideration when buying pictures that a common man would like.

I prefer to believe that there is no such thing as a common man. There are men and women with varying degrees of intellect, sometimes a natural condition but more often due to lack of opportunity, who are blind to any condition superior to their own. There are many, however, who may not be well informed yet who crave a richer life—who are not satisfied with what may be termed mere "horse sense." If, however, the term "common" should be attributed to any type of person, it is to the one who has the intelligence to choose between the material and the spiritual life and is in a position to rise to it—yet inevitably insists upon selecting the former.

The cry of patriotism, economy, democracy and peace are the war cries of the crafty politician and the vain non-intellectual public man who has no ability to emphasize his position by any constructive policy.

So much advertising is obtained by the exploitation of certain virtues, so much political advantage is obtained by those who play on the altruistic side of the public with an established virtue that in their hands is merely a form of quackery. They are not only guilty of making capital out of accepted ethics which they have distorted, but they spread wrong conceptions which, to those people incapable of judging for themselves or whose enthusiasm has warped their judgment, appear like the real thing. Very many are deceived; but only those who do not think deeply. It sounds democratic and this is sufficient to obtain the support of those people who have no real conception of the meaning of democracy, and who fail to see the difference between the ideal and a perverted sentiment.

If we are to have common pictures for common men to conform to a certain idea of democracy let us extend it and cater to every taste. Let us provide in our libraries inferior books for inferior people. Give unhealthy air to those who do not know the value of fresh air, change the blue of the sky or the green of the grass for the sake of those who are blind. Shall we spend money on the things which are inferior because we cannot appreciate the superior; or shall we prudently use our money and efforts to obtain the best, for we shall surely rise to it—and if we fail to do so we shall be better off for trying than for continuing to wallow in the quiescence of an admitted inferiority.



PROPOSED ART MUSEUM, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA

## P HILADELPHIA'S NEW ART MUSEUM BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WE are living in an era of expansion not alone physical but cultural. With that spirit of ready initiative so characteristic of the American temperament we translate our ideas and ambitions into realities with startling celerity. A few decades since, civic beauty was with us an unknown, or at least an unregarded issue. Today wellnigh every city in the land makes some concession to aesthetic considerations. We are striving to rectify the mistakes of our forbears. It is a formidable undertaking, yet the results are already substantial.

The architectural monotony of Philadelphia B. C. before the Centennial bids fair, for example, to be dispelled by the comprehensive scheme of city planning now under way. Of chief moment in this process of haussmannizing is the majestic Parkway which sweeps from the City Hall in a northwesterly direction and ends at the foot of Fairmount Hill. It is here upon an imposing natural eminence that it is proposed to establish the new Philadelphia Museum of Art, while across the Plaza at the foot of the hill sites have been reserved for the Academy of the Fine Arts and the School of Industrial Art.

Nothing could be more appropriate than this centralizing of the intellectual and artistic activities of the community, for the projected municipal Museum, while the most prominent individual

unit, comprises but a portion of the general plan. The reasons for erecting a new and spacious temple of art in Philadelphia are not alone theoretical but practical, there being ample grounds for assuming that, once the proper accommodation is provided, certain important collections now in private possession will logically gravitate toward the museum. Philadelphians, you see, are properly looking toward the future and, in matters artistic, a brilliant future it promises to be.

Situated in the geographical centre of the city, but one mile from City Hall, the Philadelphia Art Museum will be readily accessible from all points. The model, which is classic in style, discloses a building that, upon completion, will cover an area of approximately 5,000 square feet. The available hanging space will be something over 10,000 lineal feet, while other accommodations such as library, assembly rooms, etc., will be in keeping. A feature of particular interest and charm will be the handsome forecourt and ornamental garden approached by broad flights of steps leading from the street below to a height of some fifty feet.

While certain details remain to be worked out with more care and precision, the general plan of the structure is rapidly nearing the point of completion. The Philadelphia Museum of Art forms the climax and crowning feature of an architectural ensemble which is Periclesian in breadth and simplicity. It should mark an epoch not alone in the construction of an art gallery but in the history of American civic embellishment.

# REALISM AND ROMANCE

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD

LET us hope that the time is come for the retirement of these superannuated phrases. They have worked hard, and have been worked harder for a very long time, and it seems as though the end should now come. Like most other catch-words they never had any definite meaning or significance, expressing merely the vagueness of a people groping after a distinction they dimly felt but did not understand; they are, in fact, both altars to unknown gods.

Realism, so far as it means anything, implies in art the imitation or at any rate the acceptance of objects as they appear, and the representation of them as nearly as possible. It is really photography coloured by hand.

Romance indicates a conviction that the function of the artist is rather to present a world of his own such as never was, lit by a light that never could be on sea or land.

If we allow that the business of the artist is to show forth the significance of life, it is plain that Realism is beside the mark, for this implies that life, as a rule, is not seen to be significant of anything. One does not, as a rule, and artists do not, as a rule, see things as significant or unified. We all have long, flat lapses when things seem entirely contrary to our ideas of order and wisdom, and beauty, or when the world seems a mere boring hiatus. Realism fattens on these lapses. "They exist; therefore they are subject for artistic treatment," say her disciples when pushed to vindicate their point of view. A specious argument on the surface, but more than a little shallow; for the whole business of art is to prove the falsity of these lapses. Anything, of course, is grist to the artist's mill, but he stands or falls by the use he makes of his provender. This use, too, must always be the showing forth of significance of some kind.

In painting a picture such as may be entitled *Ennui*, for instance, it is not sufficient to convey a sense of boredom to the beholder. There is no praise of anything in the statement, however forcible, that boredom exists. Nor can it be significant of life in any real sense. Healthy life is always interesting.

Nor is it of any avail to talk mysteriously of some deeper reality behind the appearance of things which it is one's duty to seek, and show

forth. This deeper reality will be defined as soon as it is seen and understood, and no sooner.

Romance is even more fatal to the artist because at first sight its protestations appear to be nearer the truth. It is obvious, now, to most people, that the aim of art is to reveal something rather more believable than the muddle of sin, disease, and death we call life. A number of people make art their religion because in its highest manifestations only have they been able to feel assured of a harmonious and beautiful state of things which they instinctively feel ought to exist. They feel that the state thus presented to them is in some mysterious way truer than the state they know. But it is these people who are responsible for Romance. Romance comes along and says, You are right, this state of sordid greyness is not the real thing. Come with me. Take no notice of these dreary facts, they are merely winding sheets. Let us be free. Let us break all bounds and know no laws except those we find amusing to obey. The world is for the most part a hideous mistake; let us leave it to its husks, and open our magic casements.

Now the fatal mistake of Romance is that, however amusing may be its magic casements and other sorceries, you are still actually, willy nilly, very much in the grey and sordid world you wish so much to forget. And you never can forget it. It is always tugging at your coat-tails. For the simple reason that it exists to you as a reality and the other doesn't. Fairy tales are always rather silly except when they happen to be parables. There is always something unsatisfactory about that light that never was on sea or land. It has a most uncomfortable knack of reminding one of some light or other that was very much on land, a light due perhaps to stained glass or an aquarium, or incense or something.

Whilst there have always been artists who have been above these trivialities, popular art has consistently coqueted with Realism and Romance alternately up to the present moment. Only keeping sane when the craftsman found himself impelled by a genuine popular demand and was free to supply it in a straightforward way. That is to say at those points when the arts were either free from the domination of ecclesiasticism, or when ecclesiasticism was so playing to the democracy that it ceased to have much theological significance.

To go no farther back than the Giottesque

revival, we see art rediscovering the naïve charm of Realism. Landed logically in Caravaggioism it turns once more back to Romance and thinks that, after all, the far beauty of the antique held within it the key to the better land; quite forgetting that it was the influence of the antique that had fired the earlier Italians with the love of Realism. Being just then of a grandiloquent turn of mind, popular art ambles easily through the eighteenth century and its turmoil, with well-bred calm. "They say, let them say," is its motto: we are above this sort of thing.

With the Victorian era we reach the low-water mark of hypocrisy, and produce, in England of course, the Albert Memorial and the Pre-Raphaelites, who, however sincere to start with, very soon begin to hedge and to attempt the reconciliation of the irreconcilable—always the mistake of the English. It was now, however, the turn of Realism and, in the inevitable Pre-Raphaelite split, Realism shows decidedly on top in the shape of *Bubbles*, and all that it did for British art in the following decades.

Still, things are no longer so cut and dried; Romance keeps her end fairly well up with Burne-Jones, Rossetti and sundry whimsicalities that crop up now and again, to create the requisite mild sensation at the Academy that shall keep the turn-stiles busy. Until about 1900 when the battle, so long brewed assiduously from France, begins in earnest.

The popular attitude is after this frankly agnostic. It is, however, the turn of Romance, and out she eventually emerges in a new dress; locked, however, with Realism in what looks like a final death-agony, a pitiable object enough, trying at the same time one lure after another to captivate the distracted artist . . . Post-Impressionism, Vorticism, Rebellion, Anarchy. She is, however, very nearly drowned by the counter-blasts of her sister and rival, with her Neo-Realism, Futurism, etc., a welter of preposterousisms.

Before this shameless abandon of the death agony, the artist may well be still and undisturbed, knowing that all this overturning is but the herald of some new dawn.

Incidentally, any one who had been awake to read the signs of the times could have foretold the war of 1914 with certainty from the state of consciousness seen in the pictures of the preceding years; for the artist reflects accurately the public state of mind that will be in evidence a

few years ahead; the greater the artist, the farther ahead does he unconsciously see.

The artist seems at present to be obliged to proceed by a series of shocks, and consequently it is extremely difficult for the layman to tell the difference between the genuine thing and the impudent counterfeit. But the shocks produced by the artist to compel attention to his message are in reality quite different from those other titillations, thumps, and insensate screams, which attempt to imitate them for the purpose of drawing attention to their authors.

The shock produced by the artist is due to two distinct causes. For one thing, any fresh aspect of life presented to the ordinary man appears shocking to him, especially if it contain a great truth; partly because it is new, and he hates anything new, and partly because he also hates having to face anything uncomfortable, and the truth is always uncomfortable (for him).

Another reason is that the artist, living in an extremely sentimental and hypocritical age, so far at any rate as Europe goes, is almost obliged to shock his audience in some way consciously, before he can wake it sufficiently to convey anything to it at all. Very nearly all ages have been to some extent in need of this. Some get off with a gentle nudge, others have to put up with being stood on their head or ducked in the pond, as Great Britain is being very unwillingly handled at present by Bernard Shaw and others.

There are three broad methods of procedure open to the artist, who always works in an orderly way; let us examine these in order.

In each method the artist takes things as they appear to be—anything, anywhere may serve him—and presents them in such a way as to disturb some preconceived notion that is untrue or merely a relative truth, and in this way obtains an unbiased or more honest consideration of his half-concealed indication of some idea, harmonious, intelligent and lovely. It is the subject that is lovely, be it remembered, not his presentment of it, which is frequently anything but what the average person would like.

When the mental state of his audience is very simple or low, the artist uses the simplest and gentlest means to attract attention to his message. It is characterised by the repeated call to hear, the perpetual repetition of the form chosen to represent the idea. Also it is characterised by the use of two aids commonly misunderstood—

**Symbolism and Allegory.** The best symbolism is never abstruse or far-fetched. At the time of its inception it may be said to be the simplest and most concise way of putting the idea to a particular state of mind. That is by taking some concrete example, well known to the audience, and showing in what way this story or instance bears out the general or universal statement in its working. In fact, a sort of object-lesson. This method reaches the densest mentality that is in any degree receptive. In Hebrew literature, culminating in the sayings and stories of Jesus, we see this method at its finest and purest, so far as literature is concerned. These splendid stories and object-lessons, such as that of the prodigal and the widow's oil-pot, have never been surpassed, and their method remains a fine one to-day for reaching a low order of intelligence. The popular novel of to-day may be said to be a continuation of it, and the novel-reading public, the idle wealthy woman and her indolent suburban ape, are certainly as needful of the parable as were the Pharisee and Publican of the first century. They are not getting very much of value however at the moment, and that may partly explain the rising water-mark of the poetical tide, which is dealing with more vital things in many cases. Much modern symbolism fails by being tacked on to some irrelevant story of no interest or value in itself. The story, of course, should be directed by the symbolism, and form a vital whole, so true and perfect that it remains interesting and vital to any state of mind. The finest things thus increase in value with the ripening of experience; as we increase in wisdom we see more and more in them. For if anything is true and significant on one plane of thought it is so always and for every one so far as it goes. It partakes of the nature of truth itself, and is therefore infinite and eternal in its character. So that although this is the only way, perhaps, of reaching the very obtuse mentality, it is also a way of reaching every other state.

In the second stage the artist takes things or conditions apparently irrelevant or opposed to each other, and by arranging them in some unexpected and striking way, he produces a strange thrill of delight as they are seen to be harmonious and united in aim. This is a favorite method with painters. It corresponds to the general heading of Variety or Symmetry, and so deals largely with questions of genus, and similar variations.

Germany that was in touch with Venice, and through Venice with the East; and Venice that was in touch with the Northern Germanic vitality from the beginning of its career, produced, for instance, in Carpaccio and Bellini, Dürer and their confrères, the works that have come nearest in the West to combining the qualities of form and colour in a rhythmic whole.

The land about the impingement of two different zones is always the happy hunting ground of the painter. To be within walking distance of snow and also of sub-tropical orange and pomegranate, is in itself stimulating to an audacious and delightful unification. This idea of the harmonisation of apparent opposites can be traced all through the world's art. It is less persuasive than the parable but also less shocking than the final resort. It is especially apt when one's audience has to some extent accepted the message, and after the way of audiences fitted it to their own ideas, and relapsed into their old comfortable rut. By this means you show them that there is not any recipe for such things, and that every new manifestation is different from every other, and you thus stir them a little out of their lethargy. Examples of this may be seen in almost any music, where after a period of long and uninterrupted rhythm, it is suddenly changed to a short incisive tempo, soon to relapse into the former type. Also in a black-and-white drawing, in which is a spot or two of very vivid colour.

There still remains the state of mind that seems often most difficult to reach. There is the man who knows; the perfectly contented man; the cultured man; the man who has studied art; the man who, having eyes, sees not. The most drastic method is reserved for this man. The simple density of the peasant can gradually be dispelled by perpetual repetition and explanation, or call to the matter in hand. The man who has got into a comfortable rut with his formula may be removed from it by showing him that there are many excellent things elsewhere achieved by quite opposite means; but the man who has his heaven neatly tucked away in his waistcoat pocket, the man who knows all there is to know, and still persists in buying academical pictures, is the really difficult problem.

He needs a terrific shock.

He needs, as a matter of fact, the death-struggle of Realism and Romance, his two favorites, and the appalling revelations incident to the bat-

tle, to wake him to a sense of his responsibility.

The method usually followed is this:

You will find that he knows exactly what is beautiful and what is not. He will not hesitate to give a shape to the deity.

So you deliberately choose such material as your patient has been taught by all the rules of academies and critics to be entirely ugly and beyond the pale of art. You use these things and nothing else in your work. You simply riddle him with what he calls discords of sound or colour. You spit on his two supports. Realism and Romance, and anoint his eyes with the result: you show your utter contempt, that is, for all that he holds beautiful. But unless you have also used this drastic method for a well-known reason, unless you know what you are about and have opened his eyes thereby to see that the true beauty is apart from these things and resident in the subject they imperfectly reveal: woe unto you.

It will be noted that in this artistic method you neither accept "things as they are," nor do you construct things as you think they ought to be. You take things as they appear to your audience (not, necessarily to you), and with these for brick and mortar you build a palace whose beauty depends entirely on its intelligent proportion and economical planning that hints at its invisible purpose, and not at all on brick and mortar. You may say that these were necessary to it; but that is not so; they were only necessary to the density of your audience. The palace existed in your thought before it could be built, and the building of it, the brick and mortar, detract from rather than enhance its beauty. The idea had to be made flesh because only in that way could it be expressed to your audience, but it was in no way dependent on that for its existence. You might demolish your brick palace (giving much incidental delight to Mr. Muirhead Bone) and in three days there it might be again, possibly in concrete and steel . . . but once thought, you could not in the demolition touch the palatial idea.

It must be admitted that your palace will be the despair of all bricklayers, for it has to be true on all planes, and you have to know how to use bricks, involving an apprenticeship possibly of thirty years, if your work is important, before you can start to build.

And this is a great mystery, before which the veils, for most of us, are still drawn close.



LA CHEMINÉE BLEU—MUSÉE  
CARNAVALETTÉ

BY CHARLES F.  
BITTINGER

## C H A R L E S F. B I T T I N G E R — V E R- S A I L L E S I N T E R I O R S BY FLOYD W. TRIGGS

"At the very start," sententiously says Everett L. Warner, "Fame set her mark upon Bittinger by having him born in Washington, D. C.; for, while a great many people go to Washington, very few people are born there." Having allowed Mr. Warner gracefully to introduce the subject of this sketch, it will be necessary, for the purposes of the story, to step from America into France and to slip backward a few hundred years in history.

When Louis XIII first beheld the swampy flat country which lies about twelve miles southwest of Paris at the place now famous as Versailles, there seemed little to recommend the spot as one of royal residence. However, for reasons best known to himself, he built a château there and in due time his son, Louis XIV, reigned in his stead. It is recorded of Louis XIV that, possessed of no great intellectual power himself, he yet had the faculty of recognizing capacity in others and of employing it for his own aggrandizement. He sought great architects, painters, sculptors, cabinet makers, decorators, landscape

architects, and hydraulic engineers, and builded his royal palace at Versailles, its park and its marvellous fountains. Thither, in 1682, he came with his court to live. For the next hundred years and more, the story of Versailles is the history of France.

In the building of the palace were formulated for all time those styles of furniture and decoration designated by the names of three kings of France. In decorating and furnishing Louis-Quatorze, Louis-Quinze and Louis-Seize still are standard styles. Versailles abruptly ceased to be a place of royal habitation when, in 1789, borne upon a wave of the French Revolution, the women of Paris swept down upon and ravaged the palace, carrying away Louis XVI to the Tuilleries and eventually to the guillotine. To-day it serves as an historical museum, restored and converted thereunto by Louis Phillippe, "Citizen King."

The pillars at entrance of the Cour d'Honneur visualize the victories of France under Louis XIV. The royal chapel has a ceiling by Coypel. Vernet's battle pictures are in the Galerie de Constantine. The paintings in the Galerie des Glaces are Charles Lebrun's. The Room of the Crusaders is filled with splendid modern paintings. The Galerie des Batailles, 130 feet long, contains many battle pieces by famous French painters. In the bedchamber of Louis XIV is the gorgeous bed upon which the Grand Monarch died.

Near by are the Petits Appartements, including the bedchamber where Louis XV passed away, and the famous antechamber where, under the *Oeil de Bœuf*, the gentlemen of the Court, awaited the royal summons. The room

of the *Oeil de Paume* contains a museum of the Revolution in remembrance of the meeting there of the first States General. The career of Napoleon may be reviewed in the Galerie de l'Empire. Louis XIV built Grand Trianon for Mme. de Maintenon. Petit Trianon, Louis XV built for Mme. du Barry. The park is a monument to Le Nôtre, whose genius Louis XIV recognized, and



OEIL DE BŒUF, VERSAILLES

BY CHARLES F. BITTINGER

who also planned the Kensington Gardens and laid out the grounds of the Vatican.

To Versailles, then, builded in 1661 by Louis XIV, came, in 1906, Charles F. Bittinger, born, as we have said, in Washington, D. C. Bittinger, an art student in Paris, had worked profitably under Gérôme and Laurens, and could draw and paint well. Moreover he is by nature extraordinarily sensitive to beauty. These two facts



MADAME DU BARRY

BY CHARLES F. BITTINGER



BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU DAUPHIN, VERSAILLES — BY CHARLES F. BITTINGER

explain what happened. Another might have looked through the vast palace, exclaimed, made a sketch or two, and gone back to Paris and its student life. Not so Bittinger. He went back to Paris, but only to pack his painting traps. The beauty of the palace of Versailles, gorgeous, yet in its untenanted condition sombre, at first overwhelmed then tilled him with a steady enthusiasm. For two years Bittinger with undiminished joyfulness and painstaking patience lived and painted among the glories of Versailles. It was an extraordinary thing for a young painter to attempt, a still more extraordinary thing to succeed with. But Bittinger, as has been said, is deeply sensitive to the outward forms of beauty. In painting the interiors of Versailles, he was moved by no interest in history nor by historic ornament. He simply painted the things he saw for the beauty which lay in them. The veined marble of a mantelpiece, the iridescent shimmer of a crystal chandelier, the exquisite chiselling on a metal mount, the tints of a piece of tapestry in a chair back, each beauty is after its own kind, subordinate only to the beauty of the whole. All this beauty of form, colour and texture Bittinger has felt and has faithfully, even lovingly, presented.

Besides the Versailles series, Bittinger has painted some of the distinguished interiors in America. He has painted the blue room of the White House and the Library of the University Club, richly decorated by H. Siddons Mowbray. As an exhibitor at the Academy from year to year he is best known for his "intime" subjects, such as *The Cretonne Boudoir* and *Isabel*.

## A NOTE ON MANCINI

THE catholic taste of the smaller museums is being more and more demonstrated in the choice of their permanent exhibits. Minneapolis, in its short existence, has acquired paintings and other objects of art of a high standard



SELF-PORTRAIT

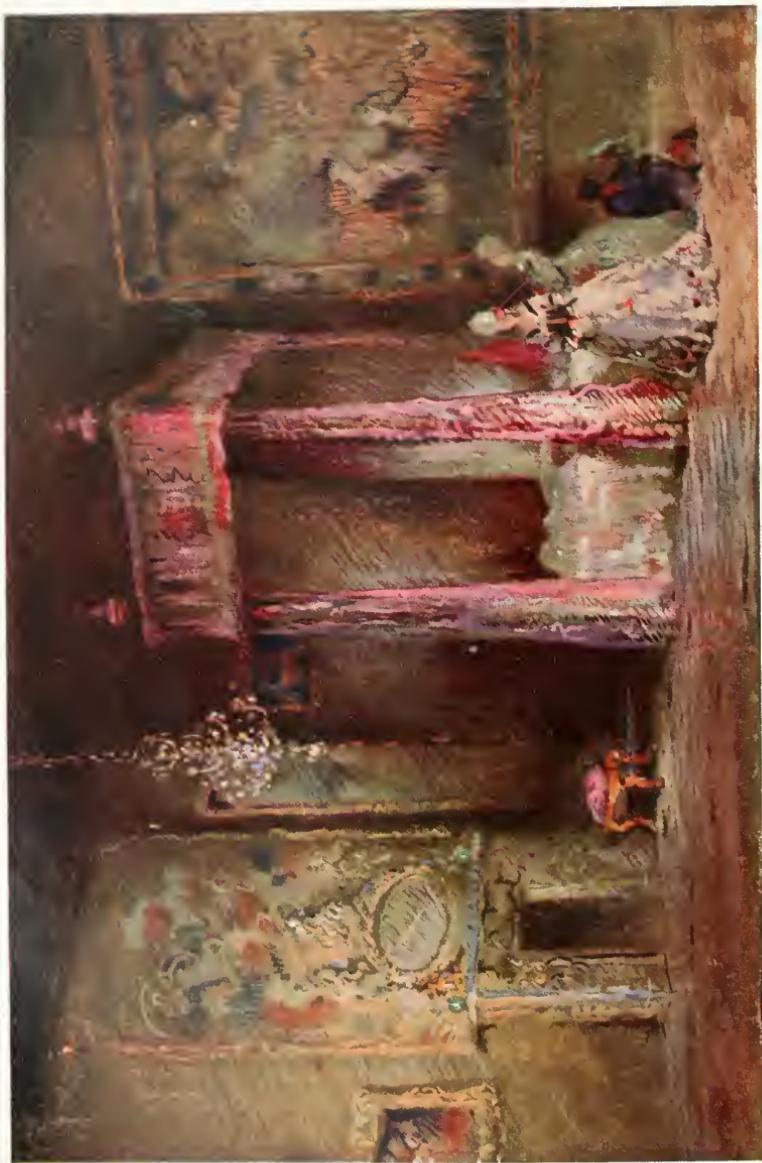
BY MANCINI

of excellence that would not have been tolerated by museum trustees of a few years ago. The same can be said of Cleveland, St. Louis, Worcester and that excellent collection of old and modern masters in the Hackley Gallery. Every evidence of this increasing demand for the best in art is shown in the recent acquisition by the Detroit Museum of a self-portrait in pastel by Mancini. The dominating note in the work of this Italian is emotion and in this almost super-aesthetic state he will resort to any technical means to obtain to overflowing the result of his impression.

Although in this portrait Mancini has refrained from unusual technical expediences, partly due no doubt to the limitation of the medium of pastel, it is a veritable masterpiece in passionately quivering yet subjective rendering. From a colour extraordinarily individual in technique and pulsating with life, it may be called a sketch, yet what more could be said?



"THE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER" FROM A  
PASTEL DRAWING BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



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**R**ELIGION AND NATURE IN ORIENTAL ART—IN TWO PARTS  
BY WILFRED SHAW

PART I

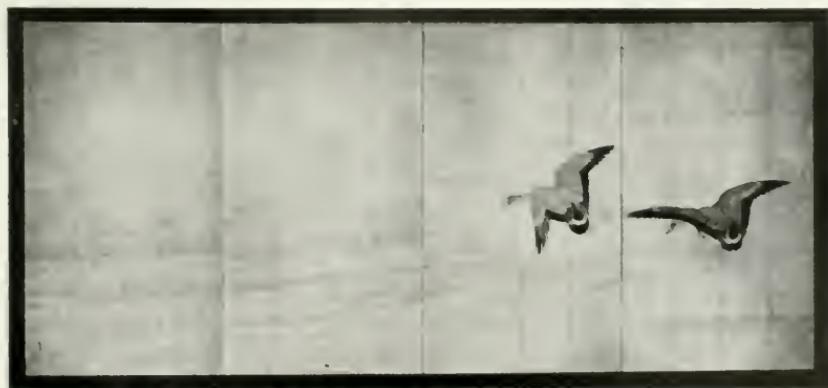
*The illustrations are from pictures in the Collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer*

THE recent growth of interest in the Far East is a significant development in modern art criticism. For the first time in history the work of the sculptors and painters of China and Japan is being adequately presented to us of the West. From it we are learning that by no means all the secrets in the world of art have been revealed to us, and that many of our own aesthetic principles are capable of a restatement in new terms. We have learned, too, that landscape painting, which we believed to be the unique achievement of our modern painters, was the keynote of Chinese art as far back as the Tang Dynasty, 1200

years ago. Impressionism, we find, at least when it deals with fundamental conceptions rather than mere technique, is nothing new to the Chinese. Even more, some of the vague ideas we are associating under the very modern "futurist" propaganda were known and put in practice by a civilization already past its last great period, as long ago as when Marco Polo visited the court of the Mongol conqueror, Kublai Khan, at the end of the thirteenth century.

But let us begin in the middle of our subject, and look at a picture of this Chinese civilization through the eyes of this first visitor from the West to tell us what he saw.

The Venetian traveller tells us, in his account of his travels through Cathay, of how he came to the "most noble city of Kinsay, beyond dispute the finest and noblest in the world," which had a compass of an hundred miles, with twelve hundred bridges of stone, each with a guard of ten men, with twelve guilds, of different crafts,



FOUR-FOLD SCREEN, BY OKIO, SHIJO SCHOOL, JAPANESE

each guild with twelve thousand houses for its workmen and a "palace of the king who fled, him who was Emperor of Manzi"—the greatest palace in the world—"For you must know that its demesne hath a compass of ten miles, all enclosed with lofty battlemented walls; and inside the walls are the finest and most delectable gardens upon earth, and filled too with the finest fruits. There are numerous fountains in it also, and lakes full of fish.

In the middle is the palace itself, a great and splendid building. It contains twenty great and handsome halls, one of which is more spacious than the rest, and affords room for a vast multitude to dine. It is all painted in gold, with many histories and representations of beasts and birds, of knights and dames, and many marvellous things. It forms a really magnificent spectacle, for over all the walls and all the ceilings you see nothing but paintings in gold. And besides these halls the palace contains one thousand large and handsome chambers, all painted in gold and divers colours."

No wonder Marco Polo was impressed, for this was Hang-Chow, still reflecting the glories of those kings who had fled—the Sung Emperors of China. They had been overcome in 1264, just a few years before, when Peking became the capital. Theirs was an age characterized by what may be called its "modern" spirit. Hang-Chow was a magnificent capital, rich and sophisticated, its inhabitants clad in silk as befitting the pre-eminence of the centre of Chinese culture.

Here was a worthy setting for an art which represented a continuous development of 3,000 years, and for a school of painting, always the last branch of the fine arts to mature, which we can carry back a thousand years before the time of Giotto. It was then that Chinese refinement reached its final flower. The preceding Tang Dynasty (618-906), China's first great era, was the time of her greatest external and internal growth, and of a grandeur in art never again equalled. But Chinese civilization was perhaps riper and more sophisticated under the Sung emperors, even though Tartar hordes were already threatening in the North. The conquering Mongol, or Yuan régime (1280-1368), witnessed the last blaze of the real Chinese genius. The succeeding Ming period, a native Chinese Dynasty (1368-1644), though prolific, was only a pale and decadent reflection of earlier grandeur; they tried

too conscientiously to revive. The decline became complete under the Manchus.

The dynasties which had preceded the golden ages of Tang and Sung stretched back to a dim era, when the Chinese were a pastoral people with a simple art allied to that of the other primitive folk who lived about the Pacific Ocean. The resemblance of the decorations on the beautiful bronze vessels of the Shang and Chou eras, which are just coming to light; to the interweaving banded animal forms of the South Sea Islands, and, on the other side of the Pacific, of the Alaskan Indians, and the Aztec and Mayan civilizations, could hardly be chance.

Later came traces of Western art. In the bronzes and pottery of the Han Dynasty (255 B.C.-221 A.D.), equal in grace and refinement to the best of Greece, we can trace, in the winged bull and lion and the Persian tree of life, the influence of Mesopotamia and Syria. Even more interesting were traces, shown in the sculpture of the period just preceding the Tang Dynasty, of the Greek art left in Northern India by Alexander the Great. It was only a passing influence, however, and left little trace upon the farther East, except perhaps a greater freedom, particularly in the treatment of draperies.

There is a mystery in our long ignorance of this art. We have known and appreciated the craftsmanship of the East; we have loved their porcelains, their bronzes and their fabrics; but we have never seemed to glimpse the whole of which these were a part. Self sufficient, we have followed a group of paths which led only in one general direction, while our Oriental friends have travelled another way. The ultimate goal we shall find the same. It remained for Whistler, and a few other discerning spirits, to make a break, away from our conventions, and to be almost the first to appreciate the real charm and force of the cheap wood-block prints of the Japanese lower classes, the dying ripples of the great art of the East. But he knew nothing of the great aristocratic art of China and Japan. That, until very recently, was a closed book. It is fortunate that just in the nick of time certain foreigners, particularly Professor Ernest Fenollosa, who finally became Minister of Fine Arts in Japan, revealed to the Japanese the richness of their own treasures, and inspired a revival of their great traditions.

There is promise for the artistic future of Amer-



PART OF A SCROLL PAINTING, BY MA YUAN (JAPANESE: BAYEN), SUNG, CHINESE



LARGE SIX-FOLD SCREEN, BY KANO YUITOKU, KANO SCHOOL, JAPANESE

## *Religion and Nature in Oriental Art*

ica in the fact that we have led in the recognition of this art. The two greatest collections, outside the East, are in this country, that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and that of Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit. The Boston collection is largely due to the enterprise and foresight of Professor Fenollosa, who secured many of the treasures of Japanese noble families during his long residence in Japan. Mr. Freer's collection, eventually to find a fitting place in Washington, is especially rich in early Chinese sculpture as well as Chinese and Japanese paintings. The Metropolitan Museum in New York has also of late been adding extensively to its Oriental Department.

These collections are unique. Nothing to equal them in all probability can ever be brought together again, and their intrinsic value therefore is not to be estimated, any more than a price can be put on the great art treasures of Europe. But there is one practical value, which, above all others, these two collections have. They bring the East in an adequate review before the West for the first time. They are an object lesson we cannot escape. The steady and logical growth, not of hundreds but of thousands, of years is made plain; we can see that the East has learned many things we have missed. It is a practical demonstration of the fact that the horizon of all art is infinitely wider than sectional or racial boundaries.

We had our first glimpse of Oriental art in the colour prints of Hokusai and Hiroshige. They took us backward inevitably to another age, that of the richly decorative art of Japan's last great period—the school of Korin. Again this brought us to the glories of earlier times, the native development of the Japanese Tosa school, and the classical Chinese inspiration of the Kano painters. Critics thought then we had surely come to the end of our knowledge, and that beyond the few scattered examples in Japanese palaces and monasteries, the great artists of China must remain for us only names. Then the gap was bridged. The recent troubles in China brought to light masterpieces of which Oriental connoisseurs were themselves ignorant, and our knowledge of Chinese art was carried well into the classical period—the six hundred years of the Tang and Sung empires—which furnished the inspiration for all succeeding generations.

This was one of those rare ages when everything seemed to centre about literature and art.

The Emperors themselves were poets and painters. One of the great names in the history of Chinese art is that of a Sung Emperor, Hui Tsung (1101-1126), who was accustomed to give his pictures to those he wished to honour, as a modern sovereign distributes orders and decorations. Li Ssu Sun born several centuries before was a relative of the Imperial house of Tang, and in common with other members of the family excelled in landscape painting. He was also a field marshal and his pictures were known as "Marshal Li's Landscapes." But a long list of Chinese names is not exactly illuminating. One other master of the Tang Dynasty, however, must be mentioned, Wu Tao-tse, who, with Li Long Mien of Sung, is considered the greatest of Chinese painters.

Wu Tao-tse became a legendary figure, and though only a very few of his pictures have survived, so far as we know, his name has been preserved in popular stories. Perhaps the most beautiful of these is that of his last picture, which was painted at the command of the Emperor on a blank wall of the palace. When the Emperor first saw it there seemed to be a curtain before it, but at a gesture from the artist it vanished and the wall of the palace melted into a radiant vision of blue sky, in which wonderful birds were floating, above a land of mountains, palaces and flowers. In front lay a wall of jade, pierced by a doorway of coral lacquer of which the gates were pure gold. To the king it was a vision of Heaven itself. But suddenly the gates swung open, and there lay revealed a land of such ineffable splendour and beauty that the king fell to the ground, as if in the presence of that Absolute which no man may see and live. When he ventured finally to raise his eyes the wall was bare and Wu Tao-tse was gone. Nor was he ever seen again.

The most all-round man in Chinese history, whose versatility has led to his being compared with Leonardo, was Li Long Mien, or Ririomin, as he was called in Japan. Not only was he a painter famous for the intellectuality and delicacy of his work, but he was a poet as well as censor and historian for the Sung imperial court. Of the masters of the later Sung epoch, two, Ma Yuan and Hsia Kuci, or Bayen and Kakkei in Japan, may be mentioned as leaders in the idealistic and romantic landscape school, which had such an influence later upon the Japanese. They developed a style of crisp outlines, misty perspectives, and sparing colour, which in later years

## *Religion and Nature in Oriental Art*



KAKEMONO, BY PIEN LIAN, TANG, CHINESE

became characteristic of the classical school in Japan.

There are many curious and suggestive parallels between the history of our own art and that of the East. Just as we have had a classic inspiration in Greece and Rome, so Japan, in her great years, acknowledged the influence of her earlier Chinese masters. As we clothed the old truths in a new garb through a rebirth of classical ideals, so Japan, not once but twice, turned to her golden era, in a Renaissance of the Chinese spirit, restating it in terms of her own richer and more exuberant, if less profound, temperament. Similarly, as our painting received its first inspiration about the altar, with the Madonna and Child, saints and angels, or events in sacred history as the inevitable subjects, so art of the East centred at first in the Buddhist temples. The majestic calm of Buddha, with his followers, or the benign grace of Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, or the absorbed figures of holy men, seeking by

contemplation to attain perfection, to make themselves one with all nature, were repeated again and again.

Resemblances such as these might be continued indefinitely, but the differences are more important and more fundamental. We may assume that back in the shadowy beginnings of things the



KAKEMONO, BY HOKUSAI,  
UKIYOE SCHOOL, JAPANESE

human race divided. One great branch turned its face toward the West and laid the foundations of a civilization based on individual effort, the glorification of man—a being who had within himself an element of the divine. The other branch looked to the rising sun and came eventually to follow the teaching of Sakya-Muni, the Buddha, a prince from the North of India, who, in the words of a Japanese art critic, "synthetized that vast ocean of idealism which was Eastern thought." He taught that the individual is vain phenomenon, only of consequence in so far as he becomes identified with that universal Will of which he is only the instrument.

The East, therefore, tended to develop a life of contemplation, a philosophic calm, in contrast to the aggressive, scientific spirit of our own civilization. And the difference is fundamental in the two systems of art. The dramatic moments in the life of Buddha are never depicted. Instead we have that hieratic figure repeated with infinite variations by long generations of Oriental priestly painters and artist monks—with quiet features, wide forehead, drooping eyelids, and unruffled draperies, which in Mr. Binyon's words "draws the mind inward, lays a spell upon it, woos us from the restless world, a divine ecstasy of absolute contemplation."

Buddhism, with its negative impersonal doctrines, is thus entwined with the evolution of Eastern art. But in addition there are other factors we must reckon upon, in considering the development of the peculiar qualities of the art of these two peoples—particularly their ideals and national temper. It is here we find the great distinction between the art of China and that of Japan. They are separate peoples, of separate ways of thinking and differing impulses, as we have come to realize from their recent political history.

In China the first great flowering of Oriental art came, as we have seen, under the Tang Dynasty. It had been preceded by a development of a thousand years, guided by the teachings of the two Chinese philosophers, Confucius and Lao-tse. The first advocated a doctrine of collectivism and socialism, which has always had a tremendous influence upon the naturally conservative Chinese spirit, but always opposed by a positive individualistic philosophy advanced by Lao-tse.

Confucius aimed at a social harmony which



FROM ALBUM. GROUP OF FIVE LOHANS, BY LI LUNG-MIEN. (JAPANESE RIRIOININ.) SUNG. CHINESE

should reproduce the structure of music. "Keep your mind pure and free through art," he said, while Lao-tse, whose system came to be known as Tao-ism, was responsible for the more temperamental qualities, and the ever-present love of nature, which Chinese art shows. Whenever Chinese art rose to a culminating period, the restraining formalism and conventions of Confucianism were always counteracted by the greater freedom for the individual of Taoist thought. The decline came when Confucian pedantry and love for established precedent finally won, in the Ming and Manchu Dynasties.

*(Part II will appear in a later issue)*



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLARENCE PAY  
BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

**T**HE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION  
BY HELEN WRIGHT

THE Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, illuminated, gold-leaved, coloured, decorated, pictured beyond all recognition of these sober, serious documents, are to be seen on exhibition in the Main Gallery, second floor, of the Library of Congress.

The Declaration of Independence does not look as if it set forth the "grievances of the American colonies against Great Britain, and declared their political independence," but rather as if it were the gentle canto of an Italian poet, illuminated by some grey-cowled monk of the middle ages.

The work is done on vellum on thirteen large sheets that measure thirty-one inches in length by twenty-one inches in width, and the lettering is Gothic in black, red and gold, enclosed in very elaborate borders of the most beautiful and intricate design, hand-drawn and painted without a flaw in line or curve.

Within the borders are set miniature portraits of the presidents of the United States, famous generals, distinguished Americans, soldiers, inventors and writers, as well as tiny historical scenes, battles of the wars and important events in the country's history.

The Declaration begins with a charming miniature of Thomas Jefferson, inclosed in a large, highly ornamented capital W of the "When in the course of human events," etc. He is dressed in colonial costume and stands by a small table looking over, by candle light, the sheets of the Declaration which he holds in his hand.

In this border is a tiny picture of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and one representing the pilgrims in their long cloaks on the way to church, carrying their guns on their shoulders. Columbus is graphically pictured. His ship is anchored and, as he steps ashore, a crowd of astonished Indians emerge from the forest. The *Battle of Quebec* measures about three inches by four and contains a whole regiment, cannon, the rugged cliffs of Canada, a landscape and blue sea in the background. The portraits in this panel are of Columbus, John Smith, William Penn and Lord Baltimore.

On the second sheet we see the Planting of the Liberty Tree, the Boston Tea Party, Washington

taking command of the American Army and a remarkable picture of Independence Hall, with the signers grouped about the room on that great occasion when we declared ourselves free and independent of Great Britain in 1776. Franklin, Robert Livingston, Alexander Hamilton and Roger Sherman in miniature decorate the border.

The Constitution fills eleven of the thirteen panels and the first sheet is gorgeous in raised gold (which is the despair of the modern illuminators), beautiful colouring and elaborate bordering. An excellent portrait of George Washington, evidently after the Stuart portrait, is enclosed in a lovely initial and throughout the border are found tiny pictures of Valley Forge, battles of Bennington, Princeton, Stony Point, Surrender of Burgoyne, Washington's Night March on Trenton, and Lafayette offering his services to Washington. As we examine further we see the country's whole history told in these finished, artistic little pictures.

Washington's inauguration, the great procession at Philadelphia, the invention of the lightning rod and the cotton gin, the capture of Sumter, the battles of Pittsburg Landing, Antietam, the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, Lincoln and the slaves—all dramatically and artistically portrayed. The last page brings us down to the Battle of Santiago and portraits of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

It is impossible to describe the wonderful skill and unusual dexterity of the production. The borders in scrolls, delicate golden traceries, coiled vine stems ornamented with flowers, the colours, those lovely dull blues and pinks seen in the old missals and chorals—the variety of design—rivals the workmanship of the illuminators of the Italian Renaissance.

It is the work of an Italian, but a modern artist, Nestore Leoni by name, who lives in Florence, though he was born in Aquila in 1862.

His first conspicuous work was a cover for an album commemorating the arrival of the Emperor William II, of Germany, to Rome. This received high praise for its exquisite technique and finish.

A number of important commissions followed, one for an edition de luxe of Dante's *Ilia Nuova*, which was painted on parchment in the style of the sixteenth century. Another was for eight miniatures to illustrate the love songs of Dante. This was presented to Her Majesty, the Queen of Italy. He made a copy of Petrarch, for which

## *The Blashfield Windows*



THE ANNUNCIATION

DESIGNED BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

### **T**HE BLASHFIELD WINDOWS BY GRACE HUMPHREY

THE two windows designed by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield for the First Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga have recently been placed. They have a special interest, since they are the first work in glass by this artist.

Famous for his mural painting, Mr. Blashfield is also a designer of mosaics, and now tries his skill in a third art, like those many-sided sixteenth century Italians of whom he has written. But

this is no experiment, for composition and balance, simple, impressive design, feeling for colour, are needs as basic in one medium as in the others.

The two designs represent the *Annunciation* and the *Resurrection*. The tall figures of the angel, taking up one side of each window, connect the two, even though they are on opposite sides of the church; while variety is secured by balancing the reverent Virgin against the group of the three Marys.

Visitors to the studio in New York, where the central portions were exhibited, exclaimed at first

## *The Blashfield Windows*

sight, — "It's like LaFarge!" — Yes, and no. The massing of the many-coloured flowers, which glisten in the sunlight like jewels; a foreground into which you could walk, and the sense of far-reaching space back of the figures; the noteworthy blue of the draperies; and that most important thing in a window, the leading, every line of which has a meaning—these details are like LaFarge.

This is not to be wondered at, for the windows were built by Miss Grace Barnes, who was associated with Mr. LaFarge for several years. The flowers are carried out by his method; she learned from him how headlines can be utilized for form, and to suggest the body underneath the drapery. Look at Mary's elbow, at the slightly bent knee of the angel and see what part the leading plays. The marvelous blues are composed, in part, of rare old glass which was in the LaFarge shop.

But the design is Mr. Blashfield's own, and in no way suggests any other artist. It is full of dignity, it is never overcrowded. There is no vague reaching out for the right line, no experimenting with the law of vacant and filled spaces, the balancing of elaborated and simple masses. A great artist, Mr. Blashfield sees and feels with simplicity and dignity, and this comes out in his work, whether it be mural painting, mosaic or glass.

Perhaps the fact that the windows are twenty-seven feet high, and distant some forty feet from the spectators, is one reason for the simple design, for it must carry well. Mr. Blashfield says that he studied a long time, the main lines once determined, to leave out details, trying always to keep it more and more unencumbered, never to make it more elaborate.

Both windows meet the definition of a truly decorative arrangement, that it shall decorously fill and fit a certain circumscribing architectural form. The size and curve of the available space, the unusually wide mullion in the centre, gave an interesting problem.

Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield, in their "Italian Cities," wrote a sentence on Raphael applying equally well to these designs: "Through the art of composition the painter takes his spectator directly by the hand, and by the ordering of the lines he leads him, as he wishes, from point to point, an itinerary involuntary to the spectator, but therefore all the more delightful."

Such a delightful itinerary these windows afford. Over every foot of the glowing glass the eyes wan-

der with pleasure. There is, in each one, a resting place, where by concentration the artist focuses the attention upon the most important point. In each one, the lines carry over the mullion to the angel; even the bent head of the Virgin does not destroy the unity of the composition, for the two figures are skilfully joined by the line of light-coloured glass.

The predominating colours are red and blue, the noblest of the primaries, the colours one remembers best in European cathedrals—Chartres, for example. The tradition of blue for Mary and red for the angel Mr. Blashfield has observed; the third colour in the mediaeval symbolism, gold, he has added, to make a deeply chorded harmony.

The colours of the window are built over into the border; the blue is its background, the yellow of the angel's wings is generously used, the red sparingly. Green, orange and violet are also repeated here. The use of the border is unusual; Miss Barnes says it is, so far as she could learn, the first bordered window to be built in this country. Nothing is more decorative than a formal pattern, and this border, whose motif Mr. Blashfield rearranged from a black-and-white design in a marble tomb in a Venetian church, gives the finishing touch to the whole composition.

A word must be added in recognition of the skill of the builder. The careful selecting of many pieces of glass; the countless trials of this piece or that, to get the desired effect; the using of a smooth, a folded, or a crinkled piece; the single or double or triple plating—for in some portions the glass is four layers deep—the successful results of all this, and much of the beauty of the windows, are due to Miss Barnes, to whom the spectators, with Mr. Blashfield, give the highest praise.

## CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

THE Director of the Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, announces that the French Retrospective Collection from the Luxembourg, the Italian group, and the German paintings, numbering 272 works, which were included in the Founder's Day Exhibition will continue on view until further notice. The seventy-four paintings selected from the Museum of the Luxembourg, as representative of the history of French art since 1870, forms the most important group included in the exhibition.

## Memorial Sculpture in Denver



SCULPTURE FOR THE MCPHEE  
MEMORIAL IN DENVER

BY MARIO  
KORBEL

### MEMORIAL SCULPTURE IN DENVER

**M**ARIO KORBEL has created a beautiful and significant work in the bronze which he contributed to the McPhee Memorial recently erected in Denver, Colorado. The heroic figure of a woman, the head bowed, and arms folded in a gesture of ineffable sympathy, is most compelling in its suggestion of resignation to the inevitable and of hope and belief in the future. The severe immobile lines of the drapery help to emphasize the noble simplicity which distinguishes throughout the latest work of Korbel. The whole is effectively silhouetted against a temple-like structure of classic design.

It is a hopeful sign that gradually people in America are beginning to realize that, after all, our desire to preserve the memory of the departed in some enduring form should not be given ex-

pression through the efforts of a "Mortuary Memorial Monument Art Company," who, in marble or bronze, will according to stereotype patterns, without originality or imagination, fashion a work whose only claim to immortality lies in the imperishable quality of the material, but that it is decidedly the office of the sculptor and the architect to beautify the City of the Dead with works that really belong to art and have in them the elements of beauty which will be an inspiration and consolation to the beholder.

### A COSTUME EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK

A SPECIAL exhibition of costumes, both theatrical and masquerade, together with costume drawings, will be held in the galleries of the National Society of Craftsmen, 110 East 19th Street beginning Wednesday, October the fourth, and lasting for one week. Those who enjoyed Mr. Granville Barker's productions two years ago and the more recent visit of the Ballet Russe will welcome this opportunity of seeing what American designers can do in this most difficult and fascinating art.



THE SAME FIGURE IN PROFILE

# ART AND THE MAN: ART SOCIETIES AND PERMANENT COLLECTIONS

BY RAYMOND WYER

ONE can review all the difficulties that beset mankind in his desire to improve social conditions, yet nothing in all altruistic endeavour is so pregnant with difficulties as the work of an art society in a small city, buying paintings for a permanent collection. I refer to organizations without a museum and unable to engage an expert adviser.

The buying committee of an art association is usually made up of men and women. The men are usually chosen for their business experience, the women for their interest in art. Before they have proceeded very far, the business man either inflicts his business judgment on the organization without regard to its purpose, or, finding himself beset with a multitude of conflicting ideas from people with art opinions, and further perplexed by the insistence of artists and dealers with pictures to sell, throws up his hands in despair and does nothing.

Of course, much of his confusion is due to the fact that he is uncertain as to the purpose of art. Whether collections are formed to merely entertain the public or as a source of instruction and illumination, he does not know. He often is not able to decide whether a work of art should be something that a person can understand at once, or whether it has a more profound meaning which has to be studied before it can be fully appreciated. Believing in the former is very much like choosing a wife solely because she has a pretty face.

Of course it is possible to obtain sound advice from art authorities of good standing, but the difficulty is that, however much confidence you have in this authority, as soon as the pictures are not the kind that the public like, then the adviser will be accused of not being disinterested. Yet if people would only think a little it would be plain that pictures which easily please the majority of the public are the most easily obtained, and that any one with ulterior motives would be likely to take the line of the least resistance and select paintings which would be popular.

The charlatan, whether in art or politics, always makes a direct appeal to the unthinking majority, by never offering anything that is difficult to understand. This is his whole stock in trade. He

thrives on platitudes. He takes advantage of the feelings which are inherent in every one, of love for country, justice and an aversion to paying taxes, by trading on spurious conceptions of patriotism, democracy and economy.

The question, therefore, is not only what is the best plan for a committee of laymen to adopt to ensure obtaining paintings with the maximum of quality at a reasonable price, but how to have the art value of these paintings endorsed by those whose judgment is considered beyond dispute so as to preclude or at least to make it difficult for unintelligent hostile criticism.

There are several ways for an art society to obtain paintings: First, buy from a dealer. This is by no means a bad method if care is taken to select a reputable one. Another way is to buy from the one-man exhibitions which come to the city. The success of this, of course, depends upon the discrimination in selecting these exhibitions.

I was recently speaking to Mr. Charles Francis Browne, of Chicago, late chairman of the Art Committee of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, on the subject, and his solution to this most difficult problem seemed to be the only one. His suggestion was to buy only those paintings which have been awarded distinction in the important museums. He explained that such a painting is endorsed twice. This impressed me as being the safest way for a committee without much experience and knowledge to select those works of art which will later on probably be the nucleus of a permanent collection in a museum. I would not consider this a complete solution, however. The most that can be said is that it is the safest way. That it approaches infallibility cannot be claimed in view of the extraordinary awards which are not uncommonly made. Yet, in the long run, looking at it from a financial as well as the artistic standpoint, less harm will result from the mistake of this method than from those made by a committee left to the tender mercies of the conflicting opinions of qualified art judges, of those painters who travel with exhibitions of their own works, painters without a message—who copy every marketable style and possess all the points of view except their own, and who have something in their exhibition to suit every kind of taste from Corot to Willem Maris.

This method eliminates to a great extent the retrograding influence of malicious and usually unintelligent criticism.

*The Art of David Karfunkle*



ATLANTIS

BY DAVID KARFUNKLE



DRAWING

BY DAVID KARFUNKLE

**T**HE ART OF DAVID KARFUNKLE  
BY WILLIAM B. MCCORMICK

THE history of Art has always been marked with the spirit of unrest that is paralleled in the history of Man. At their best these phenomena are but strivings toward a finer achievement, in the one case of expression, in the other of a betterment of the social state. And always they have been starred by disturbances that we are apt to call revolutions. In the case of Man these often have tragic consequences; but it is impossible to look backward over the story of civilization without realizing their ultimate results have been for the best. In the history of Art these revolutions have never been attended with such grave results; and one may well wonder if the ends achieved by some of them were worth the vocal violence and outpouring of the literature of vituperation always attending them.

For the past twenty years we have been witnessing some such Art revolution that began with the revival of design as design in the Art Nouveau of Vienna and which has degenerated, through several notorious phases, into the varied forms of

## *The Art of David Karfunkle*

expression that, for the sake of brevity, I will call Post-Impressionism. The basic idea of the Art Noveau was eminently a good one. Its results have been of the very best, influencing almost every phase of Art that touches man most nearly, in the adornment of his home, of his attire, of his pleasures—as in his sports and in the theatre. Everywhere there has been a marked improvement of design. And Man and Civilization have both profited thereby. But the record of Post-Impressionism is not so fine or so excellent in its results. Born of a vulgar desire for such notoriety as may be reward of the bizarre, based on forms borrowed from the crudest arts of the savage or early adolescence, it has left in Art's cup only the bitter taste of dregs. It is obvious to all who study the passing phases of Art other than in a superficial way that the vogue of Post-Impressionism has passed. All that remains are the works it produced which Time, with its unerring taste in selection, can be counted on to obliterate.

Art is long, says the proverb; but that is only one of its attributes. Art also has the quality of rising out of the mire into which some of her false devotees misguidedly pulled her down. One man is usually the force that places the Statue on the pedestal again. And I do not think it too much to say of David Karfunkle, lately come back to us in the United States from France, that it is he more than any new spirit in contemporary American art who is to perform this service. For he has brought back with him (as his exhibition in the gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company in New York and the photographs of his paintings reproduced here show) the sweet, pure nobility of that classic art which is based on a profound knowledge of and sympathy with life.

It is impossible to look at Karfunkle's work, either in the originals or these reproductions, without realising that life is his only concern. And I do not use that word in any recondite sense. If you will apply it to two such paintings as his *Sunning* and *On the Rocks*, you will understand what I mean. Who but a profound student of life could so charge his canvases with the very spirit of youth as Karfunkle does in these pictures. This sturdy lad of his perched on top of a rock by the water's edge is the very spirit of impish youth; and he has filled the second canvas, the lads climbing around the face of a great mass of rock rising from the sea, with the vivid colour of romantic adventure that is the very

soul of the nature of youth. You feel the thrill in their hearts, the wild tremours over the created prospect of meeting some dragon or pirate just around the corner. This is, indeed, the very golden age of adolescence!

Life of quite another kind lives in Karfunkle's pictures such as the *Ariadne*, *Pomone*, and *Atlantis*. Here the note struck more firmly and more resonantly, I feel, than by any contemporary hand, is that of the life of the body. These superb young feminine figures appeal to you at once through the very livingness of their rounded forms that are not structures of pigment but of flesh and blood and bones. Indeed they are so living, compared to the nude figures that are the fruit of the more modern schools, that one is disturbed until one finds the cause of this emotion. It is because they possess the qualities of perfection only associated with the greatest sculpture. And if this makes for the posture of a riddle its solution can be found in this circumstance: When Karfunkle went abroad to study, for the second time in 1911, he worked for a year under Bourdelle, greatest of living French sculptors. What he gained in knowledge of the human form in that rich twelve months you see translated here in terms of paint. And the marvel of it is you forget the medium in the reality with which he clothes the pattern of his design.

Now life itself may become a very commonplace thing as the Realist convinces us in all his works. It is when it is touched by the gayly-hued colours of romance or the glamour of classical legends that it wears its brightest face for us. And it is because both the romance and the glamour of life and legend shine out of these canvases that they thrill the spectator, move him as if some gay marching song or passion-touched melody flowed through the porches of his ears.

Life quickens to life at the sight of the paintings by Karfunkle, through the perfection of their forms and through the resonant colour that is at his command when he places on his canvas an exposition of some contemporary incident as his lads bathing, in his French landscapes or in a view of the Luxembourg Gardens. Over the legends out of Greek mythology there hangs a light of a different texture, brilliant yet seemingly remote from our workaday world. This he reveals to us with something of that spirit of abstraction many believe the be-all and end-all of Art. And this same spirit of abstraction finds an



BATHERS

BY DAVID KARFUNKLE

even fuller expression in his many drawings of the nude figure. Out of the hundreds of these studies he has made, fifty-seven were shown in his recent exhibition in New York City. I know of no living artist who has made such superb drawings as these. They carried me back, for comparison, to the great men of the Italian Renaissance, whose drawings must always stand as the supreme test of knowledge of the human figure and the power to express that knowledge in line.

This mastery by the artist of design and medium is no recent acquisition, was not come by easily. He began his studies in the schools of the National Academy of Design in the early '90s of the last century and in 1897 he went abroad to Munich where he studied under Herterich and fell under the spell of the German romantic school as expressed by such men as Bocklin and Stuck. For three years he wandered up and down the

Continent, studying the works of the great figures of the past out of whom Ingres emerges as the one master he remembers most vividly and with the most ardent admiration.

He supported himself then, and for eight years after he returned to New York (in 1900), by making stained glass, anatomical drawings and doing illustration work. I can recall, even after this lapse of years, one of his canvases of that period that was shown in the Academy. It was like the painter himself, grave, thoughtful, charged with seriousness of conception and achievement. The sunlight of material appreciation had not shone on his life in those days. That was to come.

In 1908 a man came into contact with David Karfunkle, through his art, who had the vision to see the solid merit there was in the painter's work and the future it held if it was warmed by the sun of material ease. This man has shown

in the world's affairs the extent and the quality of his imagination, the farsightedness to see beyond the present and of what could be made of men and things once they were given the opportunity, once they were given the proper direction. This man was Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip who first tested his judgment of the artist by giving him a commission to paint a mural decoration for the nursery of his children. The mettle of the painter

drawings or etchings—for he has worked with the needle on copper too—is there a sign of the pedant. One comes away from an exhibition of his pictures filled with two vivid impressions: one of the knowledge that has gone to their making, the other of the fact that here is a man who is concerned with life, not in its affected modern art jargon sense, but as it comes from its Maker.



ARIADNE

BY DAVID KARFUNKLE

assayed up to the standard Mr. Vanderlip had set. And he gave David Karfunkle commissions that enabled him to go to Paris where he has lived and studied and worked from 1911 until the spring of this year.

Out of this meagre personal record one fact emerges. This is that "work and work and more work" has been the guiding rule of Karfunkle's life. Its fruits show in every line he draws, in every brush stroke of colour he puts on his canvas. Nowhere in any of his paintings, pastels,

Now David Karfunkle has come back to the United States to discover what fortune "awaits him beside the stove." It is to the credit of art-loving America that it speedily found him out and gave him a warm welcome of appreciation, praise and (what is more to the point) bought most of his paintings. It is to be hoped he will stay among us. For his is a spirit that will enrich our native art, since it is wholesome, genuine, charged with that quality our younger artists need most, sincerity.



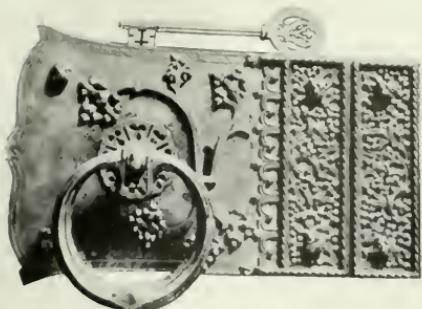
HIGH ALTAR, CHAPEL OF THE INTERCESSION, NEW YORK

BERTRAM G. GOODRUE, ARCHITECT

## ARTS AND CRAFTS IN CHURCH ORNAMENTATION BY THOMAS RAYMOND BALL

In the coming exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen in the galleries of the National Arts Club next December, there will be a special section devoted to the Arts of the

Church; and it is intended in this article to call the attention of the art-worker and craftsman to some of the opportunities that await him in the ornamentation of the fabric of the church. From the earliest days the church and the arts and crafts have been inseparable, for it is only natural that the finest work, the most difficult as well as the most beautiful, should be lavished on the House of God, and that therefore the most expert workman and the most gifted designer must be employed. He, in his turn, must give not only his time, his labour, and his knowledge of his craft, but he must put his whole heart and soul into his work. Because of this those fragments of the glories of the ages of faith that have come down to us are so incomparably beautiful. The necessity for well-designed and finely executed work is even more apparent at the present time. A great cathedral is slowly rising to crown the heights of the greatest city in the new world. A massive church takes its place nobly among the high buildings and magnificent shops of that city's finest avenue. Other great churches are being



LOCK FOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PITTSBURGH

EXECUTED BY  
SAMUEL YELLIN

built and in their decoration and furnishing are endless opportunities for the artist and craftsman.

The essential elements of church decoration—as of all decoration—are form, colour, and design. These are controlled by traditional customs of the church, which through centuries of use are found to be both practical and beautiful. The mediums through which the artist may express himself are many. One finds stone, wood, plaster, glass, the baser and precious metals, jewels, textiles, and pigment blended and welded together to form a great and glorious unit. Setting aside the structural parts of the church building, we will consider the ornaments of the church: the furniture, utensils, and apparel necessary for the proper performance of its services.

The principal object in every church—the one essential thing—is the altar. It is the holy of holies, around and upon which

should be lavished all that is most beautiful and precious. Although the altar itself is by ancient custom without ornament, its front is covered with the antependium or frontal, of the correct colour, which may be of metal (some of the medieval ones were of gold plates with jewels and enamel work), or of wood carved and embellished with gold and colour, or as is more usual of woven stuff with embroidered or applied decoration. The high altar of the Chapel of the Intercession, New York, shown in the illustration, is a very beautiful specimen of a modern American altar, and is most unusual both in conception and treatment. Imbedded in the front of the altar, held in place by a vine of gold against a black ground, are stone reliques of the sanctuaries of the Christian faith; in the centre is a fragment of rock from Calvary, also one from Bethlehem, while on either side—



FONT IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH,  
NEW YORK

BERTRAM G. GOODHUE, ARCHITECT  
WOODWORK BY IRVING & CASSON  
PANELS BY THOMAS WATSON BALL

the fruits of the tree as it were—are pieces of stone from the great cathedrals of the old world. The chalice and paten must be of gold or silver and, together with the other altar plate and the altar-cross and candlesticks, may be exquisite specimens of the metal-worker's art, though very beautiful crosses and candlesticks can be made of wood carved, gilded and treated with colour. The desk for the altar book is preferably of wood, as metal is apt to scratch and mar the elaborately bound book, a very fine example of which is to be seen in the altar book of Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia.

The communion rail dividing the sanctuary from the choir may be of solid stone, metal, or wood, or two movable kneeling benches may be used instead. Opportunities for elaboration are again found in the seats for the choir. There may

be separate stalls for each with intricately carved canopies and misericords, or the lower rows may be continuous benches with carved ends. The old custom of having the clergy sit in returned stalls facing the altar has happily been revived. Not only is it better liturgically and acoustically but much more pleasing artistically. Another heritage of the early church which we are seeing more often is the screen separating the chancel from the body of the church. It is usually surmounted by a crucifix with attendant figures of Saint Mary and Saint John, and is frequently carved and decorated in polychrome. In the decoration of the pulpit and lectern, usually placed on opposite sides of the nave—are great possibilities for imaginative treatment. In the stone support for the lectern in a New York church are carved two figures—one with eyes bound and hands tied representing the Old Testament—while the other, the New Testament, holds a shepherd's crook and a newborn lamb. The casing for the organ is another interesting problem for the designer. Many of the medieval ones were both carved and painted, and a distinctive feature of the Spanish cases that has recently been effectively used is the massing of clusters of small trumpet-like pipes.

The font, together with its cover, should be rich in symbolic ornament. In the accompanying illustration of the font in Saint Thomas' Church, New York, many of the crafts combine to produce a remarkably handsome effect. The font itself is of stone, the actual bowl of beaten copper overlaid with gold and out of wood is carved the cover with its elaborate canopy and eight doors folding around the octagonal font. The outside of these paneled doors is carved in varying forms of the linen fold motif, the inside being encrusted with gold and painted with representations of the Virtues, each with its symbolic

colour and appropriate emblem. These doors swing out on either side, thus forming an effective and beautiful background for the minister officiating in the baptismal service.

Though hardly under the classification of ornaments, a word might well be said on the subject of church hardware. In the church of the Middle Ages these necessities—the door hinges, locks and keys, were frequently among the most interesting features of the church fabric, rich in symbolic design and masterpieces of craftwork. An interesting

modern example is found in the hand-wrought lock for the Pittsburgh First Baptist Church, shown in the illustration.

In the working of the vestments of the church ministers, the three principles of decoration guided by church tradition again assert themselves. Through form and design fullness of material and long lines give dignity to the wearer, and by the symbolic use of colour, the festivals, fasts, and seasons of the church year are emphasized. While exquisite embroidery on beautiful fabrics doubtless represents the ideal, very beautiful and satisfactory results can be obtained with inexpensive materials. The cope shown in the photograph, one of a set of vestments made for use in Saint John's Church, Roxbury, Mass., is

of light green poplin stencilled in golden yellow. The orphreys and hood are of blue velvet and the blocked fringe is golden yellow and blue. The lining is of linen a tone lighter than the velvet.

Though the individual artist and workman must be given freedom in the treatment of his work, it must not be forgotten that they must be subject to the architect, the master mind who is responsible for the unity of the whole. By the recognition of these facts such churches as the new Chapel of the Intercession are built, complex in detail but so balanced that the essential oneness of the fabric attains almost to perfection.



A COPE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY  
THOMAS RAYMOND HALL

THE ANTIQUE GREEK DANCE  
BY TROY KINNEY

THE publication in English of Emmanuel's work fills a distinct want. For years, in its original French form, the book has been recognized by students of the dance as one of the few substantial contributions to the subject. In its special field, indeed, it stands alone. It has been much sought even by non-readers of French, for its diagrams and illustrations. The translation will greatly widen its scope among students of the dance, whether with view to enriched performance or intelligent enjoyment.

The work has as its dominant motive the tracing of the derivation of modern steps to their antique sources; and the quest of these origins leads into paths as interesting to the decorator, the art-lover and the archaeologist as they are to the dancer, ballet-master or connoisseur of dancing. The records of the primitive steps are found in Grecian statues and ceramic decorations. The latter are classified into periods, with simple statements of the characteristics of each. That many, perhaps most, of the steps of the ballet to-day were practised at least a thousand years before the Christian era is clearly demonstrated. Steps have lasted where edifices and civilizations have crumbled, languages passed into disuse.

The author's discoveries are even more interesting now than when he recorded them, some twenty years ago. Since that time there has risen up a new school of choreography; a school which, assuming the mantle of the ancient Greek, purports to disdain as non-Hellenic artificialities all steps and postures that are not commended by ease of acquisition. The more thoughtful of the barefoot sorority will observe with interest the author's proofs that the turn-out of the feet and the position on the toes was used by the

early Greeks when they thought the occasion fitting. Also that pure pirouettes, the arabesque, the entrechat, and many other resources damned by to-day's restorers of antique choreography, were as well known to dance-loving Athens as they are to the ballet enthusiast of to-day.

Comparison is made between the use of the hands in ancient and modern dancing; the one employing them constantly in mimetic expression, the other confining them (relatively) to the uses of abstract decoration. Whether or not the latter is a disparagement is, of course, a question of point of view, and one which the author leaves open. He also finds that the schooling of ancient dancers, cultivating acting and dancing together, failed to develop the precision that characterizes

the work of the modern. Modern dancing, at the time the book was written, meant the French ballet, in which consideration of form undeniably restricted expression. The emancipation of the Russian ballet from those restrictions was to come a few years later. It is notable that the decorations reproduced in Emmanuel show more than one theme that Russian dance arrangements have made



ANCIENT GREEK PAINTED VASE  
(MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE)

familiar. Along its lines, the book leaves nothing to be desired. To Emmanuel's proofs of his very interesting theories confirmation may be added by the fruits of future excavations. The same sources may add to the range of antique steps that he records. But the future can produce nothing to impair the value of his conclusions. They are based upon drawings and statues which he depicts and analyzes. The diagrams and descriptions by whose means he exemplifies a given step are complete, explicit and correct. If a flaw may be picked in a work of such merit, it is in an excess of honesty which prompted the translator to render the names of steps into English.

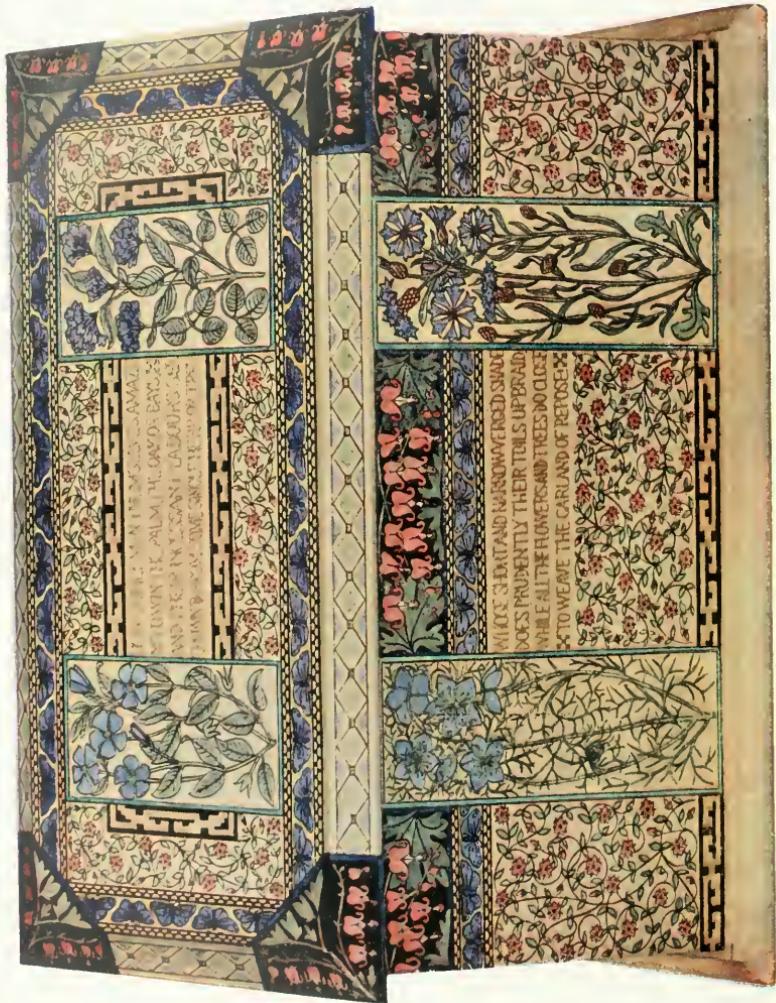
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THE ANTIQUE GREEK DANCE: AFTER PAINTED AND SCULPTURED FIGURES. By Maurice Emmanuel, Doctor of Letters and Lauréat du Conservatoire. With over 600 drawings by A. Collomb and the Author. Translated by Harriet Jean Buckley. \$2. Cloth, \$3.00 net. JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK.





STATIONERY CASE IN SYCAMORE WITH FLORAL  
ORNAMENT IN COLOURED STAINS AND GILT  
GESSO LETTERING. BY LOUISE BENJAMIN.



# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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OCTOBER, 1916

## THE ART COLLECTION OF AN ANTIQUARIAN BY LOUISE E. TABER

ONE of the most interesting and important exhibits that went to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition from a foreign country was the collection of art works and antiques displayed by Mr. Ercole Canessa, in a mediæval building after the style of the city halls in Perugia and Piacenza, with its staircase extending along the façade up to the first story and its square campanile. One of the largest and most characteristic buildings of the Italian group, it was assigned in its entirety to Mr. Canessa, when it was known that he desired to enter his artistic treasures in Italy's display. The exhibit, which may now be seen in New York, demonstrates what is needed to make a museum, as it represents all the important objects in sculpture, painting, tapestries, majolicas, enamels, ivories, jewels, embroideries, laces, etc. The collection commences with the Egyptian period, the eighteenth dynasty, and ends with the Napoleonic period. Every object represents the consummate art of the period in which it was created. The greatest museums and the choicest public and private art galleries of Europe and the United States are indebted to Mr. Canessa for some of their most notable relics; but where the activity of the Italian antiquary has had its widest field of action, has been in the formation of the marvellous Morgan collection.

The greater part of the art works and antiquities displayed in San Francisco were on exhibition in Paris, and removed because of the risks of war. Many of the treasures of this collection have received public notice from illustrious archaeologists, making noteworthy points of reference in historical-artistic literature, others come from old

Italian houses, and preserve still, in addition to their intrinsic value, the charm and nobility of the environment from which they came.

Of Egyptian art there is in rock crystal a half bust of a king of the eighteenth dynasty. The monarch has the appearance of a warrior and wears upon his helmet the symbolical serpent. It is difficult enough to find a sculpture in quartz of these dimensions, but its rarity becomes even greater considering that it very probably was part of a complete statue wrought out entirely from this very hard and precious material. The quality of the quartz used by this unknown Egyptian sculptor is more beautiful because in its limpid transparency it has magnificent red reflections. It was found at Karnak.

There is a collection of treasures found in the tombs of Scythia, the workmanship bearing Greek influence of the sixth century B.C. These treasures are made up of numerous pieces of gold, bronze, silver and hard stones, from the province of Kuban in the Caucasus, a part of southern Russia, which at the time of Herodotus was called Scythia. This region has yielded many antiques, which, with the exception of these in the Canessa collection, are to be found only in the museums of Petrograd, Moscow and Tiflis.

The Greek art of the fourth century B.C. is represented by a beautiful and exceedingly interesting marble head of a poetess in the guise of a Muse. This head, in the marble from Thasos, possesses very charming qualities in grace and fineness of execution. The delicacy of the face, the graceful, clean-cut profile, the harmony that pervades every detail and conveys such an impression of finished art, makes this an interesting specimen of Grecian sculpture in which it is possible to recognize the characteristics of the work of Silanion. The manner of dressing the hair is one of the most interesting details of this mas-

## *The Art Collection of an Antiquarian*



SILANION—HEAD OF POETESS

terpiece, because in the greater number of types of Aphrodite and other female characters, the hair-dressing is entirely different from that of the head in the Canessa collection. This style of dressing the hair is found rarely elsewhere in the Attic bas-reliefs, but very frequently in the Tanagra terra-cottas. It is found also in a copy of the statue of Corinne by Silanion, preserved in the Vivenel Museum, Compiègne, France. In the Munich Glyptothique there is a similar head recognized by Doctor P. Arndt and other archaeologists as the work of Praxiteles, artist-contemporary of Silanion.

The Greek art of the third century B.C. is represented by the three graces completely nude, standing and lovingly holding each other's arms. At the sides are two vases upon which the divine maidens have abandoned their garments and peplums. Another copy of the noted group was found during the construction of the cathedral at Siena and is kept in the cathedral. Composed harmoniously in an admirable group, in which the decorative beauty is marked by a line following the inclination of the heads, the rounding of the shoulders, the interlacing arms, the tired abandonment of the limbs, all unite in making the three magnificent figures appear to move to the rhythm of an ancient dance. The group in the Canessa collection is similar to the group in the Cathedral of Siena in its felicity of conception and beauty of execution. The group attracted Raffaello's attention, who copied it once in one of his designs for the collection at the Royal Galleries at Venice, and a second time he extracted from it the inspiration for the noted picture of the same subject existing at Chantilly in the Duc d'Aumale collection. Canessa's group was found at Capua.



ROSSELLINO (FAMILY) TABERNACLE IN MARBLE  
LUCA DELLA ROBBIA—THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN ENAMELLED  
TERRA COTTA

*The Art Collection of an Antiquarian*



STATUETTE OF HERO—5TH CENTURY B.C.

The Roman art of the first century is represented by a bust in Parian marble of the Empress Julia, daughter of Titus. This marble certainly was



BUST OF JULIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR TITUS—FIRST CENTURY



HERCULES, BOWMAN—EGYPTIAN ART

executed by an Alexandrian artist who knew how to impart such life-like characteristics to marble that this seems to be a living, breathing portrait. This sculpture is attributed to one of the greatest masters of the period, but up to the present time the names of these masters are not known to the world of art. The manner of dressing the hair is after the mode of the period, and the drapery which covers the breast loses itself in an acanthus leaf which forms the base. This statue is from the collection of Mme. Lelong, of Paris.

Among the rare collection of bronzes there is a votive statuette, representing Minerva in a standing position, the head bearing a large helmet with the emblematic serpent. This is the Greek art of the sixth century B.C. In the back part of the head, there is a portion lacking, very probably the part usually done in ivory. This same artist's conception is met often in Panathenaic vases, but in bronze it is ex-



NICOLA DELL'ARCA—PORTRAIT OF COLOSIMA SANNUTI

tremely rare. It was found in Greece in the Peloponnesus.

A tripod in bronze, mounted on the paws of a lion, is also of the Greek art of the sixth century B.C. On the upper band are images and scouts, which recall the representation of Hercules fighting for conquest of the tripod, painted upon some Grecian vases of the fifth century. A similar tripod is in the British Museum at London and another in the Vatican Museum, but both are much coarser and careless in execution. This of the Canessa collection was found in the vicinity of Rome.

Another statuette in bronze—Greek art, fifth century B.C.—represents Herakles, an archer, with his knee resting upon the ground, dressed with a cuirass and stirrups, his head covered with the skin of a lion with golden ears. On the reverse side of a coin of Thasos the same representation is seen. This rare statuette was found at Nigrita, Thasos Island.

Of the Grecian art of the fifth cen-

tury B.C., there is also the bronze statuette of a hero, his body nude, his head bearing a casque. The right leg is advanced in the attitude of combat. The shield and the lance are lacking. The modelling of the body and the fineness of execution are characteristic of the figures of the golden period of Grecian art under the rule of Pericles. This statuette was found in the Tiber. A similar bronze is in the Morgan collection at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Of the Grecian art of the third century B.C., there is a bust in bronze, representing a young girl nearly lifesize. The bust is of wonderful beauty and in its perfect elegance, in its joyous and serene youthfulness, it seems to express the smiling soul of ancient Greece. Because of the markedly naturalistic mode of representation, together with the spirituality which is always to be found in the work of the Grecian artists, the Bacchante must be attributed to the



NICOLA DELL'ARCA—PORTRAIT OF NICCOLÒ SANNUTI



RAUCHANT—ALEXANDRIAN ART—THIRD CENTURY B.C.



DAGGER'S  
SHEATH  
FOUND IN THE  
TOMBS OF  
SOPHILA  
SIXTH CENTURY  
B.C.



MICHELANGELO DI CONAROTTI—THE VIRGIN



THE THREE GRACES—THIRD CENTURY B.C.

hellenistic art of the third century B.C. This remarkable bust was brought to light in 1892 in territory of the consulate of Persia at Stamboul while some excavations were being made near the sea. At the same time and place was found a bust, broken by the workmen. The ambassador of Persia at Constantinople presented the Bacchante to the Grand Vizier of Persia, Atabek Azam, in 1900. After his death, this work of art became part of the Canessa collection.

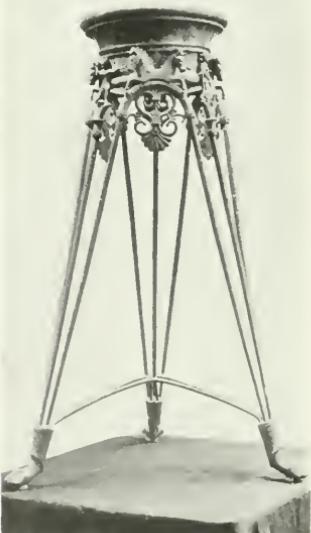
In this collection there are some rare paintings, among which is one by Filippo Lippi, painted on wood.

Another painting is by Francesco Raibolini, called *H Francia*. It shows St. Rocco in an attitude of adoration, with gaze turned toward heaven where is seen the apparition of the Holy Father.

In a painting on canvas by Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo, son of the famed artist, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, he shows

himself to be his father's equal. The picture is of Christ with his disciples in the act of destroying the tree.

Among the marbles there is a Rossellino (family) altar tabernacle. From one side to the other two groups of angels are kneeling, while nearer the centre two flying angels are descending to earth. In the artistic border of the base are seen two boys supporting the coat-of-arms of the Piccolomini family. There is a tranquil, joyful expression to these graceful angels of Rossellino that seems to immortalize the smile and the happiness of childhood, while the well-balanced spacing of the groups imparts great nobility to this admirable work of the Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century. In the centre of this tabernacle is placed the Virgin and Child in enamelled terra-cotta by Luca della Robbia. The Madonna is in half-figure, supporting the Infant who is erect to her left.



ARCHAIC TRIPOD—SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



"MEDICI CUP" BY BENVENUTO CELLINI, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The figures, in white enamel, stand out boldly against a blue background. The bas-relief has the pureness and simplicity of Luca della Robbia's technique, and there is also a sweet, loving intimacy of sentiment in the tender embrace which expresses anxious, maternal presentiment. This gem is from the collection of Marquis Spinola, Genoa.

Another work in marble is by Andrea Sansovino. The Virgin, half the figure showing, holds the Infant Jesus, who is playing with the little St. John. This charming composition shows the influence of Raphael, even though the artist has found a new way of treating the difficulty of depicting the two children together—the problem which cost the painter of Urbino so much wearying thought. The

*Mater io Philippo Vitali* [Sucure, 1526].  
A marble bust of the Virgin of exceeding beauty



WARRIOR'S FIBULA FOUND IN THE TOMBS OF SCYTHIA  
SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

subject is represented in a simply decorated frame and appears as if in a window.

The work of Tullio Lombardi is beautifully represented by a bas-relief in marble of the Virgin and Child. The Madonna, with maternal tenderness, sustains the Infant Jesus, who is seated on a cushion. In her right hand the Virgin clasps a chain, which probably indicates that the bas-relief was executed for the fulfillment of the vow of someone imprisoned. In the centre of the base are the coat-of-arms of the donor and the following inscription: *Vite*

is by Michelangelo Buonarrotti. The head, enveloped in a veil, is inclined to the right in an attitude of adoration. The sweet expression of the face and the beauty of the execution bring out the resemblance which this statue bears to the work of the great master in one of the first products of his genius in his early youth. This bust bears a great resemblance to the Pietà in St. Peter's, Rome, and to the Virgin in the Bruges Cathedral, works of Michelangelo. It comes from the Colonna family and probably was a gift from the artist to his friend, Vittoria Colonna.

In stucco there is a bust of an old man by Benedetto da Maiano. The man is bald, has a pronouncedly aquiline nose and the expression of the face denotes energy. The breast is draped, but the neck is uncovered. As regards the subject of the bust, it may be said to be Giovanni Gioviano Pontano, poet and secretary to His Majesty, the King of Naples, Ferdinand I. There is a bust in bronze of him in Genoa at the Palazzo Bianco.

In terra-cotta are two busts, representing portraits of Niccolò and Colosima Sannuti, in their wedding attire. On the bust of the man are the decorations received by him from the Sforza of Milan, because of his patronage of art. These two busts came from the Castle of Baglione in Bologna, which was the ancient property of the Sannuti family. The portraits have been authenticated with the frescoes existing in the Villa of Niccolò Sannuti near Bologna.

There is also in terra-cotta the bust of a flagellant. It is the model made by the artist for his large statue found in the door of Ghiberti, of the Baptistry, Florence, in the group representing Christ in the midst of the scourgers. This sculpture is unique and of great artistic value.

In bronze there is a portrait by Alessandro Leopardi. In the not very crowded ranks of Venetian sculptors anterior to Vittoria (in Venice the plastic art does not now, and did not then, flourish vigorously) Alessandro Leopardi is the one who, more decisively than the others, stepped aside from purely decorative sculpture to meet and successfully solve some of the arduous problems of the great art. The bas-relief belonging to Mr. Canessa, representing the left profile-view of a warrior accouched in helmet and cuirass, is the portrait of Capilliata Colleoni, as is indicated clearly by the inscription on its base. When it is recalled that Alessandro Leo-

pardi, by order of the family, executed in 1495 the magnificent base of the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni in Venice, it will seem very probable that the bas-relief with the portrait of Capilliata was originally intended to decorate that base.

In rock crystal there is a cup attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. It is in the form of a sea shell and is decorated with gold bands and translucent enamel with representations of birds, branches, leaves and Arabic designs. The similarity in style between the Canessa cup and that of the Medici in the collection at the Pitti Palace, Florence, is very evident. Attributing this cup to Cellini has caused some notable discussion, one of the critics, contrary to the general opinion, feigning to see in it the influence of German art; but the quality of the execution, the type of decoration, and its mode of treatment the technique displayed in the carving are elements absolutely Italian in their character and recall the greatest and most richly endowed of the Italian artists.

Among the tapestries there is one large Millefleurs, very important for its colour scheme, subject and rarity. It represents a garden in which is seen the head of the Signoria di Pruli with the saint that was the protectress of the family, in the act of resuscitating a baby. Below, the same saint is giving strength to a cripple. The other personages represent portraits of the members of the Signoria di Pruli. To the left is the tower of the castle with the coat-of-arms of the family and above in the centre, within a frame, may be read the inscription, "La se Ioneerie de Pruli." The head of this family, who is the imposing personage, bearded and wearing a mantle, was the shield-bearer of Charles VIII, from whom he received the title of Signoria.

## THE WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF THE FINE ARTS

MANY will be interested to know that this Society which was started in honour of the late Howard Pyle, and which annually shows the work of his former pupils, will hold its fifth annual exhibition in the New Century Club, Wilmington, Delaware, November 6-11, inclusive. Amongst the artists who have accepted invitations to exhibit may be mentioned George de Forest Brush, Daniel Garber, Gari Melchers, Childe Hassam and Carl Frieske.

*The House of Mr. George B. Post at Bernardsville, N. J.*



BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.  
GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT

CHARLES W. LEAVITT, LANDSCAPE ENGINEER

**T**HE HOUSE OF MR. GEORGE B. POST AT BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.  
BY SAMUEL HOWE

EVEN from a distance the house of Mr. George B. Post, at Bernardsville, has many advantages from its association with the adjoining hills and native woods as well as on its own account. Perhaps to many, the more satisfactory and entertaining glimpse is the intimate picture we get of it from the informal court at the lower level where we realize the thoughtful manner in which the right kind of trees have been selected to play up to the house, adding to its serious outline the richness of their texture and colour.

The view from the valley has many other qualities. Approaching across the wide meadow which during the greater part of the year is powdered with small flowers, we pass into the romantic centre of things that illustrates agreeably the general scheme and gives so excellent an idea of the southern frontage of the house with its Tudor affiliation.



VIEW OF THE GROUNDS

*The House of Mr. George B. Post at Bernardsville, N. J.*



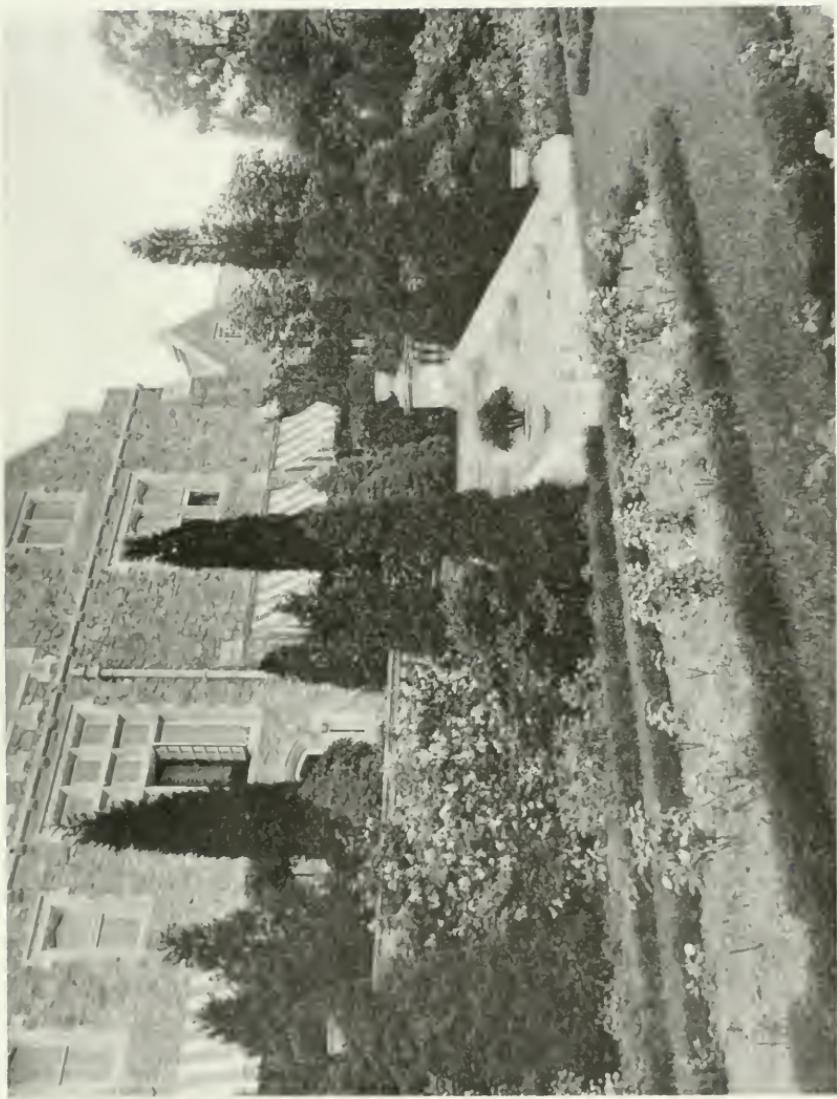
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GROUNDS

We are attracted to the arrangement of the principal rooms. The plan is excellent. The twin gables inspire, as do the many-mullioned windows and oriel, the dormers and exalted chimneys, the battlemented coping and buttresses. The service wing is important and so is the length of the terrace line with its accompanying steps to the lower levels made prominent by the topiary garden and well-placed cedars.

The broad borders of this informal court, or dream garden, as it might well be termed, is singularly attractive because of its position on the westerly side of the extended grove. Its herbaceous border, with German and Japanese iris backed by peonies, weeping cherry and laburnum, is excellent. The element of stateliness, a subtle tribute to the house, is ingratiantly added to the scheme by its serious line and proportion, its quaint pavement, the little semi-circular exedra accenting the lower wall and its circular lily pool, which centres the house and terrace composition.

In many other respects this view interests because of the stillness of the air, the shelter of the trees, and the fact that the light filtering through the woods gives a translucent quality which adds

a splendid value to the flowers and the rest of it. Mist from the valley seems to lodge within these broad borders and enhance in many ways the attraction of the picture. It transmits a rare quality to the dignified cedars and brings into prominence the masses of old-fashioned flowers. It contrasts with the delicate colouring of the larkspur, which here is blue and silver in tone, and with the rich red hollyhock, the stately foxglove and canterbury bells. It also adds in a manner peculiarly its own a mystic veiling to the hemlocks and spruce, the box and bay trees. Mist adds to the web of the spider, so frequent in the thick foliage of the evergreen, the additional delight of a thousand tiny dew drops. It is an added charm to the topiary garden. In this but little understood phase of serious gardening, Mr. Post's property resembles somewhat Levens Court and Haddon Hall, England, and Naumkeag of our own beloved Massachusetts, with their grotesquely trimmed yew-tree darlings, resembling Dutch dolls without arms and with a thousand skirts. This garden among the fogs and mountain mists, wonderful views and social glamour of Bernardsville, contributes to the



A DETAIL OF THE HOUSE, WITH TERRACE AND STAIRS TO GARDEN

*The House of Mr. George B. Post at Bernardsville, N.J.*



A CORNER OF THE GARDEN

exalted standard of architectural exclusiveness by well-selected and trimmed arbor vite, bay trees and box of unusual dimensions.

From the west we get another picture which invites because it places in a proper relative position the upper and lower terraces with their stately approach. Here it is that we can enjoy the lay-out of the place and from it we learn further regarding the way in which the garden has been contrived to hold the sunlight and to benefit by the shelter of the easterly winds. As a matter of fact, there are three separate and distinct gardens. They are enclosed by stone walls and hedging so that each one has its own view, its own peculiar colour note, its own distinctive individual appeal. They lead to each other by a natural climax.

Of course, it is more usual for the visitor to climb the hill and approach the house along the elm-shaded avenue leading to the forecourt. While standing on the terrace immediately in front of the central hall and looking down upon the valley we can enjoy a fascinating picture which is particularly acceptable on an early morning in June or on a moonlight night. It is a picture showing the richness of a palette which

has been studied not only in relation to its colour and texture values but with regard to the season in which the plants blossom. When flooded with sunlight, the picture is very brilliant. The coping to the stone wall, benches and vases, the curb of the lily pond, the dignified steps by which we get from one level to the other and the paths, even those that extend into the heavy underbrush of the woods, respond to the bright light.

The red cedar is said by some to be our cypress. It is very important here with its vigorous growth, indicative of healthy and successful rootage. Its dull russet green, which brings into prominence the silvery sheen of the masonry, the texture of the green sward, is a strange quality of conventional framing so welcome to the pastoral scenes when fashion favours the garden garbed in white, heliotrope, violet, turquoise, and, of course, that phase of salmon pink which is generally associated with light tones of coral. The designer of this garden evidently studied the shadows as well as the textures and colours, and so devised the scheme that it brings in the hills, the salient outline of which forms the natural climax.

Even from the terrace we get the perfume of the rose garden, which occupies the centre of the

## *A Studio Home for Modest Means*

general theme and to which we turn with pleasure.

Here her majesty, the rose, reigns supreme. This is her kingdom, and yet the kingdom is so intimately interwoven into the general arrangement of rooms that it is essentially and practically, to all intents and purposes, a portion of the house. It might well be termed an outdoor salon for receptions, the walling of which is low and broad. The spacing has been well studied, subdivided into regular beds by box hedging, which intensifies agreeably the green of the lawn. Here is the tea rose, and the China rose, the damask rose and musk rose, as well as the smaller perfumed darlings of the Alps, and the rose of Persia. Prominence is given, fortunately, to the old-fashioned rambler, to the plants that grow luxuriantly in the sunlight and have a subtle fragrance. Some are dark, velvety crimson, shining like satin among the rich green leaves and driving to distraction any lover of straight lines in their wilful movement, which hides so much of the balustrading as to make a jumble which is picturesque and agreeable from every view. It is wild in its splendid abandon as it is in its superb textures.

Is there anything more beautiful than the sweet-briar or more enjoyable than that pink form of the Cherokee rose, so famous in the South, which we recognize laughing at us as we cross over and ascend to the higher terrace?

All honour is due Mr. Charles W. Leavitt, who has certainly arranged an excellent landscape setting for the house here illustrated.

### **A** STUDIO HOME FOR MODEST MEANS DESIGNED BY DE WITT H. FESSENDEN

THE little home under discussion has been planned with the idea of providing suitable shelter for one or two artists, or for anyone with artistic tastes, anxious to possess a private gallery for exhibition purposes in a suburban district away from the high rents and noises of the city.

The appearance of the house from the street is pleasing, the wings enfolding part of the forecourt with its foliage-banked parapet make an agreeable impression as you approach the entry porch.

English cottage influence makes itself felt in the exterior treatment of brown half-timbered construction and grey stuccoed panels, the roof being of green shingles.

The main entrance is central by way of a small court facing the porch. As the plan indicates, one enters soon upon the main feature of the structure, namely the exhibition gallery. This is approached by way of a passage or hall which on exhibition occasions could be conveniently employed for the display of drawings and sketches. Besides toplight, the gallery, 16 x 32 feet, has two small windows at the front end, one on either side of a large fireplace; at the opposite end of the room a door connects with a veranda looking out upon the garden and forming a pleasant retreat in which to rest and serve refreshments. Another door opens into the centre of the main floor sharing with the veranda an agree-

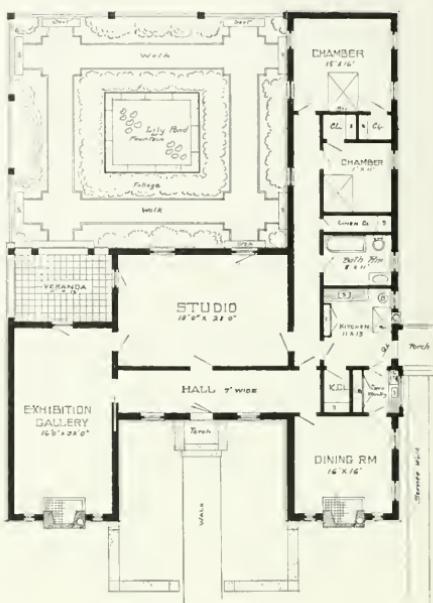


DESIGNED FOR "THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO" BY DE WITT H. FESSENDEN

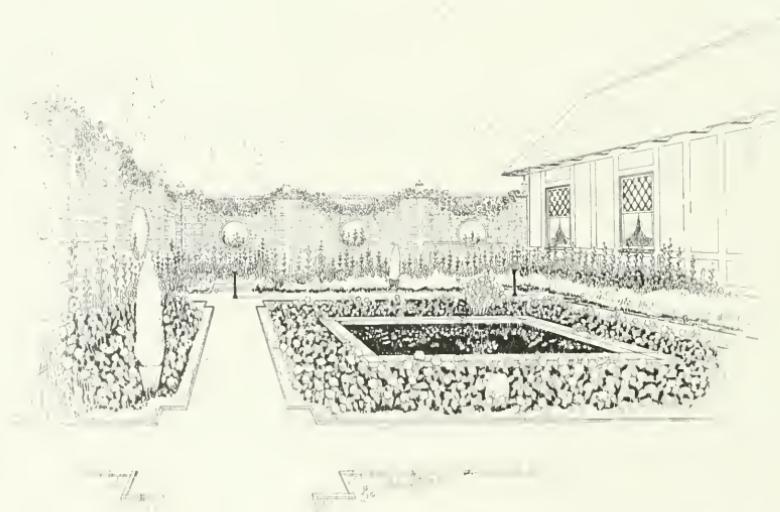
## *A Studio Home for Modest Means*

able outlook into the garden. This room is furnished like the gallery with a skylight and can be used as a studio, having easy access to the gallery, so that in the event of a larger exhibition being desirable, the difficulties of sufficient space would be pleasantly obviated, more especially as the dining-room has likewise been constructed as a studio, in consequence of which gallery, studio and dining-room make a connected chain of rooms from the passage possessing sufficient area for a liberal display of statuary or paintings.

Sleeping chambers and service have been separated by a hall from the main rooms. Particular attention has been bestowed on the garden, which is of an intimate character, nestling at the rear of the house with a beckoning invitation to practically all the rooms of the house with the exception of the dining-room. In proportion to the area built upon, lawn, forecourt and garden have been considered in no niggardly spirit. Small but very compact, this house should certainly interest artists who are not compelled to live in the city and who decline to sacrifice all the comforts of a home for the mere privilege of having a large studio. The strange part of it is that a home such as is illustrated here can be obtained for a very small outlay, according to the locality selected. \$5,000 would suffice.



•MAIN• FLOOR•PLAN•



GARDEN AT REAR OF HOUSE

## *An Elizabethan Colony in North Carolina*

### **A** N ELIZABETHAN COLONY IN NORTH CAROLINA BY THEODORE L. FITZSIMONS

SCME forty years ago sixteen English families settled at Bowman's Bluff, in North Carolina, twenty-five miles southeast of Asheville, in the beautiful valley of the French Broad River about that section known to tourists as the Land of the Sky. These families were not of the usual emigrant type but belonged rather to the landed gentry class and emanated from Wales, Derbyshire and Southern England.

One of these, a Mr. Juedwine, an Oxford scholar and a man of marked musical and artistic abilities, designed and built for himself a charming English cottage "The Meadows," quite Elizabethan in character, with its huge log rafters stretching across the ceilings and its quaint bow windows. On a hill over the river a mile or so to the southeast was Bryn Avon, built as the name intimates, by a Welshman. This had originally been a mountain shack but was completely remodelled by its new owner, Mr. Evans. The dark ivy vine covering one of the massive stone windows was imported from Wales, and an old Welsh church on its disestablishment had yielded two stained-glass panels, to be seen over the mantelpiece. Staircase and mantels were all solid hand-carved walnut and over the mantel in the Welsh language was the inscription signifying "With God everything, without God nothing." In such wise do travellers carry their country with them in their hearts and create an old atmosphere in new surroundings. And in such wise houses cease to be merely shelters and become homes. Bryn Avon is gabled and has great stone chimneys with enormous open fireplaces fit to accommodate the largest of yule logs. The lead diamond windows, the big copper warming-pans, reflecting the flickering lights, and a monstrous bellow are unforgettable items, not to mention a good-natured bull dog, "Bobs", who seemed to give the finishing touch of individuality to a comfortable refuge.

Overlooking the French Broad River a mile from Bryn Avon, was another interesting home belonging to a Mr. Holmes, with a wonderful view of the sapphire ranges of the mountains, lighting up at sunset with every conceivable hue of gold and orange. Perhaps of equal interest with the old world architecture were the smooth-

cut lawns and avenues of pines, with little white gates at every point of the compass. Near by, tucked away in a fold of the hills, was a diminutive church yeclpt Gethsemane, which is probably the only church in America to-day where they pray for the English Royal Family.

Not only has this colony preserved Elizabethan traditions in its architecture, but even the speech of the mountaineers shows deliberate trace of imported origin.

In trying to recall a picture of this interesting colony passing mention may be made of the Elizabethan dialect of the people, of which so much has been written lately. Their language is indeed as much in keeping with the days of Good Queen Bess, as is the aforementioned Elizabethan half-timber architecture of the Meadows and Bryn Avon.

If you ask a blue-eyed son of the mountains if he thinks it will rain, he will ponder the matter gravely for a moment or so, and then answer, "Wall, hit mought 'an it moughtn't." Here we notice that *hit* and *mought* are two words often used by Bacon and, in fact, that in the days of Elizabeth, it was as cockney to say *it* for *hit*, as *am* for *ham*. They also call a bag a *poke*, and if you ask them where any place is, they'll say "hits up *yon-way*." Once when a friend asked an old mountain woman for her artistic opinion of a bronze semi-nude statue of Diana, the cautious old lady looked at the strange figure for a while in silence, and though apparently disapproving of the scanty drapery, said: "Wall, I rekin hits for some use!" According to Wilde the statue could not have been a work of art.

To return to the English colony, though some of them planted large corn crops for a while successfully, and though they settled down and lived happily for two or three decades, little by little the colony diminished; some went to Canada, some went back to England, and some died in their new homes in the French Broad Valley. Of those who are still in the neighbourhood of Bowman's Bluff, there are very few remaining.

The soaring blue dome of Pisgah and the Pisgah range, with ever-changing cloud shadows on their lofty crests, are endless themes for the landscape painter and a joy for the settler who, from the porch of Bryn Avon alone, can discern thirteen distinct ranges, among them the towering peak of Mt. Mitchell, said to be the highest mountain east of the Rockies.



BRYN AVON



ANOTHER VIEW OF BRYN AVON



DRIVeway TO BRYN AVON



BLOCK 5

## WOOD-BLOCKS BY HENRIETTA BOECK-MANN

THE greatest uncertainty exists as to the exact time when wood-engraving was first invented, or rather applied to the production of pictorial representations. Long before 1423, the earliest date yet found on any wood-cuts, wooden stamps having figures in relief were used to impress on paper and parchment the signatures and marks of kings, nobles, the clergy,

merchants and others; and there is no doubt that at a very early period the illuminators of manuscripts often made use of a stamp to form their ornamental capital letters, and they may therefore claim, in some measure, the credit of inventing wood-engraving, though many authorities on the subject attribute the discovery to the German card-makers, who used wooden stamps to form the outline of their figures which were afterwards coloured by means of stencilling. (Block 1.—This is a very early block, dated 1550, and was used in "Illustrations of Shakespeare," by Francis Douce and also for an early Chap book, "the History of Adam bed, Clyon of the clouge and Wylyum of cloudesle," who were "three archers good enough, the best in all the north countrie," imprinted at London in Lothbury by Wylyum Copland.) The first of these *Kartenmacher* were women living in Nuremberg who took up the work as a trade. In the earliest book which appeared with a date and the printer's name—the Psalter printed by Faust and Scheffer at Metz in 1457—the large initial letters engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood-engraver and the pressman have produced. They have been imitated in modern times, but not excelled.

Of engraving upon wood there is one method only, but there are several different ways of en-



BLOCK 4

graving upon metal. All the modes of engraving upon metal are, however, alike in that one respect in which all differ from engraving on wood; the latter is a work in cameo, the former in intaglio. On metal, the design is produced by cutting, scratching, or corroding the material; on wood, the operation is precisely the reverse, the design being cut in relief, the rest of the surface being lowered. The impression in the latter case is taken by inking the projections which form the design; in the former case it is taken by filling the incisions with ink, wiping clean the rest of the plate.

The wood generally used by engravers are pear, sycamore, and box, the two former being employed for large or coarse cuts, where too close an inspection is not, from the nature of the case, to be anticipated. Box-wood, on the contrary, from its superior hardness and grain, is admirably adapted for finer work, and is now almost universally used where sharpness of outline is a desideratum.

When the surface of the block is made perfectly flat and smooth, it is prepared for drawing on by a very thin coating of Chinese white and brick-dust. A tracing of the drawing made in sharp lines with a soft pencil is transferred to the wood by means of tracing paper. (Block 2.—As early as 1481 Caxton printed the first copy of this block entitled, "The History of Reynard the Fox." It was discovered in the stock of the New Castle, worthy old William Dodd, who leaves on record in his guinea volume of impressions therefrom, that the ancient relic came from John White's printing-office, he being ye King's printer, who brought them from York in 1708.)

It is a matter of doubt whether the old and greater masters of the art, like Dürer, ever actually cut their blocks at all. There are now professional engravers who merely work after the design, sending it back from time to time for further details; and this probably was the course usually adopted in early days, since in no other way can the large number of works ascribed to some of the old masters be accounted for.

Prints from engravings on wood frequently afford undeniable evidence of lateness of impression, by interruptions appearing in the lines of the work, occasioned by the relief work on the block having been broken away in parts, or indented by the operation of printing. Until these imperfections occur, the difference between early

and late impressions of an engraved block is, by no means, so striking as in copper-plate engraving. Some of the oldest blocks still exist and the impressions taken at this day with the improved method of printing, show as well, if not better, in all parts where they are sound, than the old impressions. Wooden blocks are capable of throwing off a prodigious number of impressions. Some head and tail pieces, used as printer's ornaments throughout their publications, were used to give off as many as four hundred and fifty thousand impressions.

It would seem that after the designer had traced the drawing upon wood, that the engraver had no liberty of interpretation, that he must resign himself to passive obedience. But his task is not purely mechanical. To obey the sentiment of another, especially in works often of exquisite delicacy one must have the faculty of feeling wherever man puts his hand, we recognize the trace of his mind. This is so true, that the drawing may become unctuous or dry, coloured or pale, as the tool of the engraver shall have hollowed it discreetly or rigorously, as he shall more or less have spared it; that is, in cutting the wood so as to put each stroke of the designer in relief between two depressions, the engraver may have taken something from the edges of the stroke but were it only so much as a hair's breadth, it might suffice to give a sad and cold aspect to the warmest. (Block 3.—Thomas Bewick was one of the first wood-engravers to sound precisely the depths of nature, in certain aspects to reveal the glowing warmth of summer and the bitter cold of winter. In his famous *Birds* as illustrated by one done for his British land birds, but not used, he contrives to convey a remarkably suggestive picture with the plumage and especial markings ably represented. It shows a love of natural beauty absolutely unique.)

Glancing at the oldest prints we see that drawing upon wood was coarse and rude, but in the rudeness of its rapid work it was on the road to the grandeur and true style demanded by wood-engraving. In the first xylographic books which were printed before 1454, the "Bible of the Poor" and the "History of the Virgin," we notice a naïveté that is not without attraction and a lively sentiment of reality joined to a subtle and mystical spirit.

(Block 4.—This is another of Bewick's cuts of an entirely different nature, which the artist ex-

cuted for Proverbs Exemplified by John Trusler of Bath, England, and for proverbs by the same author, Hanard, Bath, in 1700. It was also used on a pack of cards and is exceedingly rare.

In 1471, when Albert Dürer appears, wood engraving suddenly rises to perfection without going beyond its primitive condition of simplicity. Traced with breadth and decision, the drawings of Dürer teach us the concise, vigorous manner demanded by this kind of art. He did works of extraordinary, often colossal, size, that could be rarely used, being suitable only for the ornamentation of the partitions of a vestibule, or the walls of a gallery or palace. Wood-engraving seems above all suitable for the illustration of books, and the next great man in the history of wood-engraving, Hans Holbein, born in 1497, gave admirable models to it, models that have not been surpassed. On frames smaller than the palm of the hand, often but an inch square, were introduced whole pictures. Within the microscopic dimensions of a letter, Holbein has represented the drama of Death,

twenty-four times repeated. The narrowing of the field seemed to only spur on the artist, such life and expression does he display.

Geoffroi Tory imported the Italian style of the Renaissance into our wood-engraving, in which, up to that time, had appeared only a Gothic archaism or the Gallic spirit, with its familiar turn, its ironical naïveté, its malice. French and Italian artists of the first rank have not disdained to write upon wood the inventions that put in relief their knowledge and that of others. As Titian painted with great pen-strokes the master-pieces Bokdrini was to cut, as Jean de Calcar drew at Venice the magnificent plates for the "Anatomy" of the celebrated Vesali, so Jean Goujou illustrated the translation of Vitruvius by Jean Martin.

From about 1530 the art of wood-engraving in

the usual manner began to make considerable progress in Italy, and many of the cuts executed in that country between 1540 and 1550 may vie with the best wood-engravings of the same period executed in Germany. The engraver began to execute their subjects in a more delicate and elaborate manner. The texture of different substances is indicated more correctly; the foliage of trees is more natural; and the fur and feathers of animals are discriminated with considerable ability.

Wood-engraving in Germany at the close of the sixteenth century appears to have greatly declined; the old race of artists who furnished designs for the wood-engraver had become extinct and their places were not supplied by others. The more expensive works were now illustrated with copper plates.

(Block 5.—Great beauty of execution is depicted in this cut of the Niagara Falls. The artist is unknown, and it would, of course, be of specific interest to acquire reliable information on this point as well as what publication it was done for.)

Although wood-engraving had fallen into almost utter neglect by the end of the seventeenth century and continued in a languishing state for many years afterward, a regular succession of wood-engravers can be traced from 1700 in both England and France to the time of Thomas Bewick. This distinguished wood-engraver, whose works will be admired as long as truth and nature shall continue to charm, was born in 1753 at Cherry Burn in England. His productions recalled public attention to the neglected art of wood-engraving. He was at once a pioneer and a masterly adapter leading all who followed him to realise the possibilities of the art.

When in the latter half of the nineteenth century, wood-engraving was chained to the task of reproducing painting, sculpture, wash drawing or line drawing, just as the half-tone does to-day,



BLOCK 5

the art fell upon evil days. It was forgotten that wood-engraving had a manner of its own, a manner developed by men who realised its limitations as well as possibilities. William Morris, whose perfect examples of wood-carving came to the fore in 1890, is alone in holding up the art during this period.

To-day there is a set of artists in England, France, Italy and Germany who show individuality, but few of their number have climbed to the apex of this most intimate form of art, fraught, as wood-carving truly is, with the joy of doing things for the sake of art's own reward. Notable work has been done by Felix Valotton, a Swiss in France, who although he turned his efforts toward painting in the beginning, was lured away by the charm of Dürer's cuts.

(Block 6.—In many ways this block entitled, "The African torn from his native home by the white man," attracts the interest. Its executor as well as the book for which it was published are facts still to be discovered, although the entire series is in the Armstrong collection.)

With keen prescience, Valotton realized the novelty of wood-engraving such as was executed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Investing the practice of that antiquated craft with his own originality, he found himself surrounded by publishers waiting to purchase his work. You might call him crude now and then in his efforts, but never in his ideas, nor does he try to get out of the wood the artificial qualities that are produced by copper.

(Block 7.—With the Panama-Pacific Exposition in full swing, this contemporary block portraying the world's first great exhibition held in London, is in many ways unique.)

It would be an exaggeration to say that only the earlier wood-cut methods of producing book decorations and book illustrations are preferable to all modern perfected methods of illustrative reproduction. But the work produced in the earlier manner entails so distinct a charm, that scattered throughout the world are collectors of this art that has long since died out.

That the largest collection of these wood-blocks is now in America, is a fact almost unknown both here and in Europe. The owner of this bottomless treasure-trove combining both art and history is James Tarbotton Armstrong, better known to civilization as the inventor of the most death-dealing torpedo of modern times, who came to

California from England, the home of his ancestors, during the past year.

Threading through the last thirty years of a life sedulously given to the perfecting and introduction of inventions in electrical science, which are now patented in almost every civilised country in the world, this man persistently picked up both at home and on the continent these bits of wood carved with exquisite care, portraying something historical, something familiar, or something imbued with tragic symbolism; real pictures with their architecture, their landscapes, their background, their distances, their accessories.

Such a collection as the Armstrong collection can never be duplicated and promises to be the source of much undiscovered history concerning books. There may be any number of copies of a book, but there can be only one specimen of wood-blocks from which these books were printed, and there are many blocks still in existence while the books they illustrated have long since been destroyed. It is indeed a gratification that so many of these blocks should have been obtainable after a lapse of centuries, since it was the custom, the blocks being wood, to throw them on the fire after use. Many of the exceedingly rare volumes in the Morgan, Huntington, Frick and other huge libraries in this country were illustrated with blocks of the Armstrong collection.

In this wonder-world of some four thousand wood blocks, depicting the people and customs of dimmed days, the hundreds of blocks executed by the celebrated Thomas Bewick instantly grasp the focus of the interest. Many of them were shown at an exhibition of Works and Relics on the occasion of the remarkable artist's 150th anniversary at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne in 1903, and were the gems of the exhibition. Nowhere can be found as large a collection of original wood-cuts designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick and his brother John. The latter was the Hogarth of the family, who died when still young and whose works are very rare. (Block 8.—Not alone because of its Shakespearian nature and the subject of "Romeo and Juliet" is this illustration of interest, but because of the very clever artist, H. Carber, whose work it portrays. To appreciate this block, observe the shading between the figures and remember it is cut on wood.) These blocks supply material especially adapted for close study since they show the progressive talent of the Bewick brothers in their earliest work, un-



BLOCK 3



BLOCK 2



BLOCK 13



BLOCK 12

aided by pupils. They unfold to collectors, for the first time, a host of blocks in every department of illustration; fables, animals, birds, fishes, vignettes, tail-pieces, angling and heraldry, including numerous blocks engraved for publishers in all parts of England, among them Thomas, Hall and Elliott, Mitchell, Angus, Clark and the Bewicks.

(Block 9. This block is interesting because it belongs to the period in English illustration called The Romantic Period, and is well worth studying in this respect.) The blocks of Gay's Fables, published in 1779, the History of Quadrupeds in 1790, and a History of Birds in 1797 were illustrated by a large number of the specimens in the Armstrong collection of Bewick wood-cuts. There are also many examples that have never yet been printed from.

Vying in interest with the Bewick group is the captivating array of blocks illustrating children's books. No division of the entire Armstrong collection engenders quite the wealth of charm claimed by these quaintest of cuts, disclosing the customs and dress of the childhood in pre-Victorian days. There are few, if any, more interesting pursuits than the retrieving of old children's books, but this collection contains many blocks of books that are entirely unknown. The original blocks that were used in the first copies of many of the old favourites of children are included in the Armstrong collection.

There are the first blocks used to illustrate "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Rob-

inson Crusoe," and others not as generally known.

(Block 10.—The meaning of this block has been lost, but it was evidently executed for something having relation to Shakespeare and other things. It happens to be a block that has never been used.)

Another interesting feature of this collection is a series of blocks of Old London Cries as found in a quaint old ballad entitled "London Lyck Penny" or luck-penny, by that prolific writer, John Lydgat, a Benedictine monk who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. A sample of the cries of London, as daily exhibited in the streets for centuries thereafter are:

"Sixpence a peck pease,  
Rare Marrowfat pease,"

"A croat a pound,

Black-heart cherries round and sound."

Addison said, "There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and rights a country squire than the cries of London."

The historical history to be acquired from the

wood-blocks in this portion of the collection is especially valuable as a record of the daily life of the time, and will serve as a source of historic value for many a day. The cuts are of a mechanical order and there are copies of the same illustrations, though often differing in treatment, constantly

reappearing. Noteworthy in the Armstrong collection is one of the beautiful Kelmscott borders, by William Morris, which is the only one outside of the collection in the British Museum.

(Block 11.—This is another block which has never been used. It is one of a series representing



BLOCK 9



BLOCK 8



BLOCK 6



BLOCK 7



BLOCK 10



BLOCK 11

"Paul Pryn or I Hope I Don't Intrude." It assuredly is not as well drawn as the other blocks, but is of interest in that it exemplifies a period of the industry that is well worth preserving.)

A spacious section is allotted to a large number of printer's colophons, together with head and tail pieces. There are also some very old Chap Book blocks, sporting, theatrical and scriptural, which were used for illustrating such books as "The Friar and the Boy," "The Welsh Traveler," "Famous History of the Valiant London Prentise," "History of Reynard the Fox," "A Merrie Tale of the Mad Set of Gotham," and "A Whetstone of Dull Wits or a Posey of Riddles."

Among these old cuts are those which give glimpses of the early period when they were used to illustrate the popular broad sheets and ballad literature then extant, as William Hogarth pictorially chronicled the manners and customs of a later period, and are very rare and exceedingly quaint relics of old English and other countries' wood-engraving.

Undoubtedly antedating the first Continental printing, are a number of Chinese blocks that are especially curious with their hundreds of infinitesimal bits of wire used to carry out the design.

Still remaining in this collection are blocks of playing-cards, Shakespeare, Charles Dickens, *Ex Libris*, Heraldry, the earliest known blocks of hanging and ballooning. To enumerate all the blocks would be a matter entailing many pages, leaving it more advisable to state that there are original and vitally interesting blocks by George and Robert Cruickshank, Austin, Seymour, Kenny-Meadow, John Thompson, T. Williams, Kidd, Walter, Archer, Green, Harvey and a host of other artists.

(Blocks 12 and 13.—These represent head and tail pieces which are remarkably well executed and show to what perfection the art had arrived.)

Such then is the Armstrong collection of wood blocks, numbering some four thousand, over which their owner pores with unalleviated delight time and time again, not simply because they are marvellous little pictures whose humour instantly attracts, but it is their resolute truth to nature which retains the interest.

Other artists may come and go, but the wood-engraver of the middle-Victorian days, with his sand-bag, his box-wood block and his graver has gone to that most permanent of all furrows, the grave itself, which Time has cut enduringly.

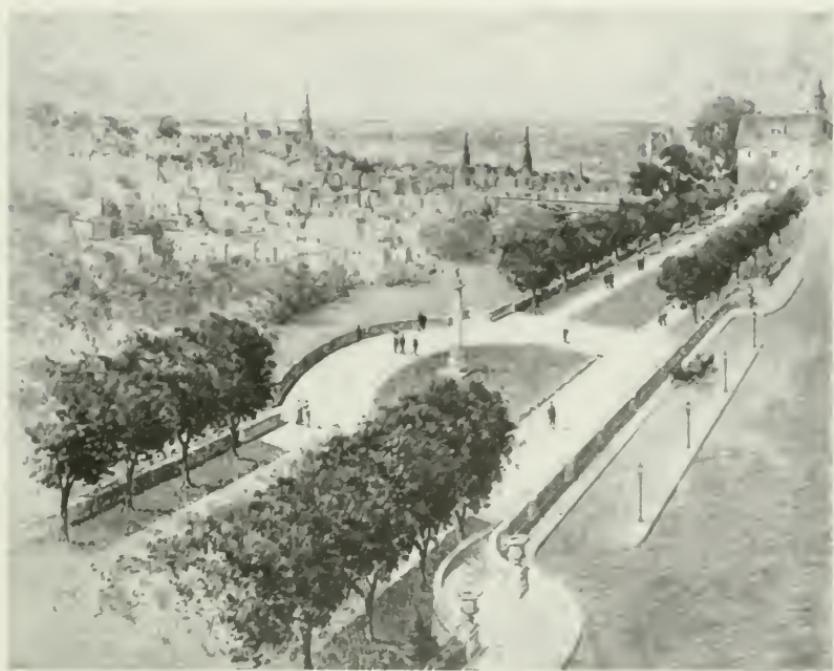
## BOOK REVIEW

**B** THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMs. George Frederick Kunz. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.) \$6.00.

A new and surprising light is thrown on jewels, for we learn that whereas a gem might be prized by its owner for its beauty, a stone of curious form could be held of much more value because it was reverenced by an entire tribe as the supposed abode of a spirit. We read of the stone as a protector, a healer, a guard against the envious, and we read of lucky stones and crystal gazing. The illustrations are in colour, double tone and line. Many are from photographs which give us realistic pictures of the sometimes grawsome objects used as amulets and charms. There is a fascination in the thought that a plain black stone, which is conjectured to be an aerolite, but which has no beauty as a gem, was worshipped many centuries before the coming of Mohammed and to-day is revered by one hundred and twenty millions of Mohammedans. One of the solemn acts performed to-day by pilgrims at Mecca is the kissing of the Black Stone.

The chapter relating to stones of healing is of vivid interest. In 1347, when the terrible plague, called the Black Death, swept over Europe, we are told by a writer of that day of a prescription to be used for healing. Amongst its ingredients are pearls, emeralds and coral, one-sixth of a drachm of each of these materials entering into the composition. The more important the person who was ill, the more valuable were the gems which were used for his medicine. Of course that seems so long ago that we are amused at their queer belief, but it was as late as 1757 that in the printed price list of a firm of German druggists all the precious stones appeared.

The title of the book gives the author's intention of what he wished to express. It was the magic associated and believed to be possessed by the jewel or charm in which lay its value to the possessor. The subject has been covered in an exhaustive way, and delightfully so. The author leads us into strange countries over all the world and shows to us the belief of the Mohammedan that by wearing a cornelian the envious will not be able to harm him; that the Japanese believe the crystal ball heals dropsy; that the ancient Mexican threw precious stones and gold into a sacred well to appease his god, and so on.



SHERIDAN PARK, ALBANY, N. Y.  
CHARLES D. LAY, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

## C O-OPERATION IN ART BY CHARLES D. LAY

LEONARDO DA VINCI was architect, engineer, painter and sculptor among other things, and seems indeed to have been a universal genius, but those were the days of great ambitions greatly fulfilled, and since his time there have been few men, however versatile, with the opportunity and the ability to practise several of the arts at a time.

To-day it is even more difficult than in the past to become proficient in many arts, or at least it is more difficult to practise several of them simultaneously and successfully. All art is one, to be sure, and the person skilled in any of its forms is never unintelligent in his attitude toward the others; but, since such great technical skill is demanded of any artist to-day, he is usually content to stick to his last and win his laurels in the form of art in which his technical proficiency is greatest. Co-operation between

artists on one piece of work is, therefore, becoming common, and as time goes on will be of greater importance.

An architect, perhaps, has a bridge to design. His feeling for the problem is keen and his intuition sure. He knows that given *carte blanche* he can build it to last for centuries, but that is not all that is necessary. It should be also a skilful piece of engineering built quickly and cheaply, and with no more material than is absolutely needed; for the highest skill in engineering is to build sufficiently strong for all emergencies, but with not a pound over. Any intelligent person who has also common sense and unlimited means can build a bridge or a dam or possibly a skyscraper which will stand forever, but to build such structures with no excess material above actual requirements takes all the skill of an engineering genius, fortified by thorough knowledge of materials and methods. The architect with a bridge to build, thinking of these things and wishing to be judged by the beautiful utility of

## *Co-operation in Art*

his work, associates himself with an engineer who must inevitably share the glory of the accomplishment with him. For from the moment when these two men put their heads together the curtain is drawn for all outside and one may never know which was responsible for this brilliant feature or for that error, nor is it fair to ask, for neither probably could honestly claim all the glory. Nor could one of them, were he to be so self-sacrificing, fairly take all the blame. It is the joint work of two men, and they must be held equally responsible for the good and for the bad.

The case sometimes may not be as clear as this, because, alas, it does happen that an architect will design a bridge and afterwards ask an engineer to build it so. The engineer being human cannot refuse a good commission, and later if excuses are necessary can only say, "I had to serve my master." Such, I think, is the case with most of our skyscrapers, and it is the reason, doubtless, why most of them fail as works of art. An engineer could fit a steel skeleton to a pyramid if he were asked, but this is not co-operation nor is it art. A building can only be great when its beauty springs from its efficiency and suitability. The future I am sure will have no praise for the engineering structure decorated by the architect nor for the architecture to which a skeleton has been fitted by the engineer. In the human form does the flesh fit the bones, or were the bones devised to hold the flesh?

Generally bridges are designed by engineers who sometimes ask an architect to decorate it, or, at least, to give its lines some semblance of beauty, but such was not the case with the bridge across the Maumee River at Toledo (page xcix), designed and built by Arnold W. Brunner, architect, and Ralph Mojeski, engineer, which is an interesting collaboration. It was not enough to have the bridge carry the traffic; it must carry it cheaply and well, and at the same time express the importance of that artery of the city and of the shipping that goes through it. Such a happy result has, I believe, crowned the efforts of these two eminent men, for mechanically the bridge is unusual and wholly successful and the illustration shows how well it fulfills the other requirements.

Another bridge, where the conditions were somewhat different, is that of the Long Island railroad over Queens County Boulevard.

Brunner was asked to collaborate with the railroad company's engineers in the design of this bridge, in which the desire was less to make an important bridge show its importance than to make a necessary structure dignified; to give a feeling of substantiability to the flimsy-looking traceries of steel commonly used in railroad bridges. It was not a question of decorating a bridge already designed, but of arranging the ordinary and simple components of such a structure so that they should express their dignity and strength and be free from the casual appearance so often found in the work of the structural engineer.

The Manhattan bridge, over the East River, New York, is an example of an engineer's bridge decorated by an architect, and also of the futility of such a proceeding, for the bulbous finials and the other applied decoration do not add in the least to the beauty of the structure. Nor will the elaborate masonry approaches now being constructed add to its impressiveness. Whatever beauty it has comes solely from the lines of its cables and from the arch of its roadways, and whatever importance from its height and span. No decoration can help those flimsy steel towers.

Sometimes it happens that an enlightened municipality decides to make itself more convenient, pleasanter, and, I say it with hesitation, beautiful. Planning the city which has grown without a plan or with a poor one is then undertaken and various experts are called in consultation. Usually a landscape architect is chosen for his knowledge of laying out the land in streets, building lots, parks and boulevards, and for his feeling for the surface of the ground. An architect, too, is chosen for his knowledge of buildings, monuments and public squares, and together they do the work. Either one called first would, of course, request the joint employment of the other, for each knows what stimulation to creative thought comes from two minds of slightly different points of view working on the same problem. Each knows, too, how great the technical difficulties are and has no desire to undertake more than his own share of the work, for there is no glory in success won outside of one's own field. Nor does either wish to have his good work carried to disaster because of somewhat gratuitous attempts to do another's work. Sometimes an architect doing a country place for a parsimonious client will select the location for the house and

## *Co-operation in Art*



SKETCH FOR TOLEDO BRIDGE  
RALPH MOJESKI, ENGINEER

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

oversee the construction of roads and gardens. He may make a *succès d'estime*, but should he make even a partial failure in such unaccustomed or gratuitous work will it not injure his reputation, which he would like to have depend upon his architecture alone?

The landscape architect and the architect once associated in city planning may decide that the extent of the work is such that an engineer is needed, too. In a very large city a traffic engineer may be needed, for upon the solution of

the rapid transit problems the success of the work may depend.

An example of such joint responsibility in city planning is the work of Mr. F. L. Olmsted and Mr. A. W. Brunner, in Denver, on the civic centre now well under way. This, it may be unnecessary to state, is not simply a civic centre to be compared and judged with other civic centres, but it is Denver's civic centre designed to fit the local conditions of topography and climate, and to give room for the future expression of



FIRST STUDY FOR BRIDGE, CONNECTING RAILWAY, LONG ISLAND

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

## *Co-operation in Art*

Denver's ideals and individuality. It is the beating heart of the city and will some day be the first spot recalled by the affections when Denver is mentioned or thought of.

Another collaboration is that of Mr. Brunner and the writer on the "Studies for Albany." Swinburne Park, with its little open-air moving-picture theatre, is an example of joint work which conceivably could have been done by either collaborator. Sheridan Park (page xcvi), on the other hand, owes much to unselfish collaboration which enabled us to work together without jealousy and with the single idea of

done if it is to be efficient planning. The plan must grow as the city grows, and all the officers and the citizens must collaborate with their advisers. The public service corporations, too, must be forced to collaborate whether it be in regard to railroad stations, the water front, the right-of-way, the lines of wire or the gas pipes.

Equality of responsibility and of position is essential in such joint work. It will not do for one professional man to represent the client in employing another. Each must be directly accountable to the client and not one to the other if the best work is to be produced. The amount



CIVIC CENTRE, DENVER  
FREDERIC LAW OLMFSTED, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

uniting forces to produce the best work possible. Beaver Park, with its large athletic field, its dressing houses and swimming pool, is perhaps a larger collaboration, for the common council who bought the land in the first place and who must appropriate the money for its improvement, the board of estimate, the corporation council, the commissioner of public works and the city engineer who is in charge of its execution, and the interested citizens have all helped and are helping the immediate designers to complete the work. This is the more evident when one considers that the design on paper is nothing but a guide to follow in executing the work, and that the design is not done until the work is completed. In such a way must the whole planning of a city be

of work may not be equally divided when architect and sculptor collaborate on a monument. In this case the sculptor sometimes employs the architect to design a base or a setting for the monument already conceived, but if he has confidence in the architect he should wish to have him collaborate from the beginning in the whole conception and design of the work.

Sometimes the co-operation must be between the living and those long dead, as in Washington, where the remarkable plans of L'Enfant is being carried out by city planners to-day. We may say that it is L'Enfant's plan, but the Mall, as it stands, is the result of the collaboration of all who have followed, with L'Enfant. The failure to co-operate with L'Enfant (and it should be so

## *Co-operation in Art*



SECTION OF BRIDGE ON LONG ISLAND

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

expressed because co-operation does not mean slavish following of details perhaps ill considered in the first instance) has meant a loss to the nation and to the architect who failed, as may be seen in the location of the Washington monument.

City planning always offers chances for co-operation with the past, for I think it will seldom pay financially or aesthetically to abandon all of the old and create anew in another spot. The individuality which should be the charm of a city cannot be preserved in this way. To move the railroad station from its present accustomed place and to make a new civic centre somewhere else, abandoning the old City Hall, may be a childish scattering to the winds of the little good we possess. Co-operation with the spirit of the past will, I think, in future be more common because as we improve in taste and in skill we are quicker to recognize and less willing to lose the old charm of our buildings and of our cities.

Central Park, New York, is a striking example of the need in most parks of co-operation with the past. A park, like a city, is a living organism which can never be finished and which, like the city, must always be changing and yet ever the same. Central Park must, as time goes on, be adapted in various minor ways to new conditions and new uses, but at all costs it must be kept always as it was designed to be, a park where rural scenery is the first consideration.

Details of roads may be changed to suit the

new requirements of automobiles, the bridle path may be put to other uses, boating on the lake may be abandoned, but the park as a whole must always remain as it is to soothe the nerves of weary city dwellers. It must not be rebuilt on new lines.

We are too often inclined to set a high value on originality, little thinking that the half witted, because of their deficiencies, can suggest new ways of doing things—as carrying water in a sieve. The man of genius, however, is content, if a thing be good, to give his skill to making it better and to show his gifts in the perfection of his work.

Fine natures only can join in effort and make of themselves one creator of a work of art.



DETAIL, TOLEDO BRIDGE  
RALPH MOJESKI, ENGINEER

ARNOLD W. BRUNNER,  
ARCHITECT

**NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN: THE DOLLAR VALUE**  
BY CONSTANCE ARMFIELD

If there is one thing above all others which the craft-worker is contributing to the national well-being, it is the establishment of something higher and truer than the dollar value. The world is in different stages of wakefulness at the moment, but it is steadily awaking to the fact that the dollar (or its equivalent) is no true basis of value. We recognise a man of learning, an inventor, a professor may render far more valuable service to the community than the chorus girl elevated suddenly to the status of a star, although the returns in dollars would indicate otherwise; and we are coming to see that the fact that a building, a fabric, or a suite of furniture cost a large sum, is no proof of their intrinsic worth. When a fad is introduced, the price runs high, until the fad's ephemeral hour is run, and it becomes a drug in the market and is scrapped with ruthless celerity.

But there are some things that are not scrapped, but increase in value as the years accumulate; that are, moreover, tenderly kept and handed on to coming generations as proof of the enduring and truly valuable qualities in the age that produced them.

These things are the hand-made things; the work into which the craft-worker has poured the treasures of enthusiasm, love, patience, honesty and ingenuity. They are the things produced because the craft-worker enjoyed making them, and endeavoured to bring out in them his or her

highest concept of beauty and good workmanship.

There is a certain museum in Massachusetts where the handiwork of the early settlers in America is collected. There we may see the flower and fruitage of their hands; and admire the simple household goods, the enterprise, ingenuity, sincerity and love of work from which America's present world-wide industrial activities sprung. The work at Deerfield was not made for the market but for the beautifying and enrichment of the home.

As a distinguished architect expressed it: Those pioneers worked alone, with the wilderness behind them, and through the needle, chisel, and hammer they expressed their individuality with curious intensity. The work of their hands was of all-absorbing interest; and through that work, to a great extent, character was laid and developed on fine, sterling lines.

The craft-worker must be perpetually overcoming difficulties; as his hand grows in dexterity, his vision widens and he perceives greater possibilities.

When the preliminary stages of technique are gained, the craft-worker can then begin to express himself; and as he works, his concept of beauty in line, form and colour, unfolds. He is linked to the world-traditions of his craft and, no matter what nation he belongs to, must continue them; if he breaks away, the necessities of his material compel him to return. What he can do that is different, and indeed what he cannot help doing, is to express the thought of the age in the subtle manner in which he uses his tools and designs his patterns a little differently, even when he is full of reverence and respect for former ways. So, though the machinery of to-day may be pour-



DESIGNED BY PAUL ZIMMERMANN



DESIGNED BY PAUL ZIMMERMANN

ing out unnumbered shoals of imitations of the handwork of the past, this can never sweep away the craft-worker and the work of his hands.

The work of to-day, into which is being poured the worker's love and reverent perception of beauty, must increase in value as the treasures

of past ages do, for that which makes their value is exactly the same stuff: the quality of thought and sincerity of intention in the work. The encouragement of modern crafts demands, of course, appreciation of honest workmanship, and a certain amount of training, and the best



DESIGNED BY PAUL ZIMMERMANN

## *National Society of Craftsmen*

way to acquire this is to take up a craft. There is all the difference between a craft and a hobby; a craft and a fad; a craft and a craze. The horrible outbursts of the frivolous desire to be busy at something and to produce an effect as rapidly as possible, are the signs of a diseased national system.

There is no more hopeful sign in modern life than the increase of interest in, and the awakening to the educational importance of, the crafts; and the great works accomplished by American architects, the interest in interior decoration, and the establishment of fine museums must be completed by recognition of the craft-worker.

For some time, the crafts had an uphill task in the land of commercial struggle and invention, but with the increase of education and refinement, with also, let us add, the transformation of material ideals into something higher than the desire for dollars, comes an awakening to the value of qualities which dollars cannot command.

No good work had ever been produced by the hand governed by nothing better than a desire for gain. There must be love for the work, and love of beauty; intelligent love, too, with understanding of the material and knowledge of the traditions of bygone generations.

Yet, the modern spirit prevents the slavish adherence that comes from fear and lack of confidence in the eternal inspiration common to all true workers. Every age sings its own song and gives its own message; and the modern craft-workers should surely express that exhilarating joy of living, the freedom, and conquest of the elements, abroad to-day. So that we expect to find gaiety and sparkle and colour in modern crafts; but we also look for sound workmanship.

Many years ago Lessing, in *The Laocon*, said that the German nation could never have a fine German theatre or drama, until an intelligent and discerning audience had been created; and with the same perception, some two years ago, the German nation woke up to the need of training the public to appreciation of artistic value in the ordinary things of life, and that wonderful *Kunstgewerbe* union was formed which is largely responsible for the high quality of modern German (and Austrian) decoration. But most of their inspiration was and is drawn from the peasant handiwork, the craft-workers' productions, made with nothing but a few rude tools.

Now in England the Design and Industries

Association is linking artists, manufacturers, and distributors together, and as a consequence, the Society of Arts and Crafts, almost given up as derelict, is springing into sudden notice, with the Board of Trade and The Royal Academy the most conservative institutions of the country, artistically speaking, behind it; and this autumn for the first time in history, the Royal Academy will throw open its doors to the Cinderella of the Art Societies. The public at last will go.

The problem before the American National Society of Craftsmen is precisely the same. They have to reach the public and awake the public to the value of good workmanship, apart from passing fads or fashions. They have to teach the public how to buy and keep; how to detect worth and worthlessness intelligently, and to realise that worth does not depend on the dollar value.

The coming December exhibition in the Gallery of the National Arts Club, 119 East 19th Street, New York, promises to be the most important yet held, and a feature thereof will be the exhibition of entire rooms, decorated by Mr. Marshal Fry, Mr. Paul Zimmermann, Mr. Aschermann, and Mr. Maxwell Armfield. This may help popular appreciation of the crafts in the home; but a greater work will, and must come about, in the linking up of American crafts with American manufactures and American design.

Germany and Austria have led the way; France, in the extraordinary enthusiasm aroused by the English Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at the Louvre, is following and, at this crucial time, is organizing a great exhibition of decorative art to be held next year; England, in spite of the war, is hard at work. There is no doubt that the work of the countries which is highest from the artistic standpoint will travel furthest and command the highest marks.

Though, in view of the multiplied demands and opportunities of modern life, it is impossible to return to entire handwork, the crafts must keep their place, and shed their influence; and to do this, they must be intelligently understood and valued.

The invitation from the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts (under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association) to the American National Society of Craftsmen, asking it to send a complete exhibition of the best American handicraft procurable, is a sign that America, too, is waking to the signs of the times.

# THE STUDIO

## M R. ARTHUR WARDLE'S PASTEL PAINTINGS.

EACH of the mediums which are at the disposal of the artist has certain qualities of its own which make it particularly suitable for some type of artistic expression—qualities which are peculiar to it and by which it is specially adapted for the effective realisation of the artist's intention. The painter who has sufficiently studied the resources of his craft and knows by right comparison which method will serve him best in the work he has undertaken, selects his medium with an accurate prescience of the results which he proposes to attain, and uses its technical characteristics as important means to the end at which he aims. The medium may even become to him a matter of temperamental preference, and the choice of it may be dictated by his inherent aesthetic instinct: he may find in its mechanical peculiarities some

definite advantages which are helpful in making more convincing the personal purpose of his art.

In other words, the material he adopts for the expression of his ideas counts as one of the essentials of his practice, and he adopts it in preference to any other because he feels that with its assistance alone he can set forth fully the ideas that he wishes to convey to his public. He may be, it is true, a master of more than one medium: but in that case he keeps them apart, using each one according to the demands of the work he has to carry out, and making it fulfil the executive mission for which it is obviously fitted. The medium, in fact, becomes the language of his art: a language he knows so well that he can think in it and translate instinctively into its idioms the fancies he has in his mind: that he does not mix his idioms or confuse one language with another is the proof that his knowledge is complete—evidence that he



STUDY OF A TIGER. RATING

LIX. No. 233.—JULY 1916

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

## *Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings*

has obtained a full command over main principles as well as minor details.

An excellent illustration of the way in which this absolute command over different mediums can be acquired by the artist who is a serious student of technical processes is provided in the work of Mr. Arthur Wardle. An able oil painter he has proved himself to be by the number of important canvases he has produced; all of them are distinguished by admirable significance of brushwork and by appropriate strength of statement, and all have that thoroughness of handling which is possible only to the painter who has analysed and investigated the properties of the oil medium. In none of them is there any suggestion of imperfect knowledge, in none is there any hint that he as a craftsman is not fully equal to the tasks he undertakes; the response of his hand to his mental intention is as sensitive and intimate as it well could be, and no hesitation or lack of conviction ever diminishes the power of his expression.

But he is quite as skilful in his management of a medium which has properties and qualities very unlike those by which oil painting is distinguished—which has, indeed, characteristics that are in many respects just the opposite of those that the oil painter has to study. As a pastellist Mr. Wardle has taken a place in the modern British school which he can hardly be said to share with anyone else, a place gained by sheer strength of artistic personality. He has a brilliant appreciation of the genius of pastel, of its distinctive qualities as well as its natural limitations, and he knows exactly how far it is to be depended upon in his pictorial practice. He uses it with delightful dexterity and with a sureness of touch that proves him to be fully acquainted with its mechanical peculiarities and to have an entirely correct judgment of its technical resources.

That he should have sought for and obtained such a thorough command over the pastel medium is natural enough. As a painter

of animals Mr. Wardle needs especially to have at his disposal a painting method which is both sure and rapid, which will enable him to arrive at his full results in the shortest possible time, and which will not hamper him by any lack of immediate responsiveness. In pastel he has a process which is both mechanically convenient and artistically satisfying, a process which goes smoothly from start to finish and which has in all its devices the merit of absolute simplicity. Unlike oil or water-colour it does not involve the use of a great deal of apparatus and it does not need either preliminary preparation or subsequent delay while the pigments are drying. The pastel chalks enable both drawing and painting to be done at one operation and give instantly both the colour and tone required, and the touches set down remain unaltered, neither darkening like oil paint nor lightening like water-



"HEAD OF A LIONESS"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



ARTHUR WARDLE  
1891



"A RHODESIAN LION FROM A  
PASTEL STUDY BY ARTHUR WARDLE





BY ARTHUR WARDLE

STUDY OF A PRIMA FOR A BRONZE



BY ARTHUR WARDLE

"LION CUB."

## *Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings*

colour—the artist has not, while at work, to make allowances for subsequent changes in the general effect of his picture.

What all this means to the animal painter, who has to work always at the fullest possible speed, can be easily understood. His sitters will not obligingly pose for him and keep, like the trained model, for hours in the same position. They are restless subjects and seem to take a sort of malignant pleasure in adding to his difficulties by sudden changes of attitude and by unexpected movements intended apparently only to disconcert him. They have a way too of resenting the gaze of the artist who is studying them and they show their resentment often by a sort of sulky protest which makes them peculiarly unaccommodating.

So the painter, faced with such difficulties, must be prepared to do what he can in the briefest possible time, to set down in a few minutes perhaps a complicated piece of draughtsmanship and to express with a few touches an elaborate arrangement of colour and light and shade. He has no time to deliberate or to experiment: if he cannot realise at once what he sees his chance is gone—and there is little hope that he will ever have it again. The shortening and simplifying of the

process by which his results are obtained is obviously a matter of much moment to him, and it is evident that the medium which will bring these results within his reach with the smallest amount of mental and physical wear and tear is the one which is best adapted to meet the demands made upon him by his art.

Certainly, Mr. Wardle has been able to do with pastel much that would have hardly been attainable by any other means. His pastel pictures and studies of animal subjects can assuredly be said to owe not a little of their interest to the material in which they are executed—and this without implying any disparagement of his powers either as an observer or an executant. It is obvious that an artist who chooses as his particular subject for study something which requires an unusual promptness of perception and exceptional rapidity of interpretation must be to some extent dependent for his success upon the painting process he employs. If he is hindered by the implements of his craft, some diminution in the capacity of his work to convince is inevitable; if the mechanism he has to control is helpful and responsive the strength of his personality has a far better chance of asserting itself and of being recognised by other people.



"A MALAYAN TIGER"



"SNARLING LION" FROM A PASTEL  
STUDY BY ARTHUR WARDLE.





*Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings*



STUDY OF A LIONESS EATING

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



STUDY OF A TIGER EATING

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"POLAR BEARS"  
BY ARTHUR WARDLE

## *Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings*

That is why it is true to say that Mr. Wardle owes something of a debt to his pastel materials. With their aid he has been able to show us with a fascinating spontaneity and directness what a very great deal he knows about animals and how intimately acquainted he is not only with the details of their physical conformation and structure but also with their subtleties of character and their habits of life. As he has little reason to fear that he will be left behind in the race against time he can go deeper than most men beneath the surface of his subjects, and can make us see that he approaches them with the inquiring spirit of the naturalist quite as much as with the vision of the painter.

Indeed, it is this habit of scientific investigation that gives to his pictures much of their power to arrest and hold the attention of the art lover. A painting of animal life which is merely superficial in representation and does not go beyond a sort of generalisation of salient facts may be momentarily attractive as a pleasant piece of arrangement or an agreeable suggestion, but it will scarcely bear the test of analysis. The trained student of natural history will dismiss it as too vague a thing to be considered seriously or will be offended by inaccuracies which the artist has not succeeded in concealing. And the artist, it must be remembered, has to take into account the opinion of the trained students when he is painting something which can be tested by scientific rules or which is subject to laws that are definitely recognised. It is no good pleading artistic licence against the judgment of the men who know, they will, justifiably enough, condemn mistakes which they can see come from ignorance or careless observation.

Just as it would be absurd for the sea painter to mix up in his picture two kinds of weather and to put in a sky which could not possibly be seen under the wind conditions which produced the wave movement represented, so it would be ridiculous for a painter of animals to arrange them in attitudes which

their anatomical structure would not permit them to adopt, or it would be still more ridiculous to depict them as performing in their native haunts the tricks of the circus beast. The animal painter cannot afford to fall into errors of this description: no matter how ingenious and skilful an executant he may be or how well he may have learned the trade of picture making, he must lose a great measure of his authority in the art world if he cannot add to his technical skill the practical knowledge which comes from detailed study of material facts. He must have an all-round equipment if he is to justify his claim to rank among the men who count in art.

That Mr. Wardle does count as an artist of distinction no one could deny. He has done so much that is memorable and he has built up his



"GREYHOUND STANDING."

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"INDIAN LEOPARD"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

reputation so steadily by a succession of notable achievements that his position in British art is wholly secure and the value of his work is fully recognised to day. This position he owes to no lucky accident; it has been assigned to him by general consent because he has proved himself worthy to occupy it and because he has not shirked any of the laborious preparation by which the man who begins by serving an apprenticeship progresses until he is qualified to lead as a master. Only by prolonged and well applied experience could he have done what he has; only by persistent determination could he have overcome the many difficulties which surround the exacting branch of art practice that he has chosen to follow; only by years of hard and trying work could he have gained the facility and the certainty which give distinction to every phase of his production.

But it is sufficient now to look at such performances as his *Leopards Resting* or the *Leopard on the Alert* to realise what are the results of the years of study he has spent upon his subject. And it is evident that only an artist who had taught himself to look with exceptional precision at what is before him could have grasped animal character as surely

as he has in studies like the *Rhodesian Lion*, the *Polar Bears*, the *Puma*, and the *Snarling Lion*, or in others again like the *Tigress Eating*, the *Head of a Lioness*, and the *Himalayan Tiger*, which are singularly happy in their summing up of a momentary condition of the animal mind. These records are more than things seen; they are felt and understood, and they have that subtle spirit which comes only in the interpretation of an artist who is himself in sympathy with the curious personalities which are presented to him. No artist could paint as Mr. Wardle does if he did not love and respect animals and feel for and with them.

After all, it is just that which makes the painter of animals a success or a failure in his profession. If he starts with a preconception of what animals ought to be and deals with them according to a fixed convention, he can never be really convincing; but if he has the courage to set himself aside and let them teach him what he ought to know—and if he has the power to put what he knows into pictorial form—the highest kind of achievement is within his reach. Mr. Wardle has had this courage, and the pictorial power he indisputably possesses: that is the secret of his success. A. L. BALDRY.



LEOPARD ON THE ALERT FROM  
THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR WARDLE



## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

### THE RECENT SCULPTURE OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH BY SELAWYN BRINTON, M.A.

WHEN I was in the United States in 1906 two masters of their art stood in almost unquestioned supremacy at the head of modern American sculpture—Augustus Saint Gaudens—the creator of the *Abraham Lincoln* of Chicago Park, of that tragic figure of the Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington, of the Boston monument to Gould Shaw, with the "fateful forward march" and sloped bayonets of his advancing soldiers, of the *General Sherman* of Central Park (N.Y.)—is, unhappily, with us no more—but in these ten years which have elapsed since 1906 Daniel Chester French has gone forward, adding to the breadth and dignity of his art, to his already fine achievement in monumental sculpture.

Sculpture in America may be called a new art, even more exactly and directly than America a new country. Born, a timid growth, in the sterile soil of a Puritan tradition, under influences which were hostile even to its existence, much more its free and rich development, it has gone on from one triumph to another—it has developed into something which even America may be proud of, and which in Europe as yet is very inadequately recognised. Had I sufficient space here, I would willingly dilate upon the work which has been done for America by a few men of energy organised together in awakening public attention to the claims of sculpture. I would even suggest whether we might not ourselves borrow a useful lesson in the development of a plastic art within our Empire which has everything in its favour—except adequate public recognition and private interest. But I have a theme here in the recent sculptures of Mr. Daniel Chester French, which claims my whole attention, as well as that of my reader.

Mr. French—whether he is in his New York studio in West Eleventh Street or his country home in Massachusetts, where he has built himself a large studio for his monumental work—is a steady and systematic worker; and any complete record, even of his more recent creations, will call for all my available space.

To judge his recent work we must briefly traverse the past, and shall then form a conception of the whole of the man's art, of its technical achievement and its underlying purpose.

As a matter of fact the young sculptor's first commission was *The Minute Man*—one of those hardy New England farmers who successfully resisted King George III. and his soldiers—which was modelled when the artist was twenty-three years of age, and unveiled in 1875. A visit to Florence—where he worked in the studio of Mr. Thomas Ball, whom I remember myself as a young student in Arno's city—developed his taste: and there followed



"MOURNING VICTORY" (MELVIN MEMORIAL)  
DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## *The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French*

(1879) that bust of Emerson to which the sage himself paid the compliment of remarking "That is the face I shave."

We shall find in his later work the form of Emerson to re-appear, robed and seated, the keen kindly face looking out quietly and steadily on life and its problems; and this figure, designed for the Public Library of Concord in 1914, just thirty-five years later than that earlier bust from the life, must have been a labour of love, for Mr. French has spoken to me more than once of the delightful hours which his earlier life had shared with the sage of Concord, who seems to have been beloved by all who knew him in that little New England community.

In an article published some three years ago (1913) I endeavoured to press upon public attention the claims of architectural sculpture. In so doing I quoted the words of one of our ablest English architectural sculptors, Mr. Albert Hodge, who had said in Birmingham "The finest sculpture has been architectural, and has had allotted to it a part as important to the integrity of the

whole composition as the column and the entablature"; and I added my own entire support in these words—"In America, under the unfavourable conditions for the plastic arts of a Puritan tradition and inheritance, the energetic propaganda of one society has reversed the whole position, and is filling the United States with architecture and sculpture wedded into noble harmony."

It is now before me to illustrate this remark in the work of Mr. Daniel Chester French, and here his connection with a brilliant American architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert, is of first importance. This connection began, as I believe, with the decorative work of the Minnesota State Capitol at St. Paul, that great white marble structure which is due to Mr. Gilbert's design and contains figure work by our artist: and when Mr. Cass Gilbert added to his earlier successes the New York Customs, it was Mr. French who was to add to his design those groups of the four Continents which are its greatest ornament.

Before coming to these I wish to mention in this connection the decorative group over the doorway of



SPENCER TRASK MEMORIAL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT; D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR



"THE SPIRIT OF LIFE"  
(SPENCER TRASK MEMORIAL)  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

the Historical Society Building at Concord, which was designed by Mr. Guy Lowell of Boston: this group by Mr. French represents on either side the *Genius of Ancient and of Modern History*, with between them the Seal of the Historical Society, watched over by Minerva's owl. This is reserved, simple, absolutely decorative: while, among the thirty statues which adorn the exterior of the attic story of Brooklyn Institute, the *Greek Religion* and *Lyric Poetry* by our sculptor are draped female figures treated independently, and of great beauty of type, and the *Epic Poetry* appears as a grand bearded figure of Homer.

When I was in Mr. French's studio at Glendale in 1906 he was actually working on the great groups of the New York Customs, which are now of course in place: the composition is in every case more or less pyramidal and the difficult problems involved have been boldly met and solved. *Europe*, a queenly figure of noble type, with the shrouded form of History as her comrade; *America*, alert and ardent, the Redskin of her past behind her; *Asia*, seated in hieratic pose, the Buddha on her lap, the effulgent Cross behind her, with her feet upon human skulls, are compositions nobly conceived, the detail subordinate to the central thought, the technical handling that of an accomplished master of his art.

To me personally *Asia* is the least pleasing, though I know others do not share that verdict; on the other hand *Africa*, a sleeping woman of Nubian type, the upper part of her form entirely nude, resting her sinewy right arm on the Sphinx

— satisfies me entirely in design and in the central figure. In the slumberous abandon of this grand torso, Michelangelesque in its splendid forms, and recalling the *Night* of the Laurentian Chapel, Mr. French shows that when he selects the nude he can invest it with the same dignity and harmonious beauty as his draped figures: indeed among the great services which he has rendered to American sculpture not the least has been the fact that from first to last his aim has been lofty, his sentiment pure and unsoiled.

The nude lies behind all sculpture — behind every one of the noble draped figures of this American master, who has told me how much in his youth he owed to Dr. Rimmer's masterly analysis of human anatomy. Yet one feels that it would have been — and has been — so easy for the young sculptor, fresh from the *ateliers* of Paris, to exhibit his technical dexterity before the American public in those figures "*des femmes, des jeunes et jolies femmes*," which were wont to people the central hall of the Paris Salon. Daniel Chester French has in-breathed his art with something of a more solemn music, of a severer, a more austere message. Like the distinguished Italian Leonardo Bistolfi he has been, pre-eminently in his monuments, the sculptor of Death: this very phrase recalls his wonderful



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT LINCOLN,  
NEBRASKA  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

group at Forest Hill Cemetery, nor has any monument to dead heroes excelled the lovely figure of *Mourning Victory*.

If in referring to the beginnings of modern American sculpture I have spoken of Puritanism as



STATUE OF EMERSON, PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR



"MEMORY." MONUMENT TO MOORHALL  
FIELD, IN GRACELAND CEMETERY,  
CHICAGO. D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

being a stony soil to the sculptor's art, it yet possesses qualities to which the highest in that art may best appeal; it is the public which would choose the music of Handel or Elgar before that of Strauss or Offenbach, which will in plastic art prefer the deeper mood to that which is ephemeral. That is the public which the art of Daniel Chester French has claimed, has held for its own in his ideal figures and, in another way, in his portrait work; and it is of supreme importance to this wonderful nascent art of North America that he has been able to do so.

And with this *Mourning Victory*—erected (1910) in Sleepy Hollow to three victims of the Civil War—we are on the threshold of these later years of creative art which are the special theme of this notice. The *General Oglethorpe*—a tribute to the memory of one of the old Colonial Governors of Georgia—belongs to the same year; and to the two years following two beautiful ideal figures which are reproduced here—*Memory* (1911), a monument to Moorhall Field in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, and the winged angel of the *Kinsley Memorial* (1912) in Woodland Cemetery at New York.

There followed the *Abraham Lincoln*, unveiled in Lincoln City, Nebraska, in September of 1912. Saint Gaudens, too, had presented Lincoln in his Chicago figure, being helped there in the setting by that brilliant architect Mr. Stanford White. It would be invidious to challenge comparison, but Mr. French gives us the very man

in the tense energy of a figure which, with bowed head and clasped hands, is yet alive with purpose, the purpose to save his country.

In the pedestal and setting of this figure Mr. French was assisted by the architect Henry Bacon, as in his figures of *General Draper* (Milford, Mass., 1912), of *Larl Dodge*, *Emerson*, and the *Trask*, *Stuyvesant*, and *Longfellow* Memorials.

Earl Dodge, whose figure is reproduced under the title of *The Princeton Student*, was a very prominent member of his class at Princeton, and chiefly responsible for the organisation of the College Young Men's Christian Union. I understand that this organisation has been copied in other colleges with most beneficial results, one of the chief ideas being for the members of the senior classes to fraternise with the younger men.

The *Rutherford Stuyvesant Memorial*, in Tennessee marble, presides over the grave of Rutherford Stuyvesant in the cemetery at Alameda, New Jersey, where the great Stuyvesant estate is located, and the *Trask Memorial* is at Saratoga, on the site of the old Congress Hotel. Mr. French has said to me: "This was a wonderful opportunity, because they gave us this entirely unimproved plot of ground and permitted Mr. Bacon, the architect, and Mr.

Charles W. Leavitt, the landscape gardener, and myself, to treat it as we saw fit. I flatter myself that the result is a sufficient indication of this way of doing things. I do not know whether you know Mrs. Spencer Trask's writings,



"THE PRINCETON STUDENT  
(EARL DODGE MEMORIAL, PRINCETON, 1913)  
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR



KINSLEY MEMORIAL, WOODLAND CEMETERY, NEW YORK

D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR; HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

but she is a remarkable woman, and it was she who suggested that I should make a statue representing *The Spirit of Life*. As she said, I had already made *The Angel of Death*, and why not the reverse, which was what her husband had stood for? Water flows from the bowl which the figure holds in her hand, and gushes from the rock beneath her feet. It is rare that a fountain has any water, but in this case there is an unlimited supply, and perfectly clear sparkling water at that."

*The Angel of Death*—to which Mr. French alludes here—is of course his famous shadowy form arresting the sculptor's hand in the Milmore Memorial at Boston; and the reader will find *The Spirit of Life* as well as its architectural and landscape setting at Saratoga Springs here illustrated. Personally I consider this figure of *Life* as one of the most beautiful imagined in the sculpture of our time. She is buoyant, she almost floats, and radiates vitality: and the setting compels the highest praise to Mr. Bacon and Mr. Leavitt.

This is an appreciation, not a catalogue, and

there are many works of interest which I have to pass by or merely indicate: the lovely adolescent girl guided by her "Alma Mater" in the group of Wellesley College, the *Longfellow Memorial* (Cambridge, Mass. 1914) with in relief behind it the line of figures from the poet's imaginings—Miles Standish, Sandalphon, Evangeline, Hiawatha—the *Genius of Creation*, brooding with outspread wings, while beneath are emergent the naked forms of youth and maid (Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915), the noble seated figure of *Sculpture* of the same year for the St. Louis Art Museum.

In these last he has treated the human form with the same breadth and dignity as we have found in the Nubian Sleeper or the *Victory* of the Melvin Memorial. Life and Death—great ideas, great characters who stand in history for ideas—the splendid sense of beneficent life, or the sorrow for heroic death, these and such as these form the under-current of his inspiration: such an inspiration as could do justice (if any could) to the issues and silent wounds of this fateful war.





DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

"OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED"  
"Mr. X (our dear Professor, who always *gets things so terribly*): "In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said last term—It's all light and shade, ladies—whether

you're painting a battle-piece, a bunch of grapes, or a child in prayer."

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

## The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend

### THE BLACK AND WHITE WORK OF F. H. TOWNSEND. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

ALTHOUGH "Punch" is proverbially never as good as it was, it nevertheless contrives to go on week by week through the years and the decades amusing the world, and frequently making it think as well as laugh; for still its cartoons can thrill the Empire and cause the Nations to ponder, still with a pictorial joke or satire it can flutter our social dovecotes and titillate the continents. The fact is, "Punch" has created its own art standard, and year in, year out, this is maintained by the collective loyalty, as well as the individual talents, of its artists. It has been thought, of course, that the great "Punch" artists of the past would be irreplaceable, that without Charles Keene's great art the standard must inevitably be lowered; that without du Maurier the social satire could never again shoot the flying folly with the same brilliant effect; that without John Tenniel the cartoon could no more move the nation's heart and conscience. But then, had it not been earlier said that with John Leech the humour of "Punch" had departed? With its happy adaptability to the changing times, however, "Punch" always finds the artists it needs and

deserves; and who shall say that, in the hands of its present brilliant band of draughtsmen, the "Punch" cartoon is less telling than it was in the days so dear to the *laudator temporis acti*, that the pictorial humour is less laughable, the social satire less keen, the spirit of gay pleasantry less persuasive?

Among these graphic artists who are keeping up, with such unfailing humour and vivacity, the reputation of our venerable, yet ever youthful, contemporary, Mr. F. H. Townsend has occupied for the last eleven years a position of peculiar influence and importance, that of art-editor—a position, moreover, which is unique in the traditions of the journal. For it was not till Mr. Townsend was invited to join the famous "Punch" Table in 1905, after having been a regular and popular contributor for nine years, that it was decided to place the editing of the pictorial side of the journal in the hands of a practical artist. Mr. Townsend, therefore, is the first art-editor of "Punch," as distinct from "the Editor," and perhaps the sustained excellence of draughtsmanship and the refined pictorial humour which one finds invariably in the pages of "Punch" owe not a little to his sympathetic influence. A better choice could hardly have been made; for Mr. Townsend is himself a fine draughtsman, with a keen vision for the transient effect of physica-



DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" (1896)

BY F. H. TOWNSEND

A great-granddaughter of Fielding has revised "Tom Jones" for home perusal (Daily Paper).  
If the descendants of other last-century novelists show the same enterprise we shall have nursery scenes as above.

"By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH."

## *The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*

action, and the momentary expression of character, as well as an intuitive grasp of type, controlled withal by a buoyant sense of humour, and a just feeling for pictorial essentials.

It was in the year 1887 that this now distinguished black-and-white artist first swam into my ken. Aided and abetted by the graphic humours of Bernard Partridge, Dudley Hardy, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and others, I was editing, for Mr.—now Sir William—Lever, a little weekly illustrated journal designed to let sunlight into the homes of the million, and of course I was on the look-out for recruits of talent. Happening to meet Oscar Wilde one day, he spoke to me of a clever student of the Lambeth School of Art who was illustrating stories of his—"Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" and "The Canterville Ghost"—appearing in the "Court and Society Review"; and a few days later the editor of that journal, my friend Phil Robinson, the brilliant war correspondent and most delightful and original of writers on natural history, sent young Townsend to me with a letter of introduction. Nineteen years of age, and still in the schools, he was already earning something of a livelihood by making comic drawings for one or two very popular periodicals; while, besides the Oscar Wilde stories, he was illustrating Phil Robinson's vivid records of war experience and travel adventure, "As told to the Savages." At once I saw that the bright engaging youth had the true illustrator's happy adaptability of intuition, with a facile grace and freedom of draughtsmanship, and during the months that "Sunlight" ran its merry course its pages were brightened by Townsend's drawings, the social scene, the humorous incident, and the romantic illustration. From the first his versatility was in evidence, and when one looks at those drawings done just twenty-nine years ago, comparing them with his work of to-day, one may see how the boy was father to the man; the constructive pictorial sense was there from the earliest, only simplifying with development; the vivacity of

draughtsmanship too, only finding easier, bolder expression.

Mr. Townsend was at the Lambeth School of Art from 1885 to 1889, and his friend and fellow-student Mr. A. J. Finberg, in a recent number of *THE STUDIO*, gave us a jolly glimpse into the school during that period, when there was a notable little group of genuine students there, all inspired by a real delight in art, and all destined to achieve fame. Charles Ricketts, Charles H. Shannon, Raven Hill, F. W. Pomeroy, T. Sturge Moore, these made a stimulating company to work among. But this stimulus was not immediately forthcoming. The Antique Class, then under the able direction of Mr. William Llewellyn, had to be gone through, but the monotony of the routine work with the stump bored the young student, eager to tackle the vital aspects of nature. However, he joined the wood-engraving class at the City and Guilds of London Institute, Kennington Park Road, and this proved his artistic salvation. Not that in wood-engraving Townsend found his métier any more than did John Leech or Fred Walker, Birket Foster, Walter Crane, or Harry Furniss; but in that class, directed by Roberts of the "Graphic," were also studying Ricketts, Shannon, and Raven Hill, and later Sturge Moore; and through the friendly influence of Ricketts and Reginald Savage, Townsend was admitted to the Lambeth life-class—then held in the same building



DRAWING FOR CHELSEA ARTS CLUB FANCY BALL PROGRAMME, BY F. H. TOWNSEND



(By permission of the Syndics of  
the Cambridge University Press)

ILLUSTRATION TO SKEAT'S "FABLES AND  
FOLK TALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST"  
BY F. H. TOWNSEND

## *The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*

—two years before the time required by the routine of the school. For a few months he worked upon the wood, copying with the graver a drawing of du Maurier's, but this taxed his patience sorely, while the life-class was the Mecca of his artistic studentship. He gave up reproductive wood-engraving, feeling that it offered him no field for expression, and devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of the human form. In the life-class he was happy, and when he was not at work in it he would wander about London, together with Mr. Finberg, sketching the life and character that met his view at every turn. All sorts and conditions of men, women, and children he would draw, and every accessible phase of life, with its humours or its pathos. So he widened his range of vision, keeping his eye constantly alert for the pictorial aspects of everyday life. And this practice of ubiquitous sketching as a student has proved of incalculable value to his career as a pictorial journalist and book-illustrator.

The work Mr. Townsend did in the now forgotten "Sunlight" led to his prompt engagement by the "Lady's Pictorial" and the "Illustrated London News," and his career may be said to have been fairly started, for, though he continued his studies a further two years at the Lambeth Art School, his drawing-pen was thenceforward constantly and variously busy. And his temperamental gaiety, with his cheerful, healthy outlook on life, and the ready versatility of his talent, seemed always to invest his work with the grace of enjoyment. His industry was unflagging, but, although most of the brighter picture periodicals welcomed him to their pages, and many commissions for book illustrations were forthcoming from the publishers, his ambition was to work for "Punch." The comic drawings he did for "Judy" and "Pick-me-up" were doubtless stepping-stones to this, and it was a proud day for the young artist when, in 1896, his first "Punch" drawing appeared. We reproduce this here (p. 27), not merely for the sentimental reason that



DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" (1908)

BY F. H. TOWNSEND

"Whit way hae ye gien ower smokin', Donal'?"

"Weel, I find it's no a pleasure. A buddy's ain tabaccy, ye ken, costs ower muckle, and if ye're smokin' another buddy's, ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."

*(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)*

*The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*



"IF THEY HAD LIVED IN THE DAYS OF GOOD KING GEORGE!"

Mr. William Shakespeare dictates two plays and a sonnet simultaneously.  
(Tableau arranged by the Express Typewriting Bureau.)

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND



"MORE FREEDOM!"

A Teachers' Association paper threatens, among other things, "to place a child in an atmosphere where there are no restraints—where he can move freely about the schoolroom—where the teacher is essentially a passive agent—and where there is no punishment."

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

## The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend

it was his first, and so auspicated his distinguished connection with the world-famed comic journal, but because it shows that from the start his humorous drawing was in the true "Punch" tradition of elegance and refinement, while yet quite his own. The three little girls, with their black-stockinged legs and uniform print dresses, sitting in a row on the sofa, avidly reading the eighteenth-century novelists, are pictorially conceived with happily original effect, and the elusive something is here that constitutes the quality of charm which is seldom absent from Mr. Townsend's work, no matter what may be the subject.

As we look over the examples reproduced here, we may see that this charm is not merely a deliberate artistic quality, but a natural reflection of the artist's joyous way of looking at things, that makes for happy observation and spontaneity of record. Look, for instance, in the drawing called *Our Evening Art Classes have commenced*, at the absurdly characteristic gesture and pose of the "dear professor" as he makes his fatuous statement, and then see with what charming naturalness the varied

listening attitudes of the typical lady art-students have been recorded. Here everything is as circumstantially expressive and true to type as in the drawing, of later date, *Unrest in the Near East*, where the artist shows himself equally at home with his humours of Cockney coster character and circumstance. This vivid presentation of character, without the exaggeration of caricature, is always a notable feature in Mr. Townsend's illustration of comic incident, and you will find humour not merely in the legend but inherent in the drawing itself. See it in the beaming self-content of the woman, subject to fits, in the railway carriage, and the horror of her fellow-traveller. See it in the expressions of the Shakespeare-bored playgoers in the theatre-box, and of the two Scotch cronies discussing the financial philosophy of smoking. Does it need any legend to point the joke of the lady's hat with monstrous feathers, or of Shakespeare dictating to the three typists?

The vivacity of invention with which Mr. Townsend can illustrate the comic side of a serious proposition is delightfully shown in the



"NON-STOP"

*Cheery Passenger on Portsmouth Express:* "Well, I must say it's a grite relief to me to 'ave a gentleman in the carriage. It's twice now I've 'ad a fit in a tunnel."

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)



TRUE APPRECIATION (overheard at the Theatre)

*Mrs. Parvenu* "I don't know that I'm exactly  
gone on Shakespearean plays." (Mr. P. agrees.)

*By special permission of the  
Proprietors of PUNCH.*

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

## *The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*

school-room scene according to the novel theory of less restraint and more freedom in the training of children. With his faculty of retaining sympathy with the pranks and joys of the young, he revels in drawing children, and he is always happy with them. Isn't that group of the boy kicking up the inkstand at the other on the desk, with the little girl standing by in admiring glee, simply delicious? It is this charming and joyous sympathy in the picturing of children which made Mr. Townsend's illustrations to Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" so completely in harmony with the book. His sympathies and interests are indeed wide in their range. In the pages of "Punch" this is constantly seen, for one week we may laugh at some humorous incident of the golf-links, the cricket-field, or the drill-ground (Mr. Townsend is an ardent devotee of all three), and the next the world may thrill at some cartoon instinct with fine human emotion or keen convincing satire. And the remarkable extent of his pictorial versatility is evident in many books of diverse character. Our reproductions include an illustration to W. Skeat's "Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest," a volume in which one sees that Townsend's graphic imagination in the depicting of

strange creatures of the wilds is as remarkable in its suggestive truth as his drawing of the more familiar animals. An expert fencer himself, Mr. Townsend is the representative British draughtsman of the art of swordsmanship, as may be seen in the extraordinarily spontaneous illustrations to the English version of Baron de Bazancourt's "Secrets de l'Epée." But a mere mention of some of the authors whose books he has illustrated would be enough to show what a wide field his pencil has covered.

Mr. Townsend, with all his success and popularity, has never lost the spirit and zest of the student, and two or three years ago he determined to learn etching. Sir Frank Short gladly took him into his engraving school at South Kensington, and very quickly Mr. Townsend found his way upon the copper, and produced etchings which gained his election to the Associateship of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. One of these is reproduced on p. 37—a portrait of charm, though, as one looks at it, one cannot forget that the etcher is, first and foremost, an accomplished artist in pen and ink. That he may yet prove, if he wills it, an accomplished artist also with the line of the essential etcher is quite within the bounds of probability.



THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMAN. ANOTHER IMPUDENT CASE OF "KLEPTOMANIA" IN BROAD DAYLIGHT  
(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND



DRAWS BY F. H. TOWNSEND

"UNREST IN THE NEAR EAST" "Look for Lisa Mullins. Did you say as I'd collared the tanner you lost?"

"Nothing of the kind! Who I said was as I'd 'ave found it if you 'adn't helped me to look for it."

(By special permission of the Proprietors of "PUNCH")





"PORTRAIT" FROM AN ETCHING  
BY E. H. TOWNSEND, A.R.F.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1916.

SINCE the war began British Art has certainly had more than its fair share of trouble and discouragement. In a time of national stress, when all the ordinary conditions of existence have undergone a complete change, it was only to be expected that the art worker should have to suffer an upset in his affairs and should have to struggle against a series of unexpected difficulties—he could scarcely hope to escape when the whole community is affected. But during the last few months his inevitable disabilities have been added to by want of consideration on the part of the public. Art, to put it frankly, has been unfairly neglected—it has been ignored to a great extent by the press and forgotten by a large section of the people: its real and serious claims to support have received scanty attention and the need for special measures to maintain it in a condition of vigorous vitality has been insufficiently appreciated.

Yet the Academy exhibition this year—and the fact must be recorded to the credit of the artists of this country—shows no falling off either in sincerity of intention or strength of achievement. Indeed, there is perceptible in the collection brought together a definite stiffening of effort and an actual improvement in the quality of the contributions. Instead of being disheartened by the experiences of the past year our artists have increased their determination to do justice to themselves and to prove themselves able to rise to the occasion. They have, in time of war, given us an exhibition which is more dignified, more serious, and more impressive, than any of those which have been seen at Burlington House for some years past.

And this result has been attained, not by an increase in the number of works which stand strikingly above the general average of accomplishment but by an all-round improvement in the rank and file of the contributions. Men who have done consistently good work in the past have raised their standard, painters who have been inclined to be a little too freakish and experimental in their practice have found themselves and steadied down, artists who have pursued the commonplace too persistently have discovered better sources of inspiration. A sturdier sense of responsibility has been developed, and consciously or unconsciously the art world seems to have arrayed itself for a keen struggle against the adverse influences by which it is threatened.

It remains now to be seen whether the people in this country will recognise the new spirit by which our art is being stimulated and respond to its energy. Certainly, the Academy exhibition this year should set every sensible person thinking deeply, and should make everyone feel how strong is the claim of our art workers to sincere encouragement. Such a show, which draws its material from all parts of the country, sums up the attitude of the whole British school and enables us to judge from year to year what are the tendencies by which the artistic activity of the nation is being directed and whether we have to welcome progress or to deplore a falling off. When these tendencies are as sound and as hopeful as they seem to be this season the Academy exhibition can arouse very pleasurable emotions—is it too much to hope that it will excite also in the people who see it a feeling of gratitude to the artists who are facing troublous times with courage and devotion?

That there has been no increase in the number of "star" pictures exhibited at Burlington House has already been said, and that the exhibition depends for its interest less than usual upon the few exceptional performances which assert themselves at the expense of the rest of the collection. But there are, nevertheless, certain canvases which claim prior consideration on account of their unusual qualities of invention and execution. Among these, strangely enough, there is nothing by Mr. Sargent, who has so often in past years dominated the Academy by the sheer strength of his personality. He is represented only by a couple of decorative designs which have offered him little scope for the assertion of his amazing technical dexterity—they are interesting, unquestionably, but not supremely important. His place as a portrait painter has been taken by Mr. Orpen, whose rapidly maturing powers have never been better displayed; all his contributions have an arresting strength of characterisation and significance of brushwork, and all have an essentially individual quality of observation. The most consummate achievements of them all are the extraordinarily intimate portraits of *The Right Hon. the Earl of Spencer, K.G., G.C.V.O.*, and *James Law, Esq., of "The Scotsman,"* but the dainty picture of *Miss St. George* is in a different way hardly less convincing. By work of this order Mr. Orpen puts beyond dispute his right to rank among the great masters of our generation.

Another painter who more than maintains his justly high reputation is Mr. Charles Sims. His *Clio and the Children, 1915*, is a wonderful pictorial



"THE POULTERER'S SHOP"  
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

## The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1916

ever seen in which exacting difficulties have been met and triumphantly overcome, and his *Iris* is a singularly happy solution of a perplexingly subtle problem of tone and colour management. He shows a *Portrait* too which fascinates as much by its charm of treatment as by its striking originality of manner. Then there is Mr. Brangwyn, who after too long an absence from Burlington House makes a dramatic reappearance to remind us that as a decorative painter he is still without a rival. His large still-life group, *The Poulterer's Shop*—it has been bought by the Chantrey Fund trustees—shows to perfection his power as a colourist and craftsman, and his landscape, *In Provence*, and his allegorical composition, *Mater Dolorosa Belgica*, are well worthy to be associated with it.

Again, there are such notable canvases as Mr. Waterhouse's *The Decameron*, Mr. Greiffenhagen's *Pastoral*, Mr. Russell Flint's sombre and effective *Mothers of Heroes*, Mr. Tom Mostyn's gorgeous colour fantasy *The Golden Island*, and Mr. Richard Jack's vigorous scene from the history of the moment, *The Return to the Front*: and there is a very cleverly painted camp subject *Before the Dawn*—soldiers round a fire—by Mr. Fred Roe. Mr. Edgar Bundy's domestic drama *The Doctor Forbids* is one of his most robust performances; Mr. Byam Shaw's wonderful composition *The Arrested Spear* is the most ambitious and successful effort he has made for some while, and Mr. H. Watson's picture *The Spirit of Youth*, gracefully arranged and admirably painted, marks a very real advance in his practice.

Other figure pictures which claim attention are Mr. Clausen's *Youth Mourning*, Mr. St. George Hare's *The Angels of God*, Mr. Anning Bell's vivacious *Spring Revel*, Sir W. B. Richmond's *Sleep*, Mr. Hacker's *Abundance*, Mr. Borough Johnson's *Belgian Refugees*, Mr. James Clark's *The Fête*, and the two delightful colour arrangements, *Frances and Poppies*, by Mr. Melton Fisher.

Among the landscape painters Mr. Arnesby Brown is, as usual, deservedly prominent. He shows no large picture this year, but his four small canvases *September Morning*, *The Church on the Hill*, *Vice of Great Yarmouth*, and *The Estuary*, have in a high degree those qualities which have always given distinction to his work. Mr. David Murray is at his best in his broad and expressive landscape *Scenting the Summer Air*. Mr. D. V. Cameron's exquisite draughtsmanship and subtle perception of tone are seen to the fullest advantage in his *April*, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton's vigorous methods are excellently illus-

trated in a series of contributions, the best of which is the very convincing *Sunlight on the Sea*. Of great interest, too, are Sir E. A. Waterlow's *The Mantle of Winter*, Mr. R. Vicat Cole's *The Trysting Pool*, Mr. Bertram Priestman's *Waters of Washburn and Wharfe*, Mr. H. Knight's *Dozmare Pool*, Mr. Coutts Michie's impressive *Winter in Surrey*, Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Over the Sea to Skye*, Mr. Gwelo Goodman's tragic *Winter*, Mr. R. W. Allan's *By the Open Sea*, Mr. James Henry's *Gathering Clouds*, Mr. Albert Goodwin's *Canterbury and Durham*, Mr. Tom Robertson's *Holme Bridge, Bakewell*, and the brilliant *Joie de Vivre* by Mr. A. J. Black.

The portraits are, as a whole, well worthy to maintain the tradition of the British school, and a long list could be made of those which make special claim for attention. Mr. Lavery has painted the Lord Mayor with appropriate strength and dignity, and Mr. Harold Speed the King of the Belgians with a happy combination of symbolism and reality; and Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Hacker, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. Fiddes Watt, and Mr. Bundy are all admirably represented. Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Miss Isabel Burrell* is most attractive, and Mr. Charles Shannon's portrait study, *The Lady with the Amethyst*—another Chantrey Fund purchase—is an acceptable example of his work. As paintings of children Mr. Herbert Draper's *Little June*, Mr. Ralph Peacock's *Betsy, Daughter of Baron Profumo*, and Professor Moira's family group are all interesting. Other pictures which must not be overlooked are the two animal paintings by Mr. Arthur Wardle, the interiors by Mr. Van der Weyden and Mr. E. Townsend, and the clever little sketch of *Lord Byron's Palace, Venice*, by Mr. Ludovici.

There is, too, much to see in the two sculpture galleries. The large *Titanic Memorial*, by Sir Thomas Brock, the colossal equestrian statue of King Edward by Sir W. Goscombe John, the wonderful bust of Lord Roberts by Mr. W. R. Colton, the statues of King George by Mr. Mackennal and of Queen Mary by Sir George Frampton, and Mr. Thornycroft's group *The Kiss*, which is the third purchase of the Chantrey Fund trustees, are prominent works; Sir George Frampton's bust of Nurse Cavell, apart from its personal interest, is a fine example of the sculptor's art: and there are other things by Mr. Drury, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, Mr. Nicholson Babb, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. H. Pegram, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes, which prove the sculptors to be quite as zealous as the painters in their support of British art.



"NURSE CAVELL" (PLASTER)  
BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

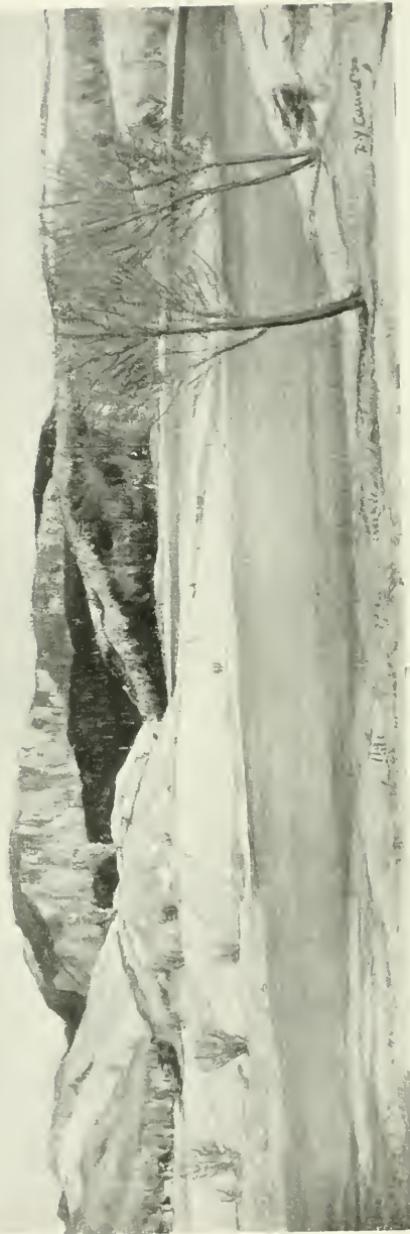


**“JAMES LAW, ESQ., OF  
‘THE SCOTSMAN.’” BY  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.**



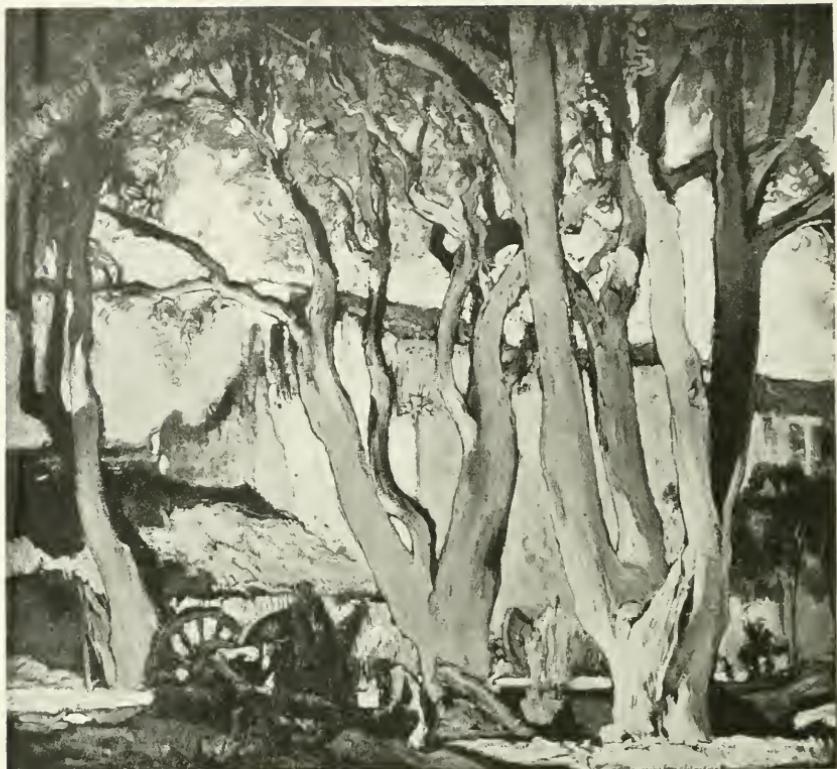
"MISS ISABEL BURRELL"  
BY J. J. SHANNON, R.A.

"APRIL," BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"CLIO AND THE CHILDREN, 1915"  
BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.





"IN PROVENCE." BY  
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH"  
BY HARRY WATSON



"LITTLE JUNE." BY  
HERBERT DRAPER



"MISS ST. GEORGE." BY  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"MRS. BUCKLEY." BY  
ARTHUR HACKER, R.A.



"THE LADY WITH THE AMETHYST"  
BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.



"VIEW OF GREAT YARMOUTH"  
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

## STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—The attitude of the State towards art in this country has never erred on the side of generosity, and is in marked contrast to the friendly encouragement which the arts in general receive from the governments of Continental nations. But in spite of this frigid indifference very few people thought when the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his intention to levy a tax on entertainments that art exhibitions were to be put on the same footing as the so-called "picture palaces," football matches, and other amusements of the popular kind, and called upon to contribute revenue to the State. Naturally the proposal excited strong opposition on the part of the various bodies affected, but unfortunately the vigorous protest organised by the Council of the Imperial Arts League, and supported by the Presidents of all the leading academies and societies, failed to make

an impression on the Chancellor. When the Act for the early closing of shops came into force some two or three years ago, art exhibitions were held to be subject to its provisions, and certainly there is a good deal more to be said for putting them in the category of "shops" than for grouping them with kinemas and boxing bouts, since the most important object for which an art exhibition is held is to effect a sale of the works exhibited. Of all professions art has suffered most by the war, and recognition of this fact should have secured the exemption demanded by its representatives, especially as the amount of revenue which will flow to the Exchequer from art exhibitions is likely to be very small and indeed insignificant as compared with that yielded by the popular resorts.

The Spring Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers now being held at the Grosvenor Gallery is through force of circumstances almost entirely national, like



"BETTY, DAUGHTER OF BARON TROPP" (O.

V. R. H. FAUCON)

C. H. (1914)

the other exhibitions of the society since the outbreak of war, the only foreign artist represented, apart from two with Japanese names, being a Belgian painter, M. Leon de Smet. At the Spring exhibition of last year a series of delightful pastels by that dozen of Belgian landscape painters, Emile Claus, added materially to the interest of the show, but there is nothing of his in the current display. If in this assemblage of paintings, drawings, and prints—the sculpture, in spite of the prominence given to plastic art in the Society's title, consists of only about half a dozen items—it is difficult to single out any work as of superlative importance, there is yet much that does credit to the reputation which the Society enjoys. Portraits such as Mr. A. McEvoy's *Horn*, Mrs. Cecil Baring, Mr. John Lavery's *Lady Ursula Grosvenor*, Mr. Gerald Kelly's *Lady Evelyn Fairuhar*, Mr. William Nicholson's *Symons Jeune, Esq.*, and *Col. Stuart Hirstley*, Mr. Charles Shannon's *Lady in a Fur Coat*, and Mr. William Strang's *Cynthia King, Fairuhar*, each different from the rest in its technical methods, lift this exhibition far above the commonplace. Mr. Nicholson's *The Hundred Jugs* is a veritable tour

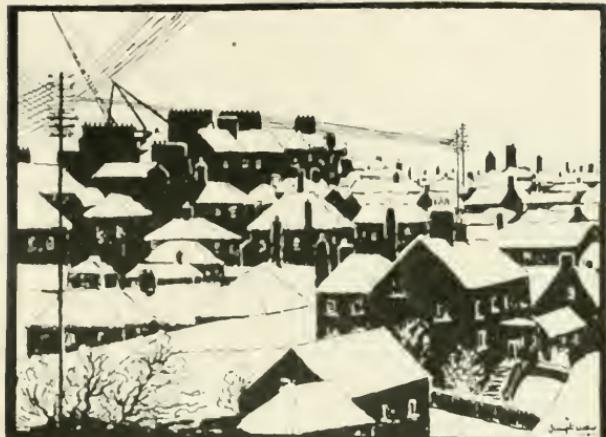
*de force* in still-life painting, though at first sight a little disconcerting. Mr. Pryde's *The Shrine*, in which the figure of Christ, carved in stone and standing on a pedestal, soars high above the people grouped around the base, is bold in design, and if, like so many of his paintings, of a theatrical character, is theatrical in a deeper sense than the term usually implies. The pictures of Mr. Munnings, such as *St. Buryan Races* and *At a Hunt Steeplechase Meeting*, impart a note of hilarity to the show, while next door to one of them Sergt. Alfred Withers presents a vision of idyllic calm in *The Minister's Garden*. There are some excellent examples of flower painting by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken and Mr. Davis Richter, and a fine costume study by Mr. Francis Newbery called *The Spanish Shawl*. Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. Will Ashton, and Mr. H. S. Power, all three of them Australians, are well represented, and Mr. Lambert, besides some capital portraits in oil, shows a number of lead-pencil portraits of great interest. Among other paintings which give strength to the exhibition are Mr. Howard Somerville's *Eileen*, Mr. James Quinn's *Mois d'Avril*, Mr. Lamorna Birch's *The White House: Lamorna*, Mr. Moffat Lindner's *Dordrecht from the River Maas*, Mr. Ludovici's *Portrait of Madame Peake, in Crinoline*, and Mr. Talmage's *The Studio Window*. As usual there is an interesting collection of work in other mediums, such as water-colour, pastel, tempera, etching, etc.

Our record of this season's exhibitions would be incomplete without reference to one which for several days attracted a large throng of people to the premises of the Dominion of New Zealand in the Strand, where was displayed a series of water-colours and pencil sketches of Gallipoli by Sapper Moore-Jones, an artist member of the "Anzac" force whose glorious deeds in that unfortunate campaign will never be forgotten. Mr. Moore Jones's water-colours showed a facile command of the medium, and while keeping the human element subordinate convincingly rendered the stern, rugged character of the country in which the military operations were carried on. Another artist-soldier from the

Antipodes who has contributed to London exhibitions this season is Signaller Silas Ellis, attached to the Australian Imperial Force, whose pen-and-ink sketches from the same field of operations were to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Galleries; though these were both fewer in number and more fragmentary in character, they were interesting as the impression of an artist who had seen and felt the grim realities of the historic landing at Anzac. And then at the Goupil Gallery there was on view a large painting, with a number of the sketches made for it, by a Chelsea artist whose name is more familiar to our readers—Mr. Eric H. Kennington, a private in "The Kensingtons," whose valour has earned for them the name of "The Glorious 13th." The picture, exhibited in aid of the "Star and Garter" Building Fund, shows a group of these brave fellows, with the artist himself among them, just as they have left the trenches at Laventie after four days of almost inconceivable hardship, and is another touching reminder of the sacrifices made ungrudgingly by our countrymen on behalf of the nation.



"DESIGN FOR A COT." WOODCUT BY GEORGE ATKINSON, A.R.H.A.  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)



"SNOW" (DESIGN FOR WOODCUT)

(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

BY J. RAMPTON WALKER

**D**UBLIN. — The annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy was of average excellence, so far as the work of the Irish painters and sculptors represented is concerned, though one missed the work of Mr. William Orpen, whose resignation of membership is a serious loss to the institution. The works by outside contributors, on the other hand, were less interesting than usual, and one is tempted to speculate as to the motives which influenced the selection committee with regard to some of the inclusions. Dull subject pictures and still duller landscapes by painters of mid Victorian tendencies are of no value in the only important Dublin exhibition at which the Irish student is afforded an opportunity of studying contemporary painting. There was little or nothing in many of these imported

works to suggest the revolution in painting brought about by the Impressionists, and they had not even the brilliance and precision that distinguished the best work of the painters of an earlier day. These strictures do not apply to the works shown by, amongst others, Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. Henry Fullwood, Mr. Moffat Lindner, and Mr. Ambrose McEvoy. The last named showed a portrait of a little girl, *Anna*, exhibited if we mistake not at last year's



"THE OLD CAR DRIVER"

DESIGN FOR A BROADSIDE CALA TREE BY J. K. B. MEARS  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

\* This report on the R.H.A. exhibition was written just before the outbreak of the Rebellion and the destruction by fire of the Academy building and its entire contents. Our correspondent had arranged for several of the exhibits to be photographed for us before Easter, but difficulties arose at the last moment and this intention could not be carried out. — EDITOR.



"O'CONNELL BRIDGE, DUBLIN"

PENCIL DRAWING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

International, which was exquisite in its sense of tone and values, and the intimate delicacy of observation conveyed. Amongst the Irish Academicians Mr. W. T. Leech and Mr. Gerald Kelly are both distinguished by their sincere and vital

work. The former exhibited a portrait of Professor H. Brougham Leech remarkable for its intensity of expression; and in another manner a radiant impression of *The Bathing Beach at Concarneau*, delightful in its fluent continuity of line and colour.



"WHITWORTH BRIDGE, DUBLIN"

PENCIL DRAWING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)



*(Black and White Art  
Society, Dublin)*

"AN OLD STREET IN DUBLIN"  
PENCIL DRAWING BY  
BINGHAM McGUINNESS, R.H.A.

## Studio-Talk

Mr. Gerald Kelly's instinctive draughtsmanship and fine sense of design were shown in a marked degree in his portrait of a girl, *La Cravate Noire*, as well as in his Eastern landscape and portraits.

The portraits were, indeed, the strongest feature in the exhibition. Of those by the President the most successful was the sketch portrait of General Hickie, which showed direct observation and freedom of touch; Miss Sarah Purser's serene portrait of Miss Maire O'Neill as *Deirdre* had an intimate emotional appeal; Mr. Slater's portraits were vital and accomplished, especially his *Man in Green*, a brilliant study of effects of light. Mr. J. J. Shannon was less satisfactory than usual in his portrait of Lady Wimborne and her son; it contained some fine passages and exhibited the feeling for colour always present in this painter's work, but was marred by a certain slackness of handling and a regrettable tendency to indulge in easy effects. Mr. Lavery, on the other hand, was represented by one of the most beautiful of his open-air studies, *Girls in Sunlight*, painted on the beach at Tangier. Good portraits were also shown by Miss Clare Marsh, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Florence Baker

and Miss B. Elvery; that of a child by the last named was delightfully fresh and attractive.

Amongst the Irish landscape painters Mr. N. Hone, Mr. MacLlwaine, Miss Estella Solomons and Miss Hamilton all showed interesting work; a small study of trees by Miss Sarah Purser was remarkable for its technical certainty and delicacy of vision. Mr. R. C. Orpen's water-colour studies of still life have become a feature of these exhibitions, and his work this year in this *genre* was in advance of anything he has yet done. Mr. Jack Yeats was seen at his best in his vivacious Irish studies *The Donkey Show* and *The Turning-Post in the Tide*. In the sculpture section the most important exhibit was Mr. Oliver Sheppard's bust of Mr. George Russell (A. E.), a fine and dignified work, intensely modern in feeling.

The third exhibition of the Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland shows a distinct advance on that of last year both in the standard and variety of the work. Mr. J. Crampton Walker, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Society, to whom much of the success of these exhibitions is due,



"THE EXAMINATION HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN"

(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

ETCHING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.



*(Black and White Artists  
Society, Dublin)*

"THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, DUBLIN"  
ETCHING BY GEORGE ATKINSON, A.R.H.A.

## Studio-Talk

has succeeded in bringing together a representative collection of prints and drawings, which afford a striking demonstration of the interest now being taken in Dublin in black-and-white work. Mr. Crampton Walker's design for a woodcut *Snow* (reproduced on p. 55) shows a sense of rhythm and pattern and much vivacity of expression, and his charcoal study *The Falls of Tummel* is full of light and atmosphere. Mr. George Atkins's powers as an etcher are admirably displayed in *The Devil's Bridge, Settignano*. He also exhibits some delicate pencil studies and a charming woodcut *Design for a Cot*, one of a series of designs for a set of cottage furniture now being carried out in the Irish technical schools. Mr. Jack Yeats's virile line is seen in his set of original drawings for a broadside; *The Canvas Man* and *The Old Car-driver* are especially effective in their strong feeling for characterisation. The old streets and bridges of Dublin have attracted several of the exhibitors, amongst them Miss Myra Hughes, an accomplished etcher, and Mr. B. McGuinness, who shows a pleasant drawing of a picturesque old street, with its stalls and open market, and the tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the distance. This street has since been re-built, and altered out of all recognition. Amongst the other exhibitors are Mr. Gerald Wakeman, whose pen-and ink drawings are full of vitality and feeling for the expressive quality of line; Miss Estella Solomons, whose sandground etching *Near Dublin* is very delicate in treatment; Lieut. Robert Gibbons, whose woodcut *The Retreat from Serbia* is strong and original in design; and Miss Dorothy Cox, who shows a good charcoal drawing *Sheep in the Rain*.

E. D.

**E**DINBURGH.—Among the younger Scottish painters Mr. Charles H. Mackie occupies an outstanding position as a colourist. Fertile in ideas, he is attached to no school of painting, but has worked out the problems of colour and composition for himself since his emergence from the student days. No thinker can discard the heritage of the ages, and Mr. Mackie would be the last man of whom that could be said, but on the other hand no one who aspires to express his ideas, either in literature, music, painting, or sculpture, can suffer any convention or academic canon to circumscribe the mode in which he feels that he can most fully express himself. Mr. Mackie in his earlier work may have given colour to the suggestion that



"SHEEP IN THE RAIN"

(*Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin*)

CHARCOAL DRAWING BY DOROTHY COX



THE NUT GATHERERS  
CHARLES H. MACKIE, RSA



## Studio-Talk

construction, as the term is generally understood, played but a small part in his scheme of things, but then he was only feeling his way towards that fuller expression which he has now attained and which in his later work has been manifested in many notable instances. He has convincingly demonstrated the value of form and the expressiveness of line.

Most truly, perhaps, has he revealed his ideas in that wonderful series of Italian landscapes that of late have engrossed so much of his time. It was no easy task to attempt to present Venice or Rome in any new aspect. Generation after generation of painters has studied in Venice and tried to say something about it till one might well conclude that there was nothing new to be said. Yet those who have seen Mr. Mackie's paintings of Venice by night must have realised that here was the expression of an original mind, of one who sees beneath the surface of things and has the ability to impress others so that his conception remains in their mind as something vital and living. Architecturally it was the old Venice one saw, the city

of splendid palaces, and yet on these historic piazzas the life is that of to-day. But to day as in the long past yesterdays there is the same mystery and beauty in the night, and in the realisation of this basic unity of past and present Mr. Mackie found his justification.

Because of the large part that colour plays as a component part of his composition Mr. Mackie's work is not very effectively translated in monochrome, but the reproduction of *The Nut Gatherer*, which appears in this issue, conveys very clearly his general scheme of work. It is a Roman landscape, and from the blue of the distant lake to the warm hues of the foreground there is a rich and varied progression of colour harmonies built, as all symphonic poems must be, on sound constructional lines, but so filling the eye with the sense of sumptuous beauty that the means by which this is attained do not count. The craftsmanship is there but it is the artistry that one sees. The impression is vivid, harmonious, complete. The painting was exhibited at the recent annual show of the Society of Scottish Artists.

A. E.



"THE WOUNDED TORERO"

(See *Amsterdam Studio* Ia, next page)

BY FRIET VAN DER HEM

## Studio-Talk

**A**MSTERDAM.—Though young in appearance, Piet van der Hem is an artist of mature talent, and his work has in consequence already assumed an important place in modern painting. As a landscape painter he could undoubtedly have excelled, but his innate preference has led him in the direction of *genre* subjects, taken direct from life in crowded restaurants. The circus, the theatre, the ballet have also furnished him with material for expressive portraits and characteristic studies of the types to be found at these haunts of the seeker after amusement and the elegant demi-mondaine. And the artist's pictures give one the impression that he has really been present at these gatherings and has seen and noted all that passes before his eyes—the sober bourgeois out "on the spree," the magnificently accoutred "Grand Duke" lounging in his private box, beautiful women seated at the tables. The mind's eye sees the flowers, the fruit, and the champagne; in the hazy backgrounds the play of subdued light makes itself felt, and one can almost hear the rippling laughter, the gay badinage and even those questions and answers that are uttered *sotto voce*. Van der Hem excels in this species of *genre* painting; he is the interpreter of a caste, like Steinlen for example, of whom, by the way, he is a great admirer.

But the great skill of this artist plays about the surface of things: his subjects are observed in masterly fashion rather than profoundly felt. In his art there is no place for the tragedy of life, that indefinable poignant element which we get in a Pierrot by Villette, a character study by Rops, or one of Toulouse-Lautrec's girls. The attitudes and expressions of the negro and negress in his picture of a "cake-walk" are admirable, and his painting of

a clown proves him to be a physiognomist of great power. His portraits, on the other hand, betoken a considerable concern about style, and above all a desire to achieve elegance of *facture*; the arrangement, the *mise-en-page*, is a trifle commonplace, and emotion is altogether lacking, but how skilfully he handles his crayons! In some of his large portraits he reveals himself as a painter *par excellence*, and in their colour and composition we may be reminded for a moment of Zuloaga; but curiously enough it is in his Spanish subjects that the personal note is most apparent, as for instance in *Le Torero blessé*.

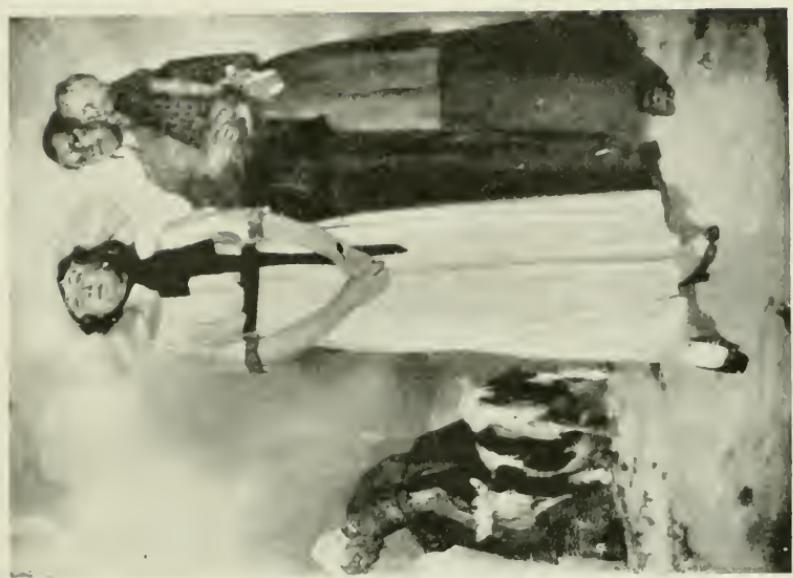
Unlike certain artists who resort to seclusion in order the better to concentrate their energies, Van der Hem has preferred to wander; he has in



"AT THE CIRCUS"

(Photo: Argus Photo Bureau, Amsterdam)

BY PIET VAN DER HEM



BY PIET VAN DER HEM

"WOMEN ON THE DUNES AT KATWIJK"

*(Augustus Photo Bureau, Amsterdam)*



BY PIET VAN DER HEM

"SPANISH GIRLIES"

*(Augustus Photo Bureau, Amsterdam)*

## Studio-Talk

fact roamed all over Europe intent on perfecting his talent, visiting Madrid, Rome, Paris and London, and even Russia; and many a souvenir of his travels ornaments his spacious studio at The Hague, where he has just settled. It was in Switzerland that I first learned to know the artist, by his vigorous and at times very daring drawings published in the Dutch pro-Ally newspaper "Nieuwe Amsterdammer," and I was curious to make his acquaintance. It was night when I called upon him, and when the electric light was switched on, the studio suddenly became alive with a number of figures which had been sleeping in frames; their eyes seemed to follow us, and the vibrant colours spoke of youth and joy. In his latest efforts the artist's personality asserts itself more and more and all traces of "influences" are on the point of disappearing. Sound judgment, a bold and vigorous technique, and a fine sense of composition—these are the qualities that have ensured for Piet van der Hem a prominent position among the Dutch artists of the present day.

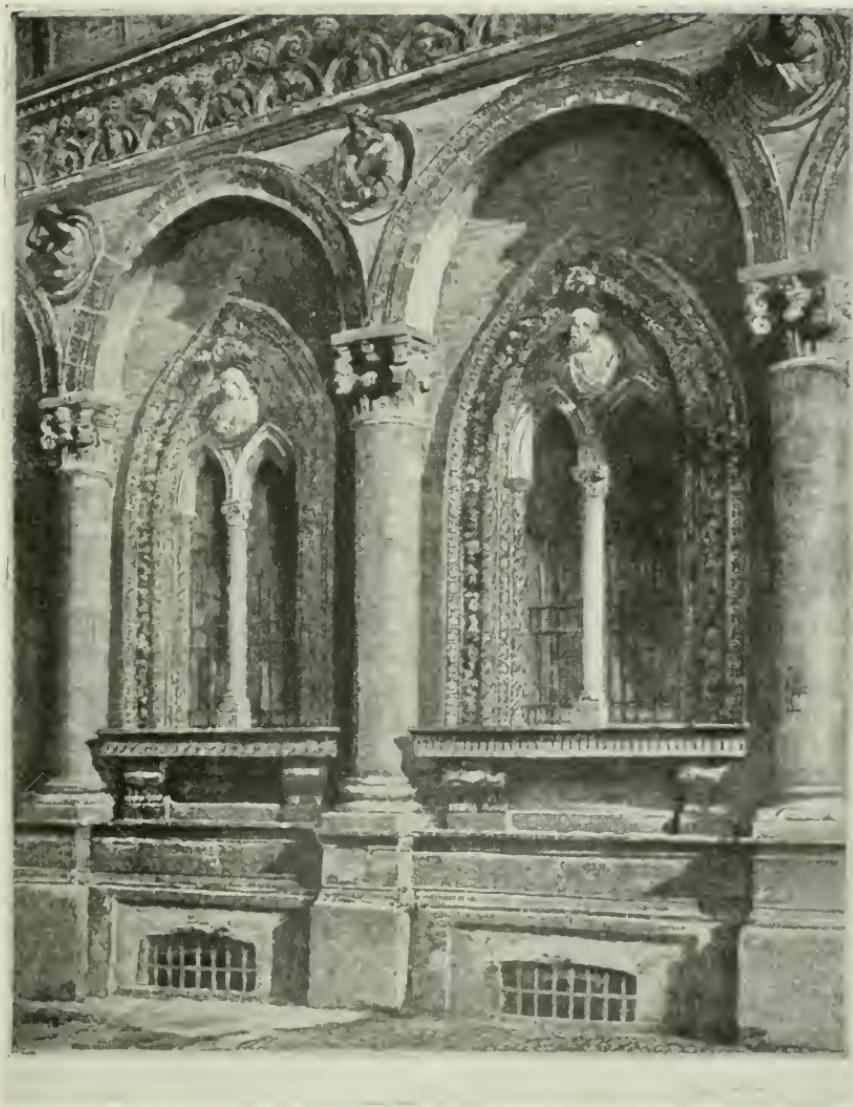
F. G.

**M**ILAN.—Carlo Casanova, whose work as an etcher is exemplified by the accompanying reproductions of four of his plates, has in the course of the few years he has devoted to this branch of art gained for himself a position of note among Italian *acquaforisti*. It was not until he had embarked on the career of engineer that art claimed his allegiance, and though from that time onwards he has practised painting with ardour, it is through his etchings that he is best known. His success in this field of work he attributes in large measure to the encouragement he received when some of his earliest efforts were recognised by being acquired for the Galleria Ambrosiana of Milan. In the meantime his prints have found their way to important collections, such as the Modern Gallery in Rome and the Regio Gabinetto delle Stampe, and are to be seen at all the principal exhibitions where black-and-white work is shown. As one of the leading members of the Associazione Italiana Acquaforisti e Incisori he



"THE SOUL OF THE CATHEDRAL (MILAN)"

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA



"THE WINDOWS OF THE OSPEDALE  
MAGGIORE (MILAN)" ETCHING BY  
CARLO CASANOVA



"CHIOGGIA (VENICE)"

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA

was represented in the exhibition which this body recently held in London at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, one of the prints contributed by him being *The Soul of the Cathedral*.

He excels in the rendering of architectural subjects, but these are not the only source of his inspiration —pastoral themes are successfully handled by him in numerous plates, and always with feeling.



"CAFÉ ORIENTALE (VENICE)"

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Lesson in Appreciation: An Essay in the Pedagogics of Beauty.* By FRANK HERBERT HAYWARD, B.Sc., D.Litt. (London and New York Macmillan). 3s. 6d. net.—This little volume is the first number of "The Modern Teacher's Series," planned and edited by Prof. W. C. Bagley, who, noting that there has grown up a demand for a kind of education that will help to raise the general standard of public taste, and drawing a parallel from the procedure of the engineer when called upon to execute some important undertaking, declares that the aim of the series is "to provide something akin to specifications for some of the more common tasks that the teacher is asked or commanded to assume." The problem handled by Dr. Hayward in this initial volume is the teaching of appreciation. He is concerned chiefly with poetry, but music and the drama, and the pictorial and plastic arts also fall within the scope of the essay, and his observations and suggestions are worthy of serious attention. He lays stress on the importance from the social point of view of inculcating appreciation of fine art, especially in view of the huge development of the cinematograph, which threatens, as he points out, to appropriate the very word "picture" to an inferior use. The assumption underlying his general argument is expressed in the dictum he quotes: "Aesthetic appreciation is not a natural sentiment," but though experience seems to support this assertion we are not disposed to accept it without qualification, and in so far as it is true we think it points to the chief difficulty which confronts the teacher who takes upon himself the task of instilling into his pupils a sense of beauty. We fully agree with the author, however, when he suggests that the teaching of appreciation would have its greatest value in connection with the products of industry, for as he truly observes "if there were a sounder appreciation of good craftsmanship by the general public, the status of good craftsmen would be raised owing to the greater demand for their work." As a thoughtful contribution to a subject of far-reaching importance we hope this essay will be widely read.

*Twelve Great Paintings. Personal Interpretations* by HENRY TURNER BATTLEY. (London George G. Harrap & Co.) 3s. 6d. net.—"Any work of art is great for me that promotes in me the greatest number of ideas which exercise and exalt my spirit." That is the keynote of Mr. Battley's "personal interpretations" of twelve masterpieces of which excellent monochrome illus-

trations are given in this volume, and it is an attitude which will find many sympathisers. His selection embraces works by Raphael, Titian, Palma Vecchio, Michelangelo, and Velasquez, among the Old Masters, and Turner, Corot, Whistler, and Burne-Jones among the moderns. The great Netherlands schools are left out, but the author does not, of course, put forward this selection as that of the twelve greatest paintings—to have done that would have been to challenge criticism from other standpoints than that which he has assumed.

*Practical Drawing.* By E. G. LUTZ. (London B. T. Batsford.) 6s. net.—As "a book for the student and general reader" this manual would be hard to improve upon. It should be especially helpful to the beginner, and more particularly the beginner who is his own master. Knowing that with the novice in drawing it is the initial stages that usually offer the most difficulty, the author devotes a preliminary chapter to the subject, and gives some useful hints on starting a drawing from the life. Charcoal and crayon drawing, pen-and-ink work, water-colour painting, are dealt with in turn, and there is an excellent demonstration of the principles of perspective which should save the student much worry. Pictorial composition, drapery, and lettering are specially considered, and there is much information as to materials.

*The Royal Academy Illustrated, 1916.* Published by authority of the Royal Academy. (London: Walter Judd, Ltd.) 2s.—Unlike the principal Continental academies and societies the Royal Academy has always abstained from issuing an illustrated catalogue of its summer exhibition, and until the present year it has been left to independent publishers to supply the demand for illustration in connection with this event. This year a change has been made, and instead of the publications of Messrs. Cassell & Co. and "Black and White," we have this quasi official compendium containing reproductions of more than two hundred of the works on view at Burlington House. It is handy in size, but as far as the actual reproductions are concerned we do not find any appreciable superiority as compared with the publications of previous years. Nearly 150 works by Members and Associates of the R.A. are illustrated.

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Mr. A. S. Hartwick desires us to state that the interior represented in his lithograph *The Sermon*, reproduced in our April number as the Seefelder Club's Lay Member Print for 1916, is the Priory Church of St. Peter, Dunstable, and not St. Albans Cathedral.

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE PENALISING OF ART.

"Another injustice to art!" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "Are we never to be given a chance? Are we always to be the target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?"

"What is the particular trouble now?" asked the Young Artist. "We have had so many injustices to put up with lately that I am beginning to lose count of them."

"Well, I was thinking about this new entertainments tax," said the Man with the Red Tie. "It seems to me an unfair imposition upon art shows, and I feel that it will press very hardly upon all classes of art workers."

"If you want my view of it, I consider it is imposed in an entire misconception of both the functions of art and the mission of the artist," declared the Young Artist. "I cannot follow the reasoning which would justify the application of such a tax to art exhibitions and I cannot possibly see how they can be made to come under the head of entertainments."

"That is because you do not understand the popular view of art," broke in the Art Critic. "You take art seriously, but to the ordinary man it appears only as an amusement, a frivolity which must be approached in a light and careless spirit. The practical person regards it as a useless and not particularly reputable luxury, and, as such, a legitimate subject for taxation."

"Then am I ranked with the other clowns as a mere provider of unnecessary amusement?" exclaimed the Young Artist. "Is that the position I occupy in the world?"

"I fear that a very large section of the public takes that view of you," agreed the Critic. "Clearly, it is the opinion of the Government—which presumably represents the feeling of the majority—that you are only an entertainer, and that if you are taxed out of existence no one will be much the worse for your disappearance."

"There you have it!" sneered the Man with the Red Tie. "Art is only a sort of grinning through a horse-collar, and if you will grin in these solemn times you must pay the penalty for being so unseasonably amusing."

"But I neither want to grin myself nor to make other people grin," protested the Young Artist. "I want to teach them something and to give them something to think about. I do take myself and my work quite seriously and I claim that I am an educator, not a mountebank."

"So you say," laughed the Man with the Red Tie; "but your fellow-men do not agree with you. There is no escape from the position which the world thrusts upon you: the more serious you are the more people chuckle."

"That is the pity of it," commented the Critic. "When an artist talks about the educational value of his work or the importance of his mission the public either marvel at his conceit or abuse him for the impudence of his pretensions. None of those practical, business persons, who boast so persistently that they form the backbone of the country, will ever allow him a hearing. They are quite confident that they can do perfectly well without him."

"But can they do without him?" demanded the Young Artist. "Is he not a necessary part of the social and industrial machine?"

"Certainly other countries seem to think that he is," returned the Critic: "it is only here that he is laughed at and taxed as a mere purveyor of comic interludes. Abroad, pains are taken even in war time to protect him and to encourage his activity. I know that in one at least of the enemy countries the State has taken art under its particular care, has subsidised artists, has provided funds to enable them to tide over their difficulties, and has spent money freely to develop new forms of artistic effort. I do not know of any country, except this, in which art has been systematically penalised on the score of economy or unjustly hampered by taxation on the ground that it is a luxury or an amusement."

"We are nothing if not original," jeered the Man with the Red Tie. "Anyhow, we seem to be quite incapable of understanding what are the needs of art, and we always, in dealing with it, choose the wrong road and the wrong method, if we possibly can."

"And what is the price that we shall have to pay in the future for our unique attitude?" asked the Young Artist.

"Time alone will show," replied the Critic; "but I fear it will be a heavy one. I fear that nations wiser in their appreciation of the value of art and with a juster sense of its importance will profit by our stupidity and take from us what by right should be ours. They are striving to keep it alive; we with our boasted commonsense and our wonderful idea of shrewd business devices are doing all we can to kill it. I have few hopes for the future: the outlook is depressing."

"Well, we shall deserve all we get," said the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

## SOME WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

All the Art world has been familiar with Mr. George Henry's accomplishments in oil since the year 1890, when, at Munich, he ruffled the Art orthodoxy by exhibiting a picture that marked the beginning of a new departure in painting. But it must not be forgotten that the artist has achievements to his credit in the water colour medium, that he was perhaps the first in a school to break the conventions in aquarelle, and a timely reminder was an exhibition of collected and recently executed drawings, finished studies for paintings, and original impressions, held a few weeks ago at Mr. Alex. Reid's gallery in Glasgow, a gallery long familiar with rare masterpieces in Art. And what more appropriate centre could have been selected for such an exhibition than the city in which the artist began his fruitful career, and where to-day, amongst his early contemporaries, conversant with every stage in his development, the most sincerely appreciative admirers of his genius are to be found?

Neither public appreciation, nor lack of it, can be regarded as an infallible criterion of enduring quality in the work of an artist; the nearest approach to incontestable claim is surely the reasoned judgment of those who have themselves become masters of the art and craft. Subjected to this test, George Henry's art work is indubitably endorsed. But apart from its technical appeal to the cultivated sense of the

artist, there are essential qualities in this art, particularly of tonal character, which appertain especially to the school to which it belongs—qualities always appreciated but only little by little understood, and pregnant with possibilities in a hustling, brain-fagging age. The art of George Henry, then, is likely to become increasingly interesting, important and influential.

With all this in mind, it was a rare privilege, a tonal exhilaration, to turn from the bustle and turmoil of the big city to the repose and calm of the Glasgow gallery, and there to linger over this choice composition, that alluring harmony; to forget all outside distractions in the seductive charm of colour enchantment, indulging the reflection that would come unbidden, to what conclusion would George Henry have carried expression in the delicate medium, with complete concentration,



"MAYFAIR"

BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

## Water-Colours by George Henry, A.R.A.

making excursion into the realm of oil, for experimental or recreative purposes only? It was an idle reflection! Our artist has too big a mind, too comprehensive a grasp, to be bound by the limitations and restrictions of any particular medium; and as if to emphasise this, there was introduced one big picture in oil, side by side with the finished water colour study of the subject, and would it be believed the extreme sensitiveness, the rare subtlety, the tender delicacy, belonged to the oil?

Whistler is said to have loitered half a day over his mixing-slab in quest of a particular but elusive colour. Henry seems to have the most magically appealing tints within easy call. There is nothing more luminously harmonious in art to-day than a finished Henry canvas: it is a tonal messenger, sent into a world of drabbiness, fit to dispel the doubt and gloom in danger of settling on men's minds, because of the contradiction of most firmly established traditions. It would not be too much to say that the sparkling purity of the artist's palette is a national as well as an individual asset;

in the days of ancient Greece it would have been a dedication to the State.

No less exhilarating and delightful are the water-colours dealing with Japanese life, character, incident, custom, costume, and colour—on the promenade, by the lake, at home, and at the theatre; and those which deal with Western subjects of landscape, sunlight, and figure. The actual and potential value of all such as this is beyond computation, for choice colour exercises an influence on temperament, aye and on character, quite incalculable. Have not French scientists demonstrated conclusively that colour cures are effectual in cases of temperamental disorder? And if colour has a curative faculty, what a world of mitigation must lurk in its charm when it is under the control of an artist so richly endowed with a sense of its pictorial value? It would require no undue flight of fancy to imagine a choice selection of Henry's water-colours placed in a sympathetically decorated breakfast-room and creating an atmosphere, an environment that would induce imperturbable good humour,



"ON THE RIVER BANK."

BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.



"LA CHIMÈRE" BY  
GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

## *Water-Colours by George Henry, A.R.A.*

stimulate the finer qualities of heart and mind, and temper the whole course of domestic and business life of those affected. Of all extraneous influences colour is indeed, perhaps, the most potent; this is becoming acknowledged freely in every direction, and to-day, when every humanising influence is essential in counteracting the world lapse to a spirit of barbarism, such acknowledgment is incalculably opportune.

It would be interesting, perhaps important, to trace the genesis and evolution of this seductive colour sense in the case of our artist, but a brief magazine article is hardly the medium for a speculation in psychology. Henry is an instinctive colourist, and he has carried the study of colour problems to an extreme extent. His advent in art synchronised with a period ripe for revolt against worn-out conventions, and he was strong enough to become a leader. The history of the great movement to which he belongs is comparatively well known, and so also are outstanding points in the artist's career, but a brief repetition of them will not be out of place.

He was born in the classic county of Ayr, and received his early art training at Glasgow. He was amongst the first associates in the movement that focussed the attention of the art world on the city during the two closing decades of the last century. He was elected Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1892, sojourned in Japan in 1893-4, attained to full membership of the Scottish Academy in 1902, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1907. These are incidental happenings in a career of uninterrupted advancement and achievement.

But unquestionably the visit to Japan is the strongest link in the chain of circumstance: it helped to cultivate and develop an acute colour sense, a supreme decorative quality which was conspicuous even in the early work of the artist; and with intellectual force unquestioned, he has, more perhaps than any other artist, inspired such sense, such faculty in the

work of others, without which modern Scottish painting would completely lack its characteristic virility. Is there a school, and has there been an art movement which has been productive of a contemporary quartette of colourists comparable with Crawhall, Hornel, Henry, and Melville? And in various respects Henry is the most subtle colourist of the group. He attacks, he overcomes colour problems with consummate skill and with apparent ease. There is a magical suffusion in his harmonies, extraordinary delicacy in his tones: there are daring yet unquestionably successful bright patches in his details, with keen, constant, clever appreciation of the decorative value of black: and association with a Henry harmony is perhaps only equalled in delight by the sensation that comes with the faultless rendering of a seductive musical symphony.



"AUTUMN SUNSHINE"

BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.



"A JAPANESE LADY." BY  
GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

## Water-Colours by George Henry, A.R.A.

*The Promenade, Tokyo*, in conception, scale, composition, technique and harmony, is surely the highest expression in the gentle art of water-colour drawing. Mark the unrivalled sensitiveness in the green and pink in parasol and kimono, the depth of tenderness in the distance blue, and the invigoration in that note of red in the cock's comb, a spot of incalculable value. This drawing should have found a place in a public collection; it is too valuable an asset in the humanising process that lies ahead to be buried in the seclusion of a private collection.

The versatility of this modern artist is exemplified in *At the Window*, as also George Henry's supreme mastery over colour. In an excess of reticence, in an all but monochromatic mood, the only departure from sensitive grey tones being the introduction of black in the sash and hat-band and the touch of green visible through the open casement, the artist has produced a scheme of rare decorative charm. This refined drawing was executed quite a decade ago, before Dame Fashion began to disconcert artists by extreme attenuation of skirts, and it is an incontestable demonstration of the decorative charm of grey.

The other drawings reproduced suffer as much from the absence of colour as the reported speech of the orator does from the lack of accent, but in subject, composition, and unerring draughtsmanship they are conspicuously interesting. In treatment, *A Japanese Lady* is a fine study. The drapery of the figure is projected against a background of identical tone, a favourite device of the artist's, yet the differentiation is complete, while the charmingly drawn head and coiffure, the beautiful red in waist-band, with faintest reflection of this in the fan, are all elements of charm in a delightful drawing. *On the River Bank* is rich in atmospheric feeling; *Mayfair* is charged with interest and restfulness in tonality; and *La Coiffeuse* with a measure of extreme delicacy; while *Autumn Sunshine* veritably scintillates with light. In *La Chimère*, as in the large oil for which it was the finished study, the arresting colour scheme, the striking pose, the well-drawn furniture, the carefully studied carelessness of background, are features in one of the recent masterpieces of the artist.

Much has been written on the "Glasgow School of Painters," authoritative and otherwise, and much no doubt remains to be written. The initial step in the movement may yet be assigned to a holiday trip and a month's study at Paris, undertaken by R. W. Allan in the year 1875; but this is controversial matter, and should

be eschewed in the closing sentences of a magazine article. It is too early to pronounce dogmatically on the exact position of each member in this interesting "School": when, however, the future historian, free from contemporary bias and favour, assigns respective places, George Henry, by reason of great achievement and profound influence exerted on art, will surely occupy a niche of undisputed distinction.

J. TAYLOR.

By the will of the late Mr. Henry James his portrait by Sargent reverts to the National Portrait Gallery. In Chelsea a movement is afoot to place a replica of the bust of the novelist by Mr. F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., in the public library to commemorate Mr. James's sympathy with Great Britain in its ordeal, and his choice of Chelsea with its literary and artistic traditions as his place of residence.



"LA COIFFEUSE"

BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.



THE PROMENADE, TOKYO   WATER  
COLOUR BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.



# RECENT ETCHINGS BY ZORN



"GULLI" (1914)

BY ANDERS ZORN

Of the earlier work of Anders Zorn as an etcher numerous examples have appeared in these pages or in our Special Numbers from time to time, and now by the courtesy of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach we are privileged to reproduce a few further examples which the eminent Swedish artist has produced within the last ten years. The nine plates of which reproductions are here given have been selected from a collection recently exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's galleries in New Bond Street—a collection embracing the majority of the plates which have issued from the artist's hands during the period named, only one of them—a portrait of Betty Nansen, the famous Danish actress—being dated anterior to 1906. The entire

series as there presented was of exceptional interest, both on account of the variety of subject-matter dealt with, and especially as showing that with the lapse of years (it is now more than thirty years since Zorn made his first experiments as an etcher in England under his fellow-countryman Axel Haig) there is no abatement of those intrinsic qualities which have made the artist's proofs so eagerly sought after by collectors. The portraits in common with the interesting and sympathetic studies of Swedish peasant types are remarkable for the power of characterisation which they disclose, while in those open air studies in which the nude model is the principal motif the artist's rare gift of rendering the human form is proclaimed.

TAFT  
PRESUS.



"PRESIDENT TAFT" (1911)  
BY ANDERS ZORN



"THE CROWN PRINCESS MARGARET OF SWEDEN" 1914. BY ANDERS ZORN



"VALKULLA" (1912)  
BY ANDERS ZORN



"DAGMAR" (1912)  
BY ANDERS ZORN



"THE LETTER" (1913)  
BY ANDERS ZORN



SELF-PORTRAIT 1910  
BY ANDERS ZORN



"AT PRAYER" (1913)  
BY ANDERS ZORN

"DEMOISELLE D'HONNEUR"  
1906, BY ANDERS ZORN



## *Miniatures in the Pierpont Morgan Collection*

### **M**INIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION.\*—IV. A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two or three years before his death, Mr. Morgan was able, by great good fortune, to secure a little group of miniatures which had been in the collection of James H. Leigh Hunt, and had never passed away from the family. They eventually belonged to Mrs. Cheltnam, the youngest daughter and last surviving child of Leigh Hunt; she died at an advanced age—nearly ninety—breaking a most interesting link with the past and closing a brave struggle in the face of adversity. Mrs. Cheltnam's maiden names were Jacintha Shelley Leigh Hunt Hunt, and the second name recalls her father's friendship with Shelley, whose epitaph he wrote, at the request of Byron, on the poet's tomb in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. She had married a Mr. Cheltnam, a draughtsman, who in later years had very much misfortune, and on his death at the age of eighty-nine some friends who were interested in her were able to obtain for her a small Civil List pension.

The portraits were all hitherto unknown. They included miniatures of Leigh Hunt himself, of Thackeray, and of Washington Irving. It is the last-named one to which we refer to-day. The miniature, according to Mrs. Cheltnam's statement, was painted in Paris, and in the early 1820's. It is therefore, in all probability, the missing work by Foy, which was painted of Washington Irving in 1824, and to which his nephew, Pierre, refers in the standard life, but which, from the time of Washington Irving's death, was entirely lost sight of.

Irving had but recently come over to Europe. His "Knickerbocker History of New York" was out in 1809. When he reached England, he met Mrs. Siddons, and alludes to her tragic art. In the theatre one night he heard of the death of Nelson. He was occupying a position in the firm of P. & E. Irving, and in possession of comparatively ample means, but in 1818 the firm went into bankruptcy.

Irving lost a great deal of money, but refusing with disdain a well-paid position as a secretary of the Navy which was offered him, determined to interest himself in literature to a greater extent than before, and to pass some further time in England and on the Continent. He refers to meeting Leslie and Newton in 1818, both of whom

\* The three preceding articles in this series appeared in our issues for November and December 1914 and October 1915 respectively.

painted his portrait, and to residing in Canonbury, and a little while afterwards he is heard of in Dresden and in Paris, and Pierre tells us that in the former place his portrait was painted by Vogel, and in the latter by Wm. Foy and Sieurac. It was the time of some of his best accomplishments; the "Sketchbook," the "Tales of a Traveller," and "Bracebridge Hall" all belong to this period, the books on Granada and the Alhambra coming later.

The portrait does not bear any great resemblance to the characteristic work of Sieurac, of whom we do not know very much save that he was born in Spain in 1780 and died near Toulouse in 1832. He was a pupil of Augustin, and especially interesting to English people as having painted portraits of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, both of whom went to see him in the South of France.

Foy, however, to whom we are disposed to attribute the miniature, is a still more perplexing figure, and the facts that we know concerning him are exceedingly scanty. We do know that he was in Paris in 1824, and that he was there for a couple of years. He first of all appears in England in 1829, taking up his abode at 28 Clarges Street, and exhibiting three pictures at the Royal Academy. He followed it by one more in the following year, and then he moved to 27 Howland Street, and exhibited several portraits at the Academy, including those of the Bishop of Derry (Richard Ponsonby) and his wife, Mrs. Devonshire, and Miss Hart. In 1835 he went back again to Clarges Street, and exhibited in that year, in 1838, and in 1839. He is then declared to have returned to Paris, and to have died shortly afterwards.

An engraving of Washington Irving, after a portrait by Sieurac, is known, and although the miniature in question has some resemblance to it, it is clearly not the original from which the engraving was taken. Sieurac may of course have painted a second portrait of Irving, but inasmuch as we know for certain that this picture was painted in Paris, and in the early 1820's, and we also know that Foy did paint a miniature of Washington Irving in Paris in 1824, and Pierre Irving saw it, we think there is little doubt that the miniature we are here concerned with is the one which has been lost ever since Irving's time, and has been safely preserved in the possession of the Leigh Hunt family, who regarded it as one of their greatest treasures.

On another occasion we hope to make reference to the two other portraits acquired at the same time by Mr. Morgan, both of them works of remarkable importance from a historical point of view.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.



PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.  
FROM A MINIATURE IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN  
COLLECTION AND FORMERLY IN THE POS-  
SESSION OF LEIGH HUNT ATTRIBUTED TO  
WILLIAM FOY



## *Line Drawings of Charles E. Brock, R.I.*

### THE LINE DRAWINGS OF CHARLES E. BROCK, R.I.

It is a curious feature of book illustration as ordained by publishers at the present time that the classic works of fiction can be divided into two categories—those which anyone may illustrate, and those which are the guarded preserve of the privileged few. The explanation is quite simple. There are certain books which have established so permanent and indefeasible a claim upon the public that a new edition of any of them is almost certain to sell, if not immediately, at all events in time. These are the volumes—"Robinson Crusoe," "Grimm's Tales," "The Arabian Nights" may be cited as obvious examples—which the book-seller groups conveniently upon a shelf labelled "Juveniles." A new public arises for them not merely with every generation but with every half or quarter generation—almost annually, indeed. The demand in consequence never ceases, though it may fluctuate, and with yet one more edition, though it be but indifferently illustrated, the publisher has always an excellent chance of "getting home," if not of scoring a positive success.

On the other hand there are classic works—and one is thinking, naturally, of English classics more particularly—the illustration of which seems resolutely denied to all but a favoured few. These are books which are bought to be read, and the standard which the would-be illustrator of them must satisfy is not only more exacting but different. There is no question here of the author being a mere excuse for the illustrator. Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Jane Austen furnish few pretenses to irresponsible artists for a display of private cleverness. Qualities are required which do not lie within every artist's scope. Perception and a power of sympathetic imagination are not enough; there must be loyalty too—a faithful adherence to the spirit as well as the letter of the author's text, and a willingness to submit to the restraint which that discipline imposes. Knowledge and experience not only of the technicalities of the illustrator's craft, but of men and things, are needed (it goes without saying) also.

There has arisen, however, in recent

years, a school of English illustrators well equipped to fulfil these requirements. Caldecott, of course, is their father, and very visible is his impress upon them. But even without the stimulating example of so wholly admirable a parent, one fancies the peculiarly English quality of the great Victorian authors must inevitably have secured from modern artists an adequate interpretation. That the inspiration of stuff so native should elicit no response is unthinkable.

Of several names which will occur to the reader as representative of modern English illustrators, it is quite certain that one of the foremost will be that of Mr. Charles E. Brock, an artist who has deservedly enjoyed a full share of opportunities to show his mettle. Mr. Brock's activities as an illustrator extend now over more than a quarter



"THREE GREAT SCHOLARS." ILLUSTRATION TO "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS," BY C. E. BROCK, R.I.  
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.)

## Line Drawings of Charles E. Brock, R.I.

of a century, for his first drawings were published in 1890, when he was twenty years old, and not a year has passed since without an abundant output from his facile pen. One says pen advisedly, for though Mr. Brock became a member of the Royal Institute in 1909, and many of his book illustrations have been in colour, his reputation rests principally and securely upon his admirable work in line.

His first work of importance was a long series of pen drawings for the humorous poems of Thomas Hood. These were published in 1893 by Messrs. Macmillan, who also issued, in the following year, over a hundred illustrations by the artist to "Gulliver's Travels." One of the latter is reproduced here, and furnishes interesting evidence not only of the high level of accomplishment which Mr. Brock attained in the earliest days of his career, but of the even, steady keel upon which that career has ever since been steered.

Few illustrators have experimented less in public than Mr. Brock, and though his technique has developed, naturally, with the passage of time, and of late years the ease and freedom of maturity have become increasingly apparent, in 1916 it remains, in essentials, what it was more than twenty years ago. These essentials are sound draughtsmanship and the thoroughness which comes of knowledge and capacity. Mr. Brock neither shirks nor glosses: he has no need of the expedients to which men less able are sometimes tempted to resort. This accounts largely for the consistency of his work. As a rule the contrast between works of the same hand which are separated by only a ten years' interval is startling enough. But no shock awaits the reader who compares the illustration to "Gulliver's Travels" just mentioned, or that to "The Prairie" dated 1897, with so recent an example of the artist's work as the sketch entitled "Poetry and Prose." The process here is reversed, and surprise is only created by the width of the interval between dates.

There is something very English about Mr. Brock's illustrations—a fresh vigour and robustness which is never strained, a frankness and candour in characterisation too forceful and direct ever to be sly, and a tolerant good humour which, if it

does not rise to satire, is equally incapable of malice. There is also to be noted a serious respect for the detail of his subject which is of a piece with that thoroughness of method which his mastery of the pen permits. It is natural that with such qualities as these an illustrator should find a congenial field in the great English novelists.

How truly Mr. Brock has found his *metier* in the Victorian classics, and how completely he has been absorbed by the latter, the long tale of books which he has illustrated clearly shows. Jane Austen was an author early entrusted to his care, and at one time or another he has illustrated all her novels. "Westward Ho!" was another early commission, followed in succeeding years by "Ivanhoe," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Whyte Melville and

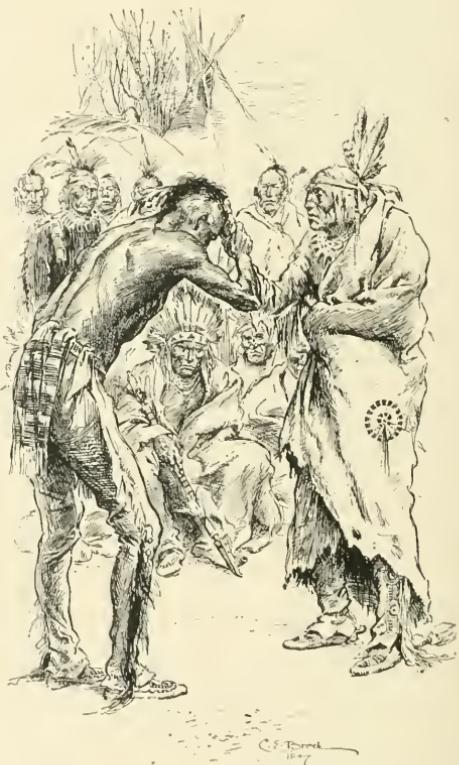
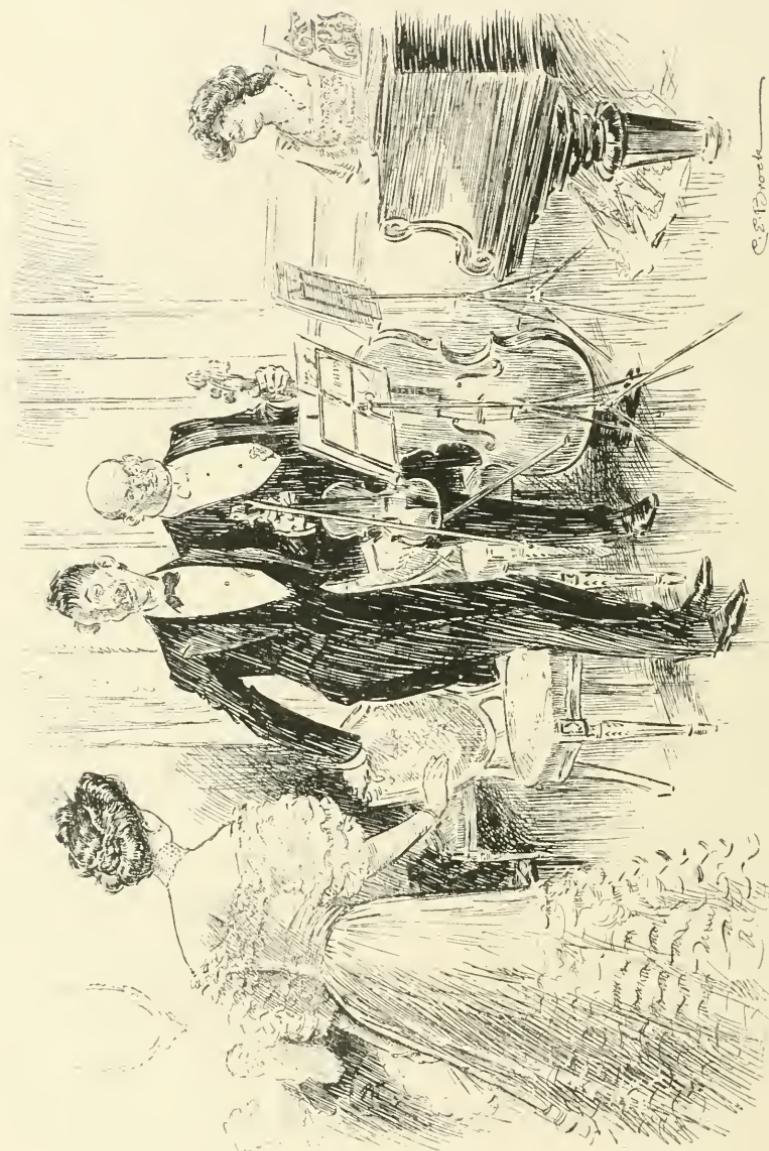


ILLUSTRATION TO FENIMORE COOPER'S "THE PRAIRIE,"  
BY C. E. BROCK, R.I.  
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.)



“POETRY AND PROSE.  
DRAWING FOR “ODD VOLUMES”  
BY CHARLES E. BROCK, RI



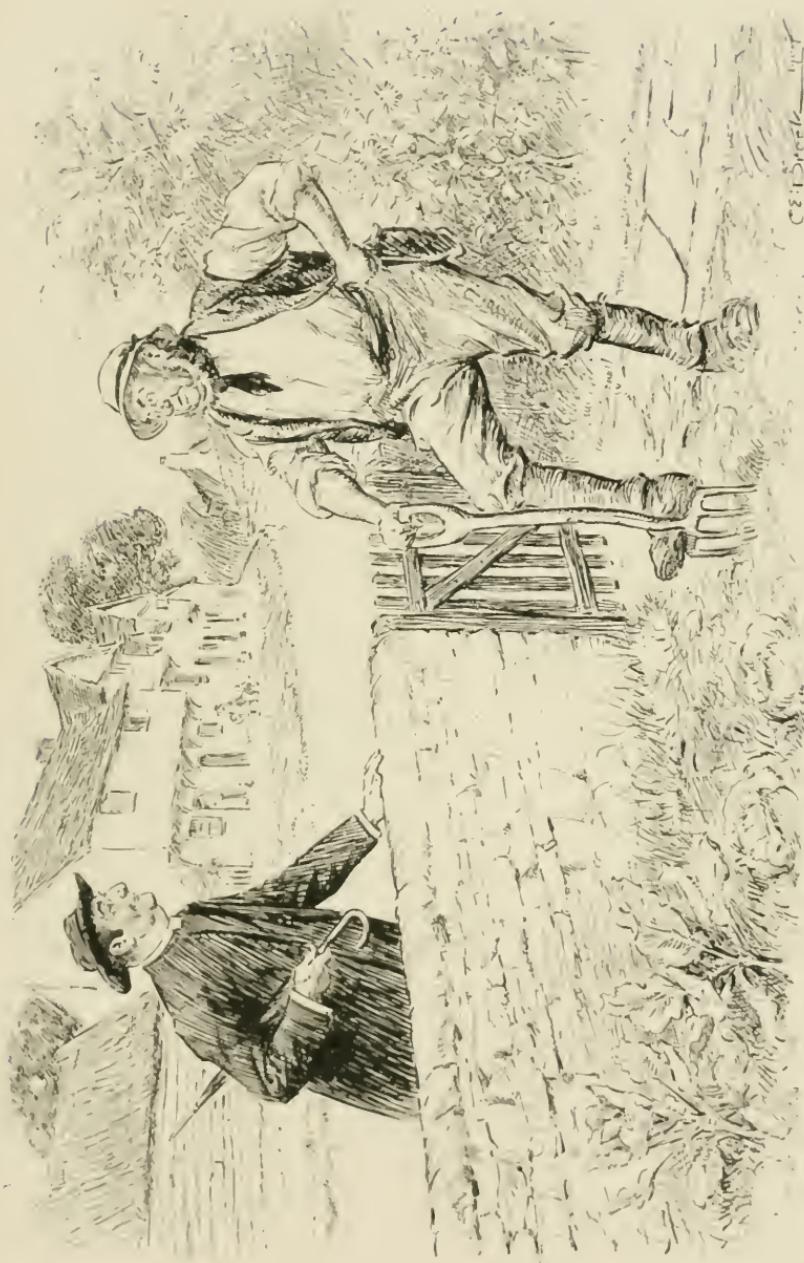
DRAWING FOR "PUNCH," 1905

VIOLINIST: "One of trio of amateurs who have just adjourned with rather lengthy performance": "Well, we've left off at last!"

HOSTESS: "Thank you so much!"

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

BY C. E. BROCK, R. I.



DRAWING FOR "PUNCH," 1899

THE VICAR: "Well, Giles, did you find my lecture dry last night?"

GILES: "Well, sir, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but when you stops in the middle to 'ev a swing, I says to my missus 'ear, 'car!'"

BY C. E. BROOK, R.I.

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

## *Line Drawings of Charles E. Brock, R.I.*

Charles Lamb are authors next upon his list, and then come Dickens, Thackeray (whose complete works he illustrated for Messrs. Dent), Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Mitford. American authors intervene, but their books are those which deal with English life—"Bracebridge Hall" (of course) and the Penelope books of Kate Douglas Wiggin. George Eliot's novels then figure, and "Lorna Doone" is inevitably included.

These are but a few excerpts from the astonishing record of Mr. Brock's industry. To give a full list of his activities would require far more space than is available here, and even a bare recital of book titles, long as that might be, would convey a quite inadequate impression. The present writer has had the curiosity to make a rough estimate of book illustrations alone produced by Mr. Brock over a period of twenty years, and finds that he has produced in that time well over two thousand. This might satisfy the most industrious; but the total takes no account of the artist's frequent work for "Punch," "The Graphic," and magazines galore.

Certain very English qualities in Mr. Brock's

work have already been suggested; to them must be added a closeness of application, and a steady pertinacity of effort, remarkable in themselves and doubly so when the high standard of excellence which the artist maintains is considered. It may be trite to speak of Mr. Brock "pursuing the even tenor of his way," but one can think of no phrase which more precisely sums him up. For though an exacting and fastidious critic might find it difficult to single out individual drawings of pre-eminent merit which showed the artist "at his best," quite certainly he would find it impossible to point, even amidst so prolific an output, to any bad work.

The fact is that Mr. Brock has no "best" or "worst." He is always himself, and there is no trace of affectation in either his method or intention. Lacking bias or pretence he has been able to steep himself in English traditions, and to reflect those traditions with sincerity in his work. If to be, in the true and comprehensive sense of the phrase, a representative English illustrator is an honourable title, Mr. Charles Brock has certainly earned that dignity.

A. E. JOHNSON.



"AN INTRUDER"



MR. HARDHEART FROM AN UNPUBLISHED  
DRAWING BY CHARLES E. BROCK, R.I.



"THE HONoured GUEST" FROM AN UNPUBLISHED  
DRAWING BY CHARLES E. BROCK, R.I.



"THE YOUNG POACHER. BY  
CHARLES E. BROCK R.I.





FIGURE STUDIES  
BY  
HERBERT DRAPER



STUDY FOR A DECORATION THE EVENING HOURS BY HERBERT DRAPER



STUDY OF LINE  
BY HERBERT DRAPER.



STUDY OF FIGURE TO FILL A  
SPANDREL. BY HERBERT DRAPER



STUDY OF FIGURE TO FILL A  
SPANDRIL. BY HERBERT DRAPER.

Study for an  
Elf.

Herbert Draper



STUDY FOR AN ELF.  
BY HERBERT DRAPER



STUDY FOR FIGURE IN A CEILING  
PAINTING. BY HERBERT DRAPER.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—Mr. William Cleverly Alexander, whose death occurred in the latter half of April, will be remembered in the history of nineteenth-century painting for his early appreciation of Whistler. His name will go down with the child-portrait which a consensus of opinion has established as the greatest of Whistler's works. For the masterpiece Miss Alexander is said to have given seventy sittings. "Puir lassie! pur lassie!" exclaimed Carlyle meeting her on the doorstep of the studio. Whistler was commissioned to paint all the members of the Alexander family, but the series did not develop beyond the picture in question and a half finished work of an elder daughter. He made designs in pastel for dresses for the ladies of the family. The deceased always gave his friends to understand that his loan of the Miss Alexander to the nation would by his will become a permanent gift. It is said that he once refused an offer of £1,000 for it. A

great frequenter of picture exhibitions, Mr. Alexander somewhat withdrew his patronage from modern art in his later years, but the few artists who then had dealings with him appreciated the high generosity with which he would arrange terms.

The death of Mabel Beardsley (Mrs. Bealby-Wright), sister of Aubrey Beardsley, was announced early in May. Her health had been a matter of the gravest anxiety to her friends for years. She was the author of some delicate papers on subjects relating to art and philosophy, and before marriage was well known on the stage. Without a marked gift with the pencil, she possessed in many ways the natural genius and original temperament shown by her brother. She was perhaps his only real confidant, and was certainly his truest friend.

We regret also to record the death from wounds while on active service in France of Lieut. Luke Taylor, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-etchers and Instructor in Etching and Mezzotint at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row. Mr. Taylor, who was born in 1876, studied at the Royal College of Art; an etcher of large pictorial vision and an admirable craftsman, his death is a serious loss to the Painter-etchers' Society, who only a few weeks before had to mourn the loss of Mr. Niels Lund, Mr. Taylor's locum tenens at the Central School.

To the Society's president, Sir Frank Short, the war has brought a cruel personal bereavement, his only son having died from heart disease brought about by exposure while on service at the Front after he had recovered from wound.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE WITH SILVER AND ENAMEL ENRICHMENT, BEGUN BY EDWARD SINGER AND FINISHED BY CHARLES MOORE OF THE ARSENAL, BIRMINGHAM.

The military portrait in modern times stands in a class by itself. It is generally commissioned by families whose ancestors have been in the services and who are more familiar with traditional portraiture than with the departures which have been made in the art by the most modern schools. Military men, too, are quicker to appreciate grasp of character in a portrait than any other quality, and they know when an artist has understood all that there is both of tradition and character in the English "military bearing." It may almost be said that the army has its own painter in Mr. St. Helier Lander, whose portrait of Sir William Robertson, now on view at the Royal Academy, we reproduce, together with another very characteristic specimen of his art. Since soldiers have been called so much from home it has sometimes happened that attempts to commission portraits from their favourite painter have come in at the rate of six a week. Besides General Sir William Robertson, distinguished sitters have been Field Marshal Lord French, General Sir Douglas Haig, General Sir Philip Chetwode, and Colonel Stanley Barry.

Mr. Lander studied at Julian's in Paris, under Bouguereau and Fleury, and at the Royal Academy School, which he left in 1893. For a while he painted at St. Helier's, Jersey. He came to London in 1905 and has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, an exhibitor with the International Society, the National Portrait Society, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and the Modern Portrait Society, to which he holds the office of honorary treasurer. He exhibits regularly at the Salon, receiving Honourable Mention.

An excellent example of metal work applied to commemorative purposes is the memorial tablet illustrated on page 111, which was designed and executed by members of the Artificers' Guild of Maddox Street. The tablet is erected in St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, of which Archdeacon Madden, the father of the brave

young officer whose noble death is recorded, was Vicar for many years. Mr. Joseph Armitage's memorial cross and other carved work (pp. 117-118) are good examples of modern craftsmanship in another material.

We referred in our last number to the exhibition of the International Society at the Grosvenor Gallery, and now give reproductions of two portraits by Mr. Strang and Mr. Lavery respectively, from this display. Mr. Nicholson's wonderful still-life painting, *The Hundred Jugs*, which we had hoped to include with these, cannot appear till later.

Military portraiture was a conspicuous feature of the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters recently held at the Grafton Galleries, where, besides Mr. Lander, works of this character were shown by Mr. George Harcourt, Lance-Corporal G. J. Coates, Mr. John Longstaff, Mr. R. G. Eves, Miss Flora Lion,



CAPT. DAVIDSON OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS  
BY J. ST. HELIER LANDER



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON  
BY J ST HELIER LANDER





THE NATIONAL GALLERY  
OF CANADIAN ART

"CYNTHIA KING FARLOW"  
BY WILLIAM STRANG, A.R.A.



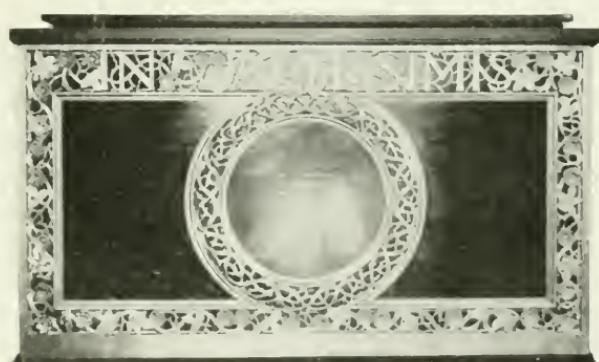
"THE LADY URSULA GROSVENOR"  
BY JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

(*International Society's  
Spring Exhibition 1916*)

Mr. William Logsdail, Mr. Herbert Olivier, Mr. Herbert Draper, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, Mr. Hugh Riviere. Amongst the general body of exhibits various portrait painters of note were represented by characteristic examples, notable items being Mr. Lavery's *Sir Edward Carson, M.P.*, *John Redmond, L.D.*, *M.P.*, and *Miss Eva and Asquith*; Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Miss Lili Elise*; Mr. Fiddes Watt's *Rev. Dr. Taylor*, Mr. Richard Jack's *Poems*, Mr. James Quinn's *Portrait of Self*, Mr. Melton Fisher's sketch of Colonel Guy Baring's little son *Edward*, and some portrait sketches by Mr. T. B. Kennington. But the chief attraction of this exhibition was the display of a collection of portrait drawings in charcoal by Mr. J. S. Sargent, exhibited here in aid of the Arts Fund. With but few exceptions one of them being the *George Meredith* dated 1896, these portrait drawings belong to recent years, a masterly study of *Earl Spencer, K.G.*, being probably the latest, as it bears the date 1916. The collection was of absorbing interest as revealing the master-hand at work in a medium which lends itself to spontaneity of expression.

The fifty-fifth exhibition of the New English Art Club, now drawing to a close at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, derives its chief interest from Mr. William Orpen's large canvas entitled *Wife Pattern - H. H. H.*, a work which, if rather distractingly as a picture, has the compensation of some fascinating play of colour and remarkably fine, I think, wood drawing of the nude. On the opposite wall hangs his other contribution, *A Man from the Arran Islands*. We seem to remember seeing this Arran islander before in a different guise and in association with

another and larger island, but however that may be—and it is not a matter of much importance—the painting is wonderfully effective. To Mr. Lucien Pissarro, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. C. J. Holmes, and Mr. Collins Baker respectively, the display owes its chief significance so far as pure landscape is concerned, and the last named artist is especially impressive in his *Barmouth Estuary*. The principal contributions to portraiture emanate from Mr. Augustus John, whose *G. B. S.* (initials which of course do not require to be deciphered) does the artist more credit than either his *Laughing Artilleryman* or *Mr. H. A. Barker*, "The Bonesetter"; Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, whose *Lydia* and *Mrs. Martin White of Baldruddery* are both very agreeable; Mr. Francis Dodd (*Mrs. Lucas*), Mr. W. Rothenstein, whose *Ernest Debenham, Esq.* is well characterised; and Mr. David Muirhead



CARVED FRONT OF ALTAR IN AMHERST SCHOOL CHAPEL, ASCOT.  
DESIGNED BY W. C. RIBS GREEN, F. R. L. B., AND JOSEPH ARMITAGE,  
AND EXECUTED BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE.



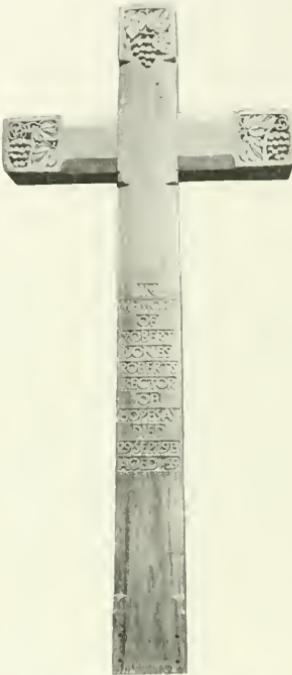
IMBIS IN RAIL PANEL, AT ST. MARY'S, NEWTOWN LINCOLN.  
PART OF A THEME OF WOODWORK IN MEMORY OF LADY LANE-GREY.  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE.

(*Mrs. Reginald Arkeil*), who is also seen to advantage in two attractive figure-subjects, *Study of a Girl at a Window* and *Girl at a Mirror*. Mr. Wilson Steer's marine studies, *The Return of the Fishing Fleet* and *Harwich*, are scarcely so interesting as his work usually is, although they show a very subtle appreciation of atmospheric conditions. Reminiscences of the war are not numerous, the most notable perhaps being Mr. Nevinsion's painting *On the Road to Ypres*, in which a rectangular mode of treatment is used with dramatic effect. The Black and White room, always worthy of study at these exhibitions, is on this occasion kept well up to the average by the contributions of Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Maresco Pearce, Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. Sydney Lee, and others.

At the Leicester Galleries one room last month was occupied by a collection of fifty sketches in colour by the late Mr. Douglas Almond, R.I., labelled *Brittany in War Time*, but as our readers will doubtless remember the interesting article which Mrs. Almond contributed to our pages last September, and which was

illustrated by reproductions in colour of several of these sketches by her talented husband, comment is unnecessary. In another room a series of sixty-odd water-colours by Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor E. Handley-Read of *The British Firing Line* impressively reminded one of the cataclysmic character of the struggle on the western battle-front. Mr. Handley Read is an able landscape artist, and in these sketches he has concerned himself almost wholly with landscape effects; the human element is rarely in evidence, and it is the scene and results of the strife, and not the strife itself, that he depicts. More eloquent than a

column of descriptive writing are his drawings of Ypres, reduced to an "abomination of desolation" by the fire of great guns. The third room at these galleries contained a large collection of portrait-drawings by Mr. W. Rothenstein, interesting alike on account of the sitters and as essays in characterisation.



MEMORIAL CROSS OF ENGLISH OAK  
ERECTED IN HOPESAY CHURCHYARD,  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY  
JOSEPH ARMITAGE

idylls of Giorgione and Titian were created. This is the category in which Mr. Shannon's picture *Hermes and the Infant Bacchus* must be placed. Certainly his powers have never been better illustrated than in this noble work. He has treated the whole subject as a splendid decorative panel, and its decorative qualities are not gained by any sacrifice of life or movement. The whole conception is carried out with unity of design and harmony of colour. Few if any other artists to-day could work out so complete, so rhythmical a design for a tondo like this, and the colour too is admirably suited to its subject.



HERMES AND THE INFANT BACCHUS  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY  
CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.



"COUNTESS WHIR" WATER-COLOUR BY HESTER FROOD



(The property of F. L. Cyanat, F. G.)

**E**DINBURGH.—In reviewing the ninetieth Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, one is led intuitively to comparison with the past. Since Sir James Guthrie was elected to the Presidential Chair it has been the practice to devote a considerable proportion of the wall-space to specially invited work indicative of the means of art expression employed by English and more particularly by Continental workers. There can be no doubt that the object of this movement was a correct one; it tended to develop thought, to a broader and more comprehensive outlook on Nature and a fuller knowledge of the methods by which she could be interpreted. This year, however, war conditions have limited the area of choice, and the oil-paintings, with half a dozen exceptions, are by British workers. Lucien Simon's *Wrack Burners* one would not willingly miss, otherwise the foreign work is quite unimportant. Of the English work Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Librarian of Cambridge University would convey distinction to any exhibition; there is Mr. Richard Jack's powerfully expressive *Homeless*; Mr. Clausen's *Renaissance*; Mr. Ambrose McEvoy's *Virginia Graham*; a couple of brilliantly painted portraits by Mr. Orpen; a charming pastoral by Mr. Sims; and the intensely interesting *Pavillon d'Armide* by Mrs. Laura Knight, whose art is represented by this and ten water-colours that are a striking testimony of her interpretative skill in dealing with widely different subjects.

The Scottish work, the exhibition of which is the chief function of the Academy, not only maintains the excellent traditions of the past but is remarkably free from any taint of insincerity or sensationalism, without being conventional or insipid. Pure portraiture, though not bulking largely, is good in quality; figure-subjects and genre occupy a strong position, and there are a number of excellent landscapes—always a feature of Scottish exhibitions. The President, Sir James Guthrie, sends three portraits, of which the principal is that of the Earl of Moray garbed as a country gentleman, simple yet forceful, reticent and sincere. Mr. E. A. Walton's only contribution in this domain is his portrait of Dr. Inglis Clark, a well known Scottish scientist. Mr. Fiddes Watt is not at his high-water mark in either of his three portraits: the best is his Lord Dundas, in which the judiciary robes are well painted. Mr. James Paterson's versatility is shown in the portrait of a lady in blue dress, and other portraiture of note is Mr. Lintott's self-portrait; Mr. Greiffenhangen's

portrait of his colleague, Mr. Newbery, very able, but a little too revealing; Mr. David Alison's refined portrait of a lady, and a strikingly capable one of Brigadier-General Kays.

Some of the figure-work and genre is associated with the war. Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid's large canvas depicting mud-soiled Belgian soldiers returning at dawn from a night in the trenches is excellent in spirit and composition, but would gain in forcefulness were more variety of type expressed in the soldier figures. Mr. Lavery's London Hospital interior, which was so popular at the Royal Academy last year, has been as great an attraction in Edinburgh, and Mr. Charles H. Mackie shows very vividly the scene of murder and rapine at the burning of Aerschot. Mr. Robert McGregor's *War Baby* has on the surface at least a more joyous note than usually characterises his work. The undertone of sadness however is present. No Scottish painter excels Mr. McGregor in his drawing of the figure; every line has its expression and repeats are rare. This picture will rank with his finest work. It is a far cry from these present-



"RONA"

BY DOROTHY JOHNSTONE  
(Royal Scottish Academy)



"A WAR BABY"

BY ROBERT MCGREGOR, R.S.A.



"WAVING POTATOES"

(Royal Scottish Academy)

BY W. MARSHALL BROWN, A.R.S.A.

day war subjects to the legendary fights of mythical times, and Mr. John Duncan realises this in his *Valkyries*, and means the beholder also to realise it, by his manner of treatment representing a small troop of these warriors each coursing with a dead hero to Valhalla, as a purely decorative subject with no relation to actuality.

Mr. Robert Burns's *By Candlelight* is a strongly accentuated realisation of the effect of artificial light on the figure of a lady standing by a piano, rose pink with blue shadows, and Mr. Robert Hope's *A Queen of Pageant* is effective not only in the arrangement of the figures but in the fine scheme of quiet lighting by sunshine through a window. Mr. Eric Robertson's *Beauty Luxuriant* shows a capacity for artistic effect that augurs well in such a young painter, and Miss Dorothy Johnstone has achieved another success in her *Rona*, different in style from anything she has yet exhibited. Mr. Marshall Brown makes a very decided forward step in his large canvas *Waling Potatoes*. Not only is it an excellent composition, as the illustration shows, but a purer colour has

with advantage been employed than has characterised most of his previous work. In addition to his Belgian Nuns picture seen at the Royal Academy last year, Mr. Gemmell Hutchison has an attractive study of two little children against a background of greenery, a type of picture in which he excels.

Landscape painting maintains the high level of the Scottish school, and there is no lack of variety in its treatment. An imposing decorative panel is Mr. E. A. Walton's *Warden of the Marshes*—an East Anglian landscape its title would imply—charming in its combination of colour, romantically rendered in the foreground, from which there rises a group of tall, sparsely foliated trees into a lofty sky with heavy cloud masses near the horizon. The charms of evening light are realised with that fine sensitiveness which is so characteristic of the work of Mr. Lawton Wingate, notably in his *Summer Evening*, and Mr. Robert Burns is no less successful in his large landscape *The Castle*, in which Edinburgh's ancient fortress is seen towering through the gloom in a majesty of form not



"MOONRISE ON THE DORNOCHE FIRTH"

(Royal Scottish Academy)

BY WILLIAM WALLS, R.S.A.



"BALTILEE FARM, CERES"

(Royal Scottish Academy)

BY MASON HUNTER, A.R.S.A.

always evident in the prosaic light of common day. Mr. Campbell Mitchell is also among the sweet songsters of the night with a landscape of veiled beauty. His *North Gyle*, serene yet pensive, is touched with the first wreaths of the coming winter snows.

Mr. Lawton Wingate, in addition to his landscapes, shows a group of white Japanese anemones in growth, and Mr. William Walls, also stepping aside from his accustomed path, exhibits, in addition to an altogether delightful study of a lion's cub at play, a moonlight scene on Dornoch Firth, a romantically conceived treatment of landscape. Notable also are Mr. A. K. Brown's tenderly litined Highland winter evening scene, Mr. Robert Horne's aerially expressive view of North Edinburgh with the Fife hills on the horizon, Mr. Robert Noble's *Bender Kepp* rich in colour, Mr. John Menzies' *On the Banks of the Tine*, juicy and translucent in its green foliage, Mr. Charles H. Mackie's brilliant Conway landscape and still more rhythmic shore scene, and Mr. W. M. Frazer's tenderly phrased *Land in the Pans*.

Mr. Mason Hunter, continuing his studies at Ceres, gives three versions of landscapes in that

locality, all marked by finer composition and greater cohesion than his previous work. The best of these, *Baltilee Farm, Ceres*, is beautifully co-ordinated both in colour and composition. Mr. James Paterson's *Morning in the Coolins*, with its tremendous precipices and riven rocks, is a powerful presentation of elemental force. Mr. Archibald Kay, one of the new Associates, justifies his election by an attractive view of the picturesque river Leny, and Mr. Henderson Tarbet realises an autumn Highland scene when October paints the foliage red and russet. Mr. James Cadenhead has exhibited nothing finer than his moorland scene, quiet, remote, almost sad. In Mr. J. H. Lorimer's *September* the ordered profusion of wealth in a flower-lover's garden is happily realised. Skittul as ever in his interiors Mr. P. W. Adam presents as few painters could do the dignity and repose of the Edinburgh Signet Library.

The water colour room, though containing many excellent drawings, is really dominated by the ten exhibits sent by Mrs. Laura Knight, already referred to. Of the other pictures the most notable are Mr. Duddingstone Herdman's small but tenderly expressive moonlight scene, Mr. R. B. Nisbet's



"ON THE DIGUE"

(Società degli Acquerellisti Lombardi, Milan)

BY RICCARDO GALLI

*Northern Harbour*, and Mr. Robert Hope's decorative landscape. In the Black and White Room are a number of drawings connected with the war. The Sculpture Hall is largely occupied with a collection of portrait busts by deceased Scottish sculptors brought together by Dr. MacGillivray, who is trying to interest the public in a domain of art that has not yet come to its own in Scotland.

A. E.

**M**ILAN.—The recent exhibition of the Società degli Acquerellisti Lombardi, held in the rooms of the Palazzo Cova, achieved an immediate and complete success. This was obviously due to the excellent and really high quality of the work exhibited, but also, in part at least, to the admirable organisation of this Society—which it has been my privilege to follow in the pages of this journal through its successive exhibitions since 1912. At Venice in that year I admired especially the *Triumphalis Hora* of the President of the Society, Commendatore Sala—a masterly vision of

the interior of Milan Cathedral—the water-colours of Ferrari, Rossi, Galli, Emilio Borsa and Maserini, as well as Cesare Fratino, a young painter who first attracted my notice in this exhibition.

All these artists are still to the front in the work of the Society, and exhibited in the Palazzo Cova last month. The President once more asserted his entire mastery of the water-colour medium in eight fine paintings. The delicacy of tone and vision, the vaporous quality of Paolo Sala's work are its distinguishing features, and were in evidence in his *Triumphalis Hora*, in those scenes of the Lago Maggiore and of London which have been reproduced in the pages of THE STUDIO, and are to be found in the works now exhibited—the *Regatta on the Thames*, *Banks of the Lambro*, the *Church of Val Malenco*, and *On the Longhin*. Paolo Sala is an enthusiast for his art, which he loves for itself in its purity and entirety, and like all the best of the modern British landscape-painters, he searches instinctively and indefatigably for atmosphere. From Rome Onorato Carlandi



"THE BANKS OF THE LAMBRO"

BY PAOLO SALA



"ON THE LON HIN (MALOA)

*Concilio di figure (in earth, Mien)*

BY PAOLO SALA



"MAREGGIATA"

(Acquerellisti Lombardi, Milan)

BY RENZO WEISS

sent four, and from Tuscany Plinio Nomellini five water-colours; the work of both artists is well known to readers of *THE STUDIO*.

The Society is to be congratulated on having had this year among its guests Mr. John Sargent, R.A., whose two paintings—*The Bed of the Dora at Piardud* and a portrait of the painter Rafaelle—were a revelation to the Italian public. Mr. R. Anning Bell, a master of beautiful figure-work decoratively conceived, sent a delightful scene from Shakespeare's "Tempest."

But it is after all the Lombard artists who form the mainstay of these exhibitions, which are and should always remain—even with the added charm of outside art—distinctively characteristic of Milan and Lombardy. Here Leonardo Bazzaro comes at once before us. The water-colour work of this Milanese artist maintains the vigour and individuality of his oil-work, very notably in his *Traghetto at Chioggia* and *Mercato delle Zucche*. Emilio Borsa excelled in this exhibition in his *Snowstorm at Monza* and *Wet Weather in Venice*, with the corner of the Ducal Palace seen from across the Piazzetta looking seawards, and the cleverly handled reflections of wet upon the pavement.

The Secretary of the Society, Sig. Renzo Weiss, who has contributed so much to its success, came forward magnificently this year in a fine series of works, among which I note especially his *Mareggiata*, a wild sea beating on the coast, and *After the Storm*. Another of this artist's paintings in this exhibition, *Parco*, has been acquired for the Gallery of Modern Art in the Castello Sforzesco of Milan, as well as the *Frivoltà Settecentesca (Gaieties of the Eighteenth Century)* of Giuseppe Galli.

Cesare Fratino also handled the *Settecento* here with something of the romantic quality of Emma Ciardi; and there were other artists present who should by no means be passed over—Emilio Gola in his portrait and landscape work, Roberto Borsa (*Saltimbanchi*), Riccardo Galli (*Sulla Diga*—a scene on the canals), Luigi Rossi in his delightful *Riposo*—peasant girls taking their midday siesta—and his *Child and Dog*, Feragutti Visconti in *Two Neighbours, Two Enemies*, Angelo Landi (*Ritratto di Bimba*), Lodovico Zambeletti (*At the Toilet*), Grubicy de Dragon, Giovanni Greppi in his *Valley with the Birch Trees*, and Antonio Piatti in his wild embrace of plunging Centaurs, conceived with something of the intensity of Professor Tito's imaginings of these mythic beings.

In spite of war conditions this admirably organised exhibition has met with the success it deserved. Nearly half the works exhibited were sold some time before the exhibition closed, and a large sum has been realised in aid of those who have suffered the loss of sight in fighting for Italy and her Allies.

S. B.

### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*English Mural Monuments and Tombstones.* Selected by Herbert Batsford. Introduction by Walter H. Godfrey, F.S.A. (London: B. T. Batsford Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—This volume contains eighty four excellent collotype reproductions of wall tablets, table tombs and headstones of the 17th and 18th centuries, selected by Mr. Herbert Batsford as representative of the beautiful and traditional types preserved in the parish churches and churchyards of England, and the collection is one which the modern designer and executant of memorials of this kind, for whom the volume is chiefly intended, would do well to study carefully. To makers of monuments the stupendous conflict now being waged has brought unprecedented opportunity for the exercise of such talents as they possess, and it behoves them to quit themselves in a manner worthy of the great occasion. As a help to that end, they cannot do better than familiarise themselves with the memorials which our ancestors have bequeathed to us. The period to which Mr. Batsford's selection belongs was peculiarly rich in the creation of monuments which in dignity of design contrast strikingly with the garish productions of the period succeeding it. The Napoleonic wars have left us with but few memorials that excite our admiration, and in the interval commercialism has exercised a debasing influence on the craft of the monumental mason. As the volume before us is expressly intended "for the use of craftsmen and as a guide in the present revival of public taste," we are inclined to think that this object would have been furthered if the illustrations had included a few examples of the type of memorial which the designer and craftsman of to-day should endeavour to avoid, although it is true that they have no need to go far afield to find such examples in abundance.

*Oxford.* By ANDREW LANG. With illustrations in colour by George E. Carline, R.B.A. (London: Seeley, Service & Co.) 12s. 6d. net.—Though many years have elapsed since this book of Andrew Lang's made its first appearance after coming out serially in the "Portfolio," it is just as readable now as then. The author did a prodigious amount

of literary work during his career, but his writing always retained that charm which in combination with an erudition above the ordinary made his books and essays so acceptable to the intellectual type of reader. The colour plates by Mr. Carline, presenting various aspects of the famous seat of learning, form an agreeable addition to the reprint.

*Saints and their Emblems.* By MACRICE and WILFRID DRAKE. (London: T. Werner Laurie.) £2. 2s. net.—This dictionary of saints and their emblems has been compiled by the authors of "A History of English Glass-Painting," mainly for the use of artists and craftsmen who are concerned with ecclesiastical art of various kinds and who often encounter much difficulty in the proper representation of sacred figures—more particularly those of the lesser known saints in the Calendar. They have followed Dr. Husenbeth's dual method of indexing, giving first an alphabetical list of saints' names and secondly an index, also alphabetical, of the emblems proper to them, but whereas Dr. Husenbeth's list comprises only some 1500 names theirs comprehends about three times that number. The appendices contain lists of patriarchs, prophets, and sibyls with their emblems, of patron saints of arts, trades, professions, and other categories, and those invoked for special occasions. We have no hesitation in endorsing the commendation of the author's work which Mr. Aymer Vallance utters in his brief foreword, where he speaks of the volume as "the result of long and conscientious study," and as such vindicating its claim to usefulness. The book is printed on superior paper and is neatly bound; and by way of illustration it contains a dozen plates, some of which are in colour, from drawings or photographs of windows etc. in which the figures of saints appear.

*M. Rodin's Whistler Memorial.*—Mr. William Heinemann and Mr. Joseph Pennell, Hon. Secretaries of the Committee of the Memorial to Whistler, organised by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, have communicated to us the following letter received from M. Rodin, dated April 13th, 1916.

Le Monument Whistler ait presque fait lorsque la guerre est venue, et je n'y plus travaillé. C'est la première chose que je vais faire sit que j'aurai un peu le temps. Je ne pourrai répondre à vos amis récepteurs en ce moment, mais six mois après la guerre terminée, le monument pourra se mettre à Londres. Cess six mois, je les compté pour la fonte de bronze, risque à recouvrir de quelques mois. — A.R. RODIN.

They add that the entire sum required for the memorial has been collected, invested and placed in the hands of trustees.

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART AND AFFECTATION.

"I WONDER if there is any offence against artistic propriety worse than insincerity," said the Art Critic. "It always seems to me that the artist who does not work honestly and with real conviction is to be accounted a traitor to right aesthetic principles."

"If by insincerity you mean the wilful evasion of his artistic obligations, I am quite ready to agree with you," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "The artist, I take it, holds in the modern world a position of unquestionable responsibility, and must always do his duty to the best of his ability."

"But this duty is not the same for all artists; you must not forget that," objected the Young Painter. "It would not be fair to accuse a man of insincerity because you did not like the character of his work or merely because his point of view and his methods differed from those adopted by other people."

"Of course not," agreed the Critic. "Every artist is entitled to interpret the rules of art in the way that expresses best his personal sentiment; all I ask is that this sentiment shall be seriously felt and honestly applied. I do not mind even if it is fanatically insisted upon: fanaticism is merely a good quality carried to excess by a man who believes vehemently in himself, and the worst that can be said of it is that it is an exaggeration of sincerity."

"Oh yes, I can forgive the fanatic, though he bores me unutterably," said the Young Painter; "but still I do not see why the rules of art that you speak of should be fanatically applied. I believe in freedom of thought, in unconventionality, and in originality of manner and method. Art ought not to be governed by hard and fast laws, and certainly should not be stereotyped."

"Quite so. I applaud your sentiments," laughed the Critic. "But when you claim freedom of thought I presume that you really mean that your intention is to think for yourself and to put yourself into your work. You are not going, for instance, to make the mistake of adopting the thoughts of other people and of pretending that they are your own?"

"I hope not," returned the Young Painter. "I do not like secondhand inspiration. If I tried to adopt the thoughts of another person or to use the ideas of someone else I should feel like an ass in a lion's skin."

"You would rather let people see you just as you are than hide conveniently behind someone greater than yourself," chuckled the Man with the Red Tie. "Well, I think we can call that true sincerity."

"It is not the only form of sincerity, though," argued the Critic; "and it is not even the most important. The ass who pretends to be greater than he is by nature is very soon found out and pays promptly enough the penalty for his conceit. The sincerity that I value more highly is the one that keeps the whole character of an artist clean and wholesome and free from affectations and that urges him always to do his best, whatever his circumstances may be, and even at the cost of much self-sacrifice."

"Art for art's sake; is that your idea?" asked the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, more or less," replied the Critic. "It is certainly for the sake of art that a man struggles against misrepresentation and want of popularity to get other people to accept things in which he devoutly believes; it is certainly not for the sake of art that another man adopts tricks and sensational devices to secure a sort of spurious popularity; and it is assuredly not with any creditable artistic intention that an artist who has proved himself capable of fine accomplishment diverges into incompetent eccentricities to please a gang of weak-minded followers, who are ready to applaud everything he does as the work of a genius."

"You mean that an artist must never lower his standard either of thought or practice," suggested the Young Painter.

"That, and more than that," agreed the Critic. "I mean that an artist must have no pretences, that he must have no affectations either of mind or method, that he must be frankly the product of his own time and his own surroundings. If he poses as the possessor of primitive innocence and a child-like intelligence he is only affecting a sham aloofness from the facts of the world about him; if he puts on a deliberate uncouthness of executive performance he is only pretending that he never went to an art school and never learned his trade; if he rushes into extravagances of practice he is professing to believe in things which at heart he knows to be ridiculous. I want him to avoid such stumbling-blocks in the way of true progress, to be honest and always do his best."

"Yes, but perhaps we are not all built that way," hinted the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

## *Some Pastels by George Sheringham*

### **SOME PASTELS BY MR. GEORGE SHERINGHAM.**

THERE is a great deal of nonsense written about pastel by critics who have not taken the trouble to study the medium—in criticisms of exhibitions of pastel paintings it is common to see this or that type of work praised as correct and legitimate and other types dismissed as departures from technical propriety or as misapplications of the process. Such attempts to limit the scope of pastel and to fetter with conventions the freedom of the artists who use it in their work are the more to be deplored because they are inspired by the ill-informed opinions of the critics themselves and are founded neither upon knowledge of the history of the medium nor upon understanding of its capacities. Dogmatism of this sort is as harmful as it is misleading.

For, really, there are no rules which can be laid down for the management of pastel. It is a medium which can be applied in almost any way which suits the personality of the artist, and which

can be handled in whatever manner may fit best the intention of his art or the character of the work on which at the moment he may happen to be engaged. It can be carried far and elaborately finished, or it can be treated slightly and sketchily to suggest the facts of the subject chosen. It can be used broadly and in masses like a painting medium or with the line method of a drawing; and there is hardly any class of subject which cannot be realised and expressed with its assistance.

No better illustration of the adaptability of pastel to a particular purpose could be desired than is afforded in the works by Mr. George Sheringham which are reproduced here. These decorative fantasies depend essentially for their effect upon the right adjustment of lines and masses and upon the well-considered placing of colour spaces: they demand little in the way of realistic representation of fact, and require no high degree of surface finish and no elaboration of execution for elaboration's sake. Their charm lies in their daintiness of suggestion and in what may be called their speculative interest, in the



## Some Pastels by George Sheringham

power, that is to say, which they have of stimulating imagination and of rousing an aesthetic emotion in the people who see them. To claim attention on the ground that they give evidence of laborious application, or that they are the outcome of long and careful preparation, is not their aim; they are the spontaneous revelations of the artist's ideas, impressions in which he has made apparent his own personal sentiment, and it is because they reveal how deeply this sentiment is impressed upon his mind that they make so convincing an appeal.

In recording such spontaneous ideas it is obvious that spontaneity in the medium chosen is essential. And it is just this spontaneity that is the distinguishing quality of pastel when it is used as Mr. Sheringham uses it. There is in his touch a freshness that is very acceptable, a promptness that is extremely significant; he neither fumbles nor hesitates; what he sets down has always just its right place in the scheme of his work and makes just its correct contribution to the final result. There is nothing superfluous, nothing that could be taken away without perceptibly decreasing the meaning of the design and diminishing the strength of the aesthetic message it is intended to convey; and yet with all this economy of statement the decorative sufficiency of everything he does is never to be questioned.

Clearly, this completeness of result would be impossible if the medium did not respond fully to the demand that he makes upon it. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine how with any other painting process he could have made so persuasive a fantasy like *The Persian Vase*; oil painting would have been too ponderous and too formal for so

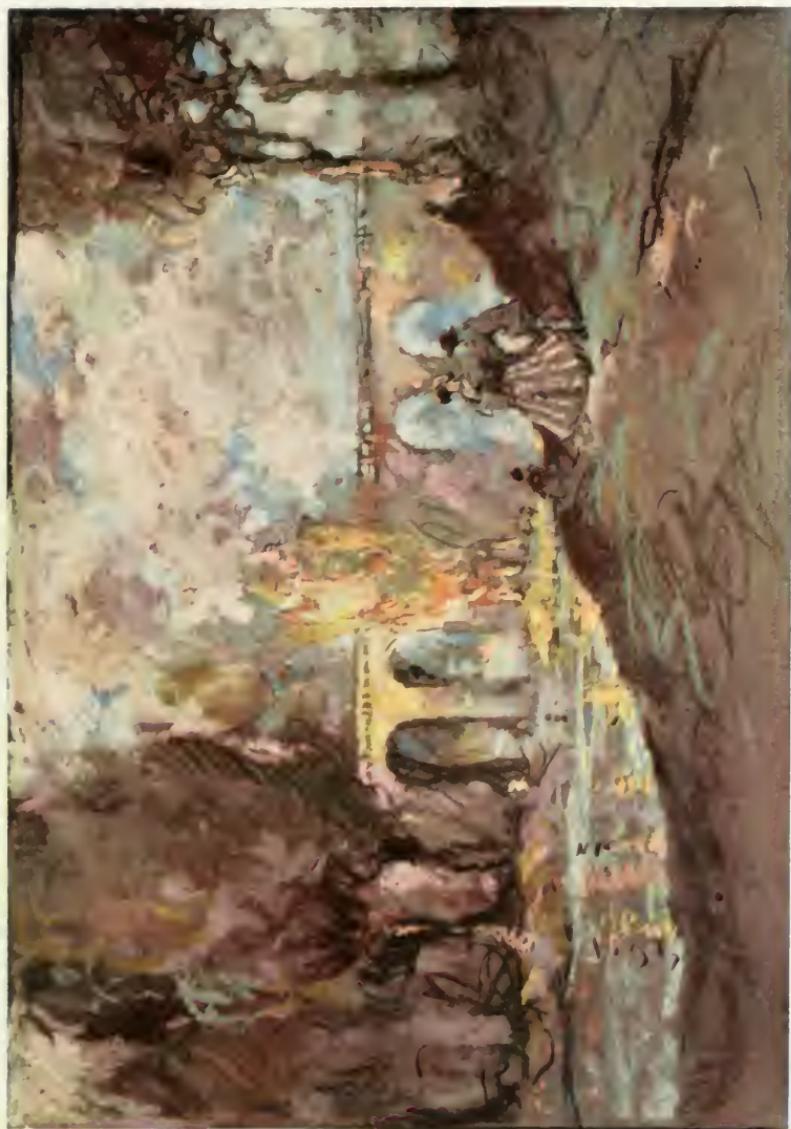
delicate a motive and would have tempted him to become unnecessarily sumptuous and forcible; water-colour would have been too elusive and too difficult to keep under precise control—too accidental in its behaviour to be entirely trustworthy. But with pastel he can keep touch with every detail from beginning to end; he can define things precisely or suggest them daintily, and he can make his whole scheme of decoration intelligible without having to commit himself too definitely to assertions of actual fact. In handling such a motive pedantic reality would be as much misplaced as the mere display of technical facility; wisely he has chosen the medium which by its subtlety and unobtrusiveness allows him to give the full value to his artistic intentions without itself insisting upon being noticed.

It is the same with his other pastel decorations;



"AT GOLDER'S GREEN"

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



A LANDSCAPE TIME SKETCH  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



*Some Pastels by George Sheringham*



"LE PETIT DÉJEUNER"

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



"THE READER"

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



"THE POOL."

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

about them all there is an air of perfect agreement between the idea by which they are inspired and the means adopted to make the idea intelligible to other people. Always it is the design itself that first claims attention, not the cleverness of the craftsman who has exercised his skill in carrying out the design; always the immediate impression one receives in looking at Mr. Sheringham's work is that he seems infallibly to arrive at perfect achievement: it is only by later examination that one realises how a masterly use of his medium contributes to this perfection, and it is only after much contemplation that one perceives what part the medium itself plays in bringing about the result. But then the artist has in this instance purposely selected the medium because it lends itself so well to his particular scheme of practice and fits in so admirably with his temperamental preferences—that is why this delightful atmosphere of agreement between his mind and hand pervades the whole of his work.

Certainly, in everything he does Mr. Sheringham proves that he has an absolute control over all the essentials of the decorator's art, and that just as he knows by instinct what is the medium best suited for the interpretation of a particular kind of design, so he understands surely what kind of treatment is most appropriate for each class of his production. There is nothing stereotyped in his art, no limitation of his energies to one type of expression. It is interesting, as an illustration of this, to compare the reticence and simplicity of such things as *The Flowered Shawl*, *The Reader*, and *Le Petit Déjeuner*, with the sumptuousness of *The Queen's Bedchamber* and *The Toilet*, and with the almost careless freedom of *The Landscape Time-sketch*, or, again, to set the quiet breadth of the study by the sea, *Sand*, against the more fantastic richness of *The Pond* and *The Pool*. An artist who can handle equally well motives so markedly divergent in character, and can keep consistently in each one such an admirable



THE FLOWERED SHAWL  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"THE TOILET"  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

## *Some Pastels by George Sheringham*

coherence of effect and such a judicious balance of rightly related qualities, is a very complete master over all the practical details of his craft.

However, it is his steady progress in the acquisition of this mastery that must be counted as one of the most definitely encouraging characteristics of Mr. Sheringham's career. From the moment of his first appearance he was generally recognised as an artist of real individuality and unusual qualifications and as a man who, given the right opportunities, was certain to go far. But in his early promise there was, naturally, the element of uncertainty whether he would be able to maintain in his subsequent activities the high standard of originality he had set up—as, indeed, there always must be in the case of a youthful genius who has come before the world with a new message to deliver. There was the danger that he might, with what is after all only human fallibility, be satisfied with his initial measure of success, that he might become content to repeat himself, and that he might, having gone so far, lose his

ambition to discover new directions in which his art would expand and fresh ways of expressing himself.

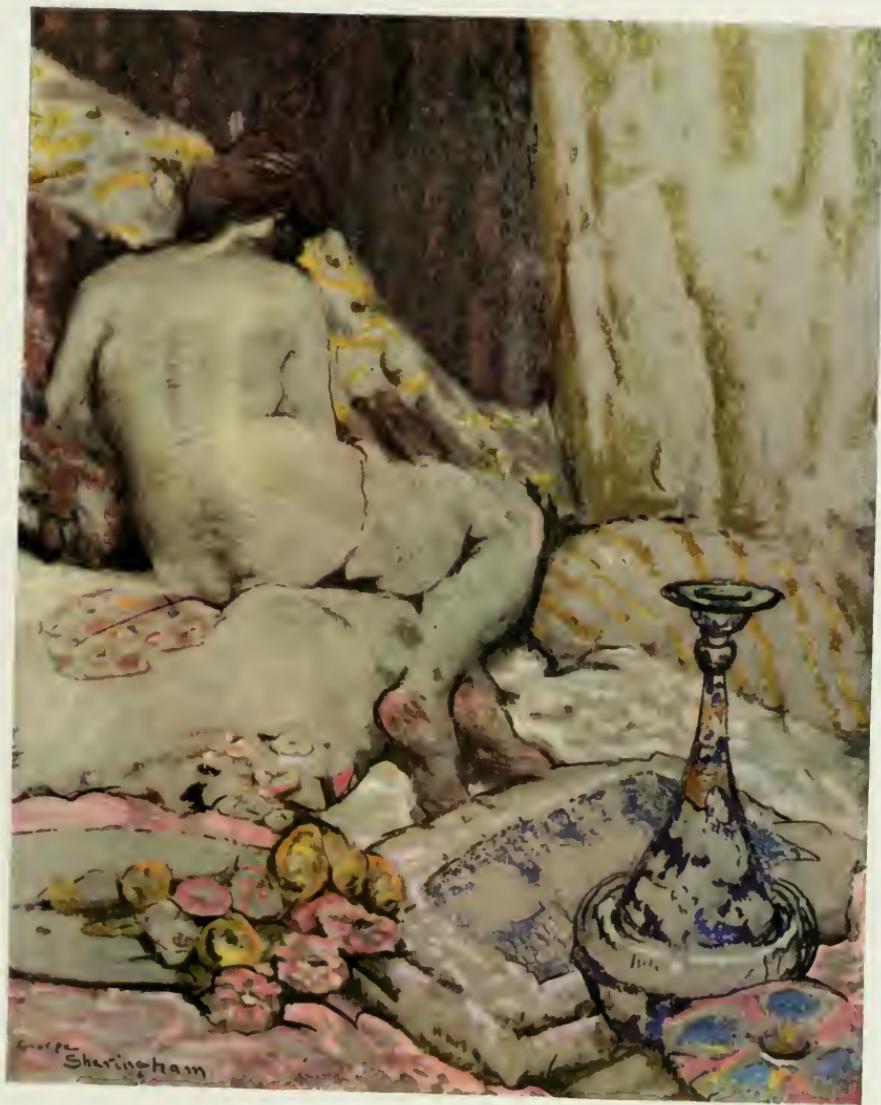
But to his infinite credit it must be said that he has not for a moment relaxed his efforts to make his work in all its many phases more convincingly significant and more comprehensive in its grasp of the most effective principles of decoration. Nor has there been throughout the whole series of his productions any sign of waning in the abundant fertility of his imagination—all the demands he has made upon it have been amply met, though assuredly they have been as numerous as they have been exacting. He is always seeking new fields of design to explore, always setting himself fresh problems in decoration, and always adding to his experience in the use of his materials: year by year his art widens its range and becomes more sure in accomplishment. And year by year, too, his persistent study amplifies his knowledge and enlarges his outlook; and it is in this persistency in the pursuit of the unknown that lies the secret of his progress.

W. K. WEST.



"SAND"

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



"THE PERSIAN VASE." PASTEL  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



## Recent Portraits by Mr. de László

### RECENT PORTRAITS BY MR. P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ.

THERE are at the present time a great many painters who never seem to remember that an oil picture does not remain through the lapse of years without undergoing a ripening process which gives to it an appearance very unlike that by which it was distinguished when it first left the easel. They forget apparently that the old canvas, as we see it now, owes almost as much of its impressive effect to time, dirt, and varnish—the greatest of the Old Masters, as they have been called, as it does to the long dead craftsman by whom it was produced. So little do they think about the inevitable changes which their work must sooner or later undergo, that it is common enough to find them painting to-day pictures which have all the sombre obscurity of the ripest old age, and which are so difficult to decipher that they might almost have come from the prehistoric past. When time, dirt, and varnish have worked their will on these pictures, what will remain? The colour will be gone, the artist's handling will be unintelligible, the labour he has expended in realising his ideas will be wasted and thrown away.

How much wiser are the men who work with an eye to the future; who are mindful, that is to say, of the influences by which their paintings will be affected as time goes on. These men arrange their technical methods with a wise prevision of what is to come; by judicious forethought they avoid the risk of having the artistic intention of their productions prematurely obscured, and by intelligent application of executive processes they keep their art alive for the satisfaction of posterity. They know what allowances to make for the maturing of their work, and this knowledge guides them in their practice, leading their effort always in the right direction and saving it from any waste of purpose.

It is because he has in a very high degree this power of looking ahead that Mr. de László holds so prominent a position among the artists of our time. In all the qualities of his work there is evident the intention that his pictures shall live, and that they shall be as convincing in the future as they are to day—that in all matters which he can control they shall be permanent evidences of his capacity and lose none of their authority when they are tested by time. There is nothing haphazard about his methods; always deliberate and carefully considered, they are directed inflexibly towards the realisation of a pictorial aim which is

unusually consistent and in which a full sense of the responsibility he owes to his art is invariably displayed. Always, too, they are pointed at an ultimate result, not at some momentary achievement which may or may not have the possibilities of permanence.

Look, for instance, at the manner of his brush-work—it is very expressively displayed in such portraits as those of *The Duchess of Wellington*, *General the Earl of Cavan*, and *Colonel E. M. House*. The sharpness and clear-cut decision of his touch, the almost uncompromising directness of his handling, and the clean directness of his executive treatment will remain as salient features of his paintings so long as any of the paint he has put upon the canvas is left. Time, the darkening of tones, chemical changes in the pigments, all those happenings which attend the maturing of a work of art, will never destroy the vitality of his initial statement. At most they will only soften and make more suggestive the pictorial definition upon which he insists: the meaning of what he has done will not be lost and the strength of his intention will continue to be apparent through all the modifications that years may cause in the original aspect of his work.

There is not a little satisfaction in the idea that the art of Mr. de László has this solid foundation of mechanical fitness—that its mechanism is rightly directed and its method inherently sound—certainly he is too important an artist to be easily spared. It would be a serious loss indeed if the same fate were to overtake him which has already befallen some of our modern artists, whose paintings through want of foresight and technical understanding have in a few years suffered a full measure of the decay that centuries only could bring to a properly handled performance. For he has played during his career a rarely distinguished part as a pictorial commentator on contemporary history and he has painted an extraordinary succession of portraits of great personages and of notable people who have taken their fair share in the affairs of the world. It is very greatly to be desired that these portraits should last and continue to be available many generations hence for the information of students of humanity and for the enlightenment of the historian. There is much that gives food for thought to be read in the faces of men who have shaped the fortunes of a nation, and it is only by the art of the portrait-painter that the chance of summing up a personality in this way can be prolonged after the man himself has disappeared from the stage.

## Recent Portraits by Mr. de László

But there is another reason too why we should rejoice that there is nothing ephemeral or untrustworthy in Mr. de László's work—an aesthetic reason. Even if he had painted no one of distinction, even if all his portraits had been of ordinary, everyday people whose virtues and characteristics had never become known beyond the limits of the family circle, he would still be an artist with the highest claims to consideration. The personal note in everything he does is very strongly pronounced, he has a marked individuality and a clearly defined style, and he is a curiously intimate observer of character. He possesses in fact all those fundamental qualifications by the aid of which the portrait-painter rises from the level of a mere recorder of likenesses to the rank of a masterly interpreter of the subtleties of the human type. In even the most obscure person he would find something artistically interesting, something worthy of his skill as a painter, and something which would help him to achieve an expressive result—unless indeed he were so unfortunate as to be confronted with a face which reflected absolute vacuity of mind, and in that distressing situation even the greatest of the world masters might be forgiven for failure.

Then, again, he is a particularly able draughtsman, with a profound understanding of construction and a keen appreciation of grace of line. There is never anything tentative or indecisive in his drawing, never a hint that he has hesitated over the definition of a form. He has obviously full confidence in himself, but it is equally obviously a confidence born of thorough knowledge and matured by persistent practice, not the empty conceit of the facile worker who trusts to showy cleverness to conceal the actual insufficiency of his equipment. Mr. de László succeeds in drawing finely because he has learned first to see correctly and has then trained his hand and eye to work in harmony, and because he knows before he puts a touch on his canvas just what that touch has to contribute to the general scheme of his picture. There is no need for him to fumble or to set down vague marks which can be laboured later on into something which professes to have a meaning, neither is there any need for him to explain by small additions what the mark of his brush really signifies; his first touch does what he intends it should do, and expresses what he wants it to express, and from the first touch to the last each one carries the picture surely on to its eventual completion. But it is only the draughtsman who knows thoroughly what he is about who can work

in this systematic and methodical manner, or who can deal with a picture as if it were a sort of map of exactly placed lines: swift disaster would await the man who tried to use this method before he had learned how to see, or who attempted to apply this system without having discovered the foundation on which it rests.

However, it is not only because of his shrewdness of observation and his admirable skill as a draughtsman that Mr. de László is to be accounted an artist of such notable capacity; he is, as well, an exceedingly persuasive and sensitive colourist and he has a vital decorative instinct. His portraits are always important decorations—and in this they are true to the best traditions of this branch of art practice—dignified in design and planned with sincere regard for the right adjustment of masses and the rhythmical arrangement of lines. In each of them there is a pattern which fills the canvas in a peculiarly satisfying way and in the working out of which the artist gives free rein to his inventive ingenuity and his natural feeling for style. It is not enough for him to record the character or to realise the personality of his sitter, he must make that personality the motive of a decoration which emphasises and illustrates the sitter's character, and that decoration becomes as much an essential of the portrait as the sitter's face.

This is perhaps the direction in which Mr. de László's art has developed most during recent years. His executive powers, always remarkable, have gained undoubtedly in flexibility and in responsiveness to the demands he makes upon them, but if later portraits—like those of *Mrs. Sandys*, *The Duchess of Portland*, and *The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour*—are compared with those he painted in the earlier stages of his career, the gain in breadth of artistic vision will be even more apparent. But, after all, with an artist of his temperament, progress of this kind was to be expected; he is endowed with too keen a sense of the importance of portraiture to leave untried any of the possibilities which it offers to him.

At the same time, in testing these possibilities he never lapses into vague or aimless experiment; he has too stable a mind and too serious a conviction to play tricks with his principles. What he seeks, really, is to widen the scope of his art without changing its character, to make more emphatic the message that throughout his life he has been trying to deliver, and not to confuse his utterance by sounding any discordant note. To express more fully and more convincingly the artistic creed in which he believes is his only aim.

A. L. BALDRY.



"THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR  
JAMES BALFOUR, M.P."  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



"MISS MURIEL WILSON"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



"THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



"GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ELINOR GLYN.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO.





"COLONEL E. M. HOUSE"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



"MRS. SANDYS"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



"THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ



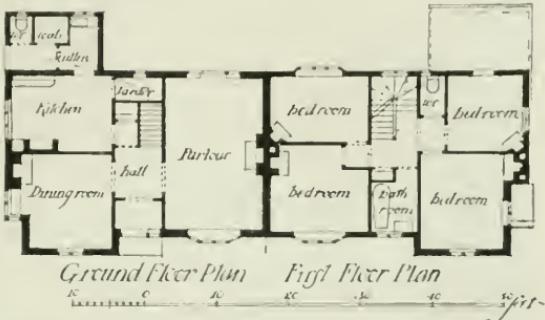
"TWO INDIAN OFFICERS"  
BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ

## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

BUILDING in metropolitan districts north of the Thames is so extensive that the history of modern architecture could be written after a comprehensive tour. For some of the most interesting work of all, one would proceed direct to Golder's Green, in which neighbourhood every idea of value seems to have been monopolised. Illustrations are given of three such houses with character, designed by Mr. T. Millwood Wilson.

The first shows two semi-detached houses in Meadoway, Hampstead Garden Suburb. These are constructed of Amersham bricks with the centre part of the building roughcasted, the roof being of hand-made tiles. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised in the design, notably in connection with the chimneys, which have been grouped together so as to get them as large as possible and to form a feature of the elevation. The houses are a well-balanced pair and the

whole effect is original and pleasing. Simplicity is the keynote, though here and there are to be noticed quaint details, such as the small window by the chimney stack, with corresponding internal variety. The sitting rooms are arranged with the windows facing south and commanding a view of Hampstead Heath. The other illustration of Mr. Wilson's work shows a house built by the architect for his own occupation, and expresses therefore his most firm convictions as regards a model residence of this size. That the



TWO HOUSES IN MEADWAY, HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB

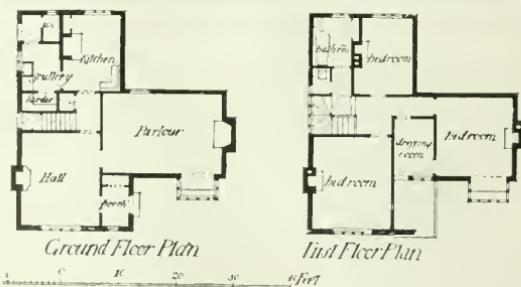
T. MILLWOOD WILSON, ARCHITECT



WAYSIDE, HAMPSTEAD WAY  
T. MILLWOOD WILSON, ARCHITECT

house presents an effective front cannot be denied, and the interior is no less interesting. The planning is on the old lines, with a hall and parlour, one leading from the other: thus doing away with useless passages, entrance hall, etc., and providing a larger sitting room. The ceiling in the parlour shows the floor joists, which are painted a dark green and prepared for stencilling. Decorative plaster work is seen here and there. The walls externally are covered with smooth cement and the roof is of hand-made tiles. The steps to the main entrance, though assisting the appearance of the house and improving the outlook, might involve objections—for instance, in regard to children, though this difficulty is minimised by the level approach to the side door.

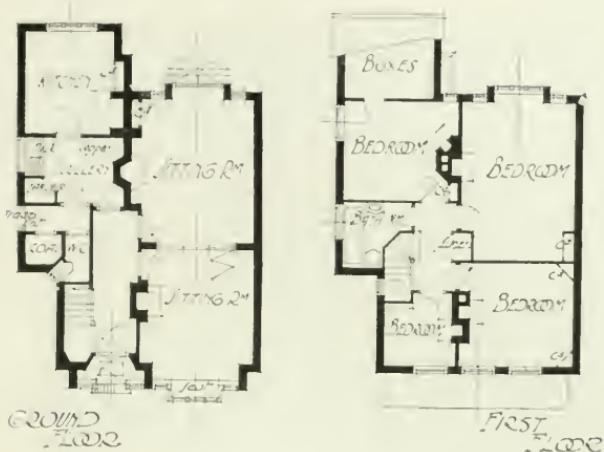
Since Mr. Hubert S. East won the Soane Medal-



lion in 1895 he has had a varied practice, in association with other architects and on his own account, his work under the heading of Domestic Architecture including some interesting achievements. Recently he has been concerned in solving the problems of a residential property in South London, where his scheme as a whole and in detail has afforded him opportunities for some successful experiments in dignified housing on a miniature

## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

scale. Elsewhere he has found scope, notably in the house at Church End, Finchley, shown below—a good example of a compact, detached residence erected at a minimum cost within easy access of London. It affords simple accommodation for a small family and is easily worked. The two chief rooms on the ground floor open into each other, and a through draught from the front garden to the back is obtainable when desired. On the first floor are four bedrooms, a box room, and



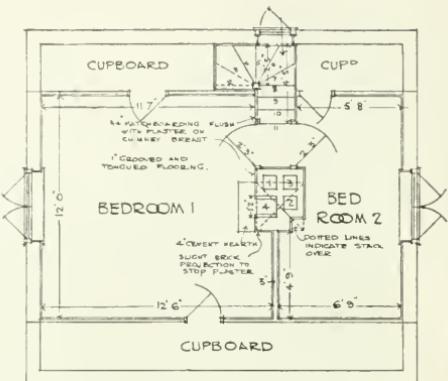
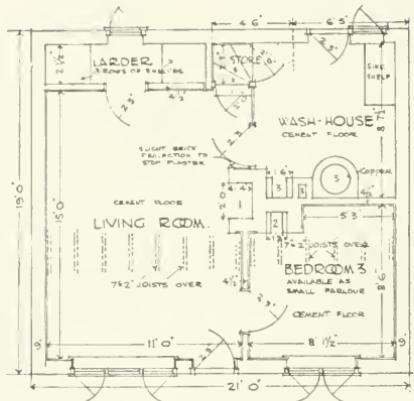
HOUSE AT CHURCH END, FINCHLEY

H. S. RAST, A.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

bath-room. The house is built of rough stock bricks whitewashed, and with tiled roof. The ground at the back is laid out partly with the idea of utility, a hedge screening the kitchen garden from the remainder.

One of the most urgent questions of the day is the provision of housing accommodation for people of small means. Before the War the dearth of habitations of this class, in some measure the outcome of the hostile attitude of the predominant political party towards owners of land and houses, was sufficiently notorious to cause grave concern, and now that the War has necessitated an almost complete cessation of operations in the building trade, the shortage has reached an acute phase. It has indeed been estimated that the deficiency amounts to not far short of half a million dwellings. To remedy this crying evil is therefore one of the great tasks which the nation must set itself to

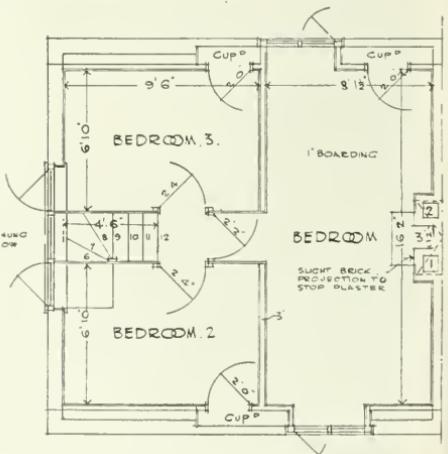
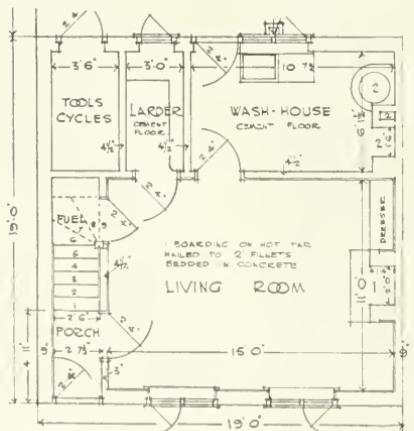
## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



PLANS OF RURAL COTTAGES DESIGNED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.

solve as soon as peace is in sight. Even supposing economic conditions are favourable, unless there is a marked change in the political atmosphere it is unlikely that private enterprise can be relied upon to provide a complete solution, and probably the State, in conjunction with local authorities, will be called upon to deal with the question. We are not among those who have any great faith in official administration in matters where questions of taste are involved, and if the State is to undertake the provision of dwellings on a large scale we sincerely hope public opinion will make itself felt so as to

ensure that the charms of Nature shall not be marred by the erection of unsightly structures all over the country. That will not happen if the designing of cottages for the wage-earner is entrusted to architects who have a proper sense of the requirements. It is at least a hopeful sign that architects of high standing in the profession have been invited to give their attention to this subject, and thus some interesting results have ensued from their co-operation. We refer particularly on this occasion to some experiments of Mr. Arnold Mitchell, F.R.I.B.A., whose work is well known to

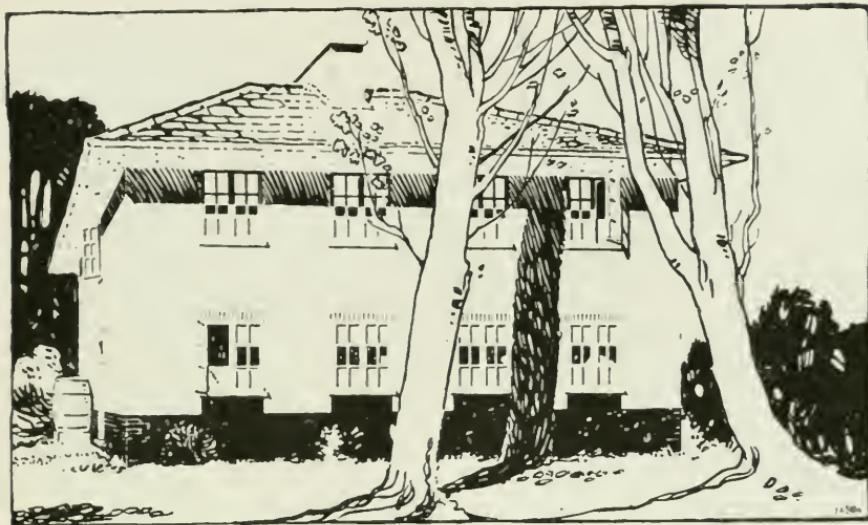


PLANS OF RURAL COTTAGES DESIGNED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.



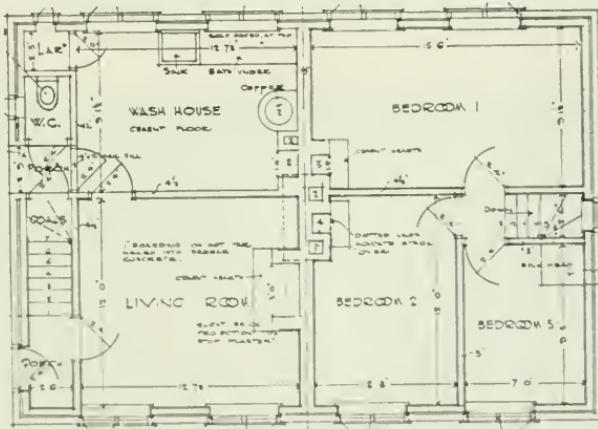
RURAL COTTAGES ERECTED NEAR CHELMSFORD DESIGNED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.





COTTAGES NEAR PORTSMOUTH  
BUILT FOR THE ADMIRALTY  
FROM DESIGNS BY ARNOLD  
MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.

our readers. The two pairs of rural cottages shown in our coloured illustration have been designed as "standard" dwellings, and, as a matter of fact, have been repeated in various localities besides the one stated, and in both cases the full accommodation required by departmental report has been provided. The internal accommodation can be seen from the plans facing the illustrations. The cost of erecting the first pair in the country was £275 with all fittings complete, including external sanitary arrangements, etc. The other pair cost a few pounds less when carried out entirely in concrete (walls and roof) by Messrs. Cubitt of Gray's Inn Road. In quality of workmanship these cottages are far ahead of most of the so-called "ideal" cottages or villas of the speculative builder. The pair of cottages built for the Admiralty near Portsmouth cost £310, special conditions and additions being specified in this case, but neither here nor in the case of the other two pairs were any extras incurred.

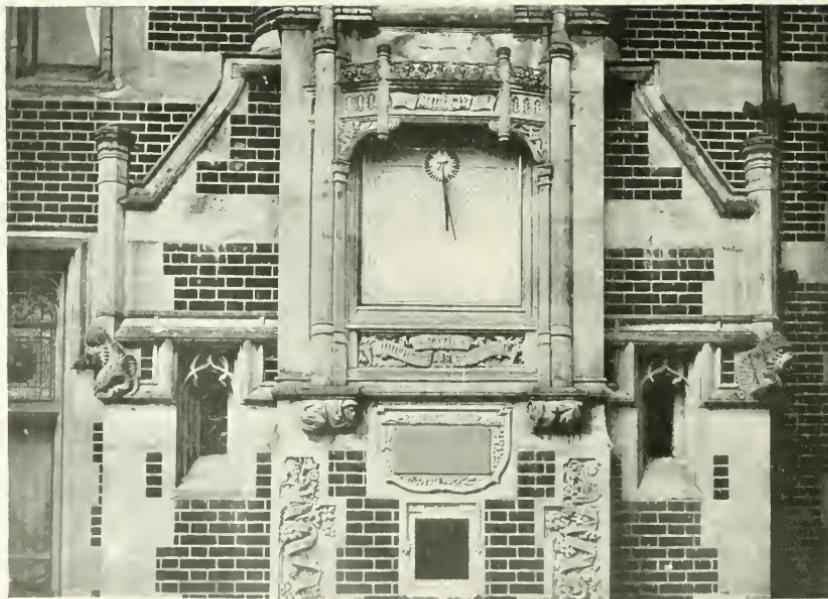


SCHOLARSHIPS IN BLACK AND WHITE DRAWING.  
At the Chelsea School of Art carried on at the South-Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, two scholarships, each of the annual value of £24, are awarded to enable students to study illustration work, the course of study being so arranged as to lead directly to the execution of saleable commercial work. The scholarships are known as the "Christopher Head" scholarships; they are open to all, and have few restrictions attached to them.

# GARDEN SUN-DIALS

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. KING

*(By permission of the respective owners)*



MURAL SUN-DIAL AT FRIAR PARK, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR FRANK CRISP, BART.,  
WHO OWNS A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF DIALS



ALDERMASTON COURT, BERKS (CHARLES E. KEYSER ESQ.)



EATON HALL, CHESTER (THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER)



SOMERLEYTON HALL, SUFFOLK (LORD SOMERLEYTON)



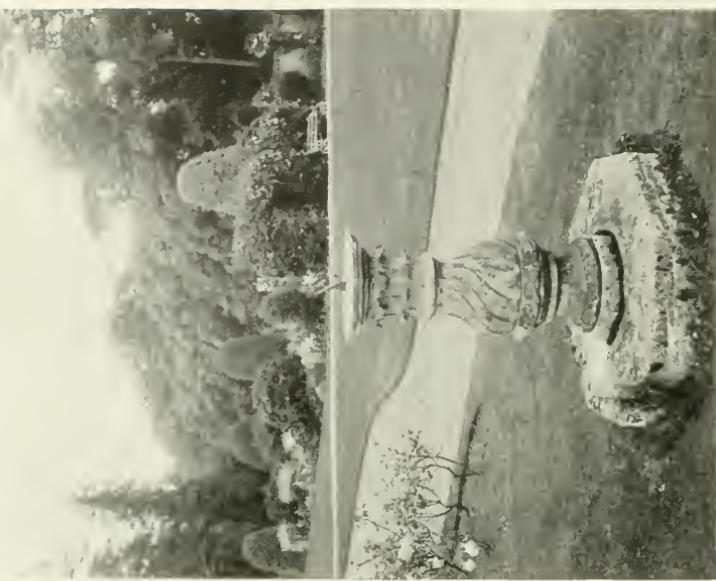
HUNTERCOMBE MANOR, TAPLOW (THE HON. MRS. BOYLE)



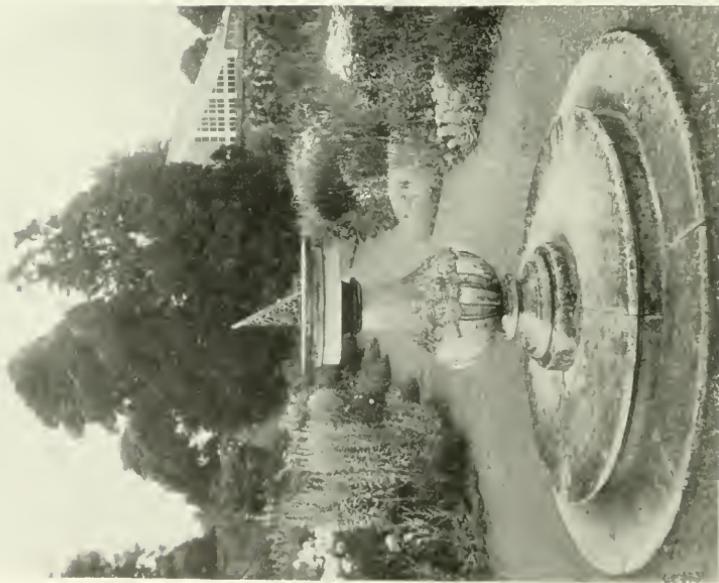
THE DUTCH GARDEN, CLANDON PARK, SURREY (THE EARL OF ONSLOW)



ABINGER PARK, SURREY (LORD FARRER)



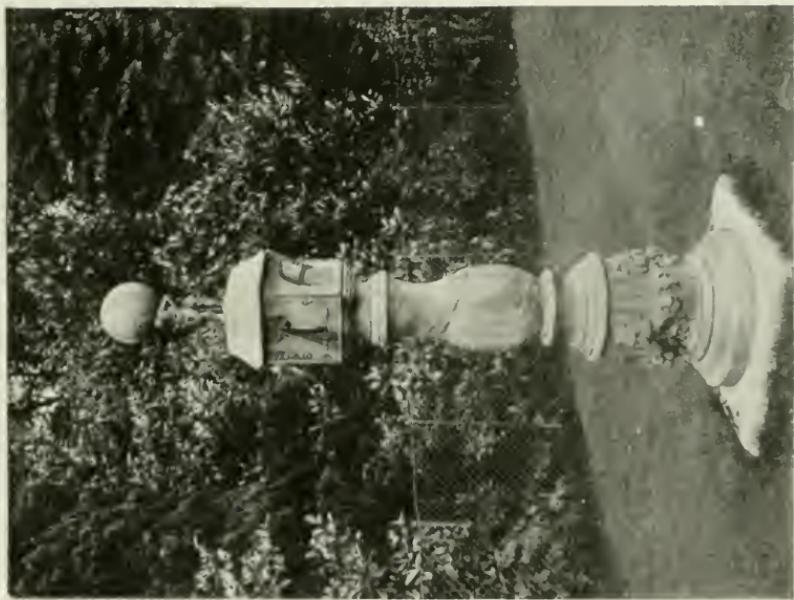
THE MANOR HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS (VISCOUNT FRENCH)



CLAREMONT, SURREY (H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY)



"THE OPEN BOOK" SUN-DIAL, FRIAR PARK (SIR FRANK CRISP, BART.)



DURIA'S, ETON (THE EARL OF ROSEBERY)



GUNNERSBURY PARK, MIDDLESEX (LEOFOLD DE ROTHSCHILD ESQ.).



THE GARDEN OF SWEET SMELLS AND SAVOURS, FRIAR PARK (SIR FRANK CRISP, BART.).



VIEW AND BOX SUN-DIAL, EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW (THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK)



HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON (THE COUNTESS OF CHESTER)

## *Toys at the Whitechapel Art Gallery*

### **TOYS AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY.**

THE exhibition of toys recently held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery enabled one to test the progress of toymaking in England since the War began, and especially that section consisting of carved and painted wooden toys which had previously come from Germany. Wooden toys such as guns, ships, boats, etc. have of course been produced in England for a long time, but to many people, and children especially, "toys" stand for dolls, boxes of bricks, and animals—from the more or less complete Noah's Ark of venerable tradition down to the wooden horse on wheels: and as it is in such things that artistic feeling for form and colour is most shown, or the absence of it, one naturally turned to this section of the exhibits to see how they compared with the playthings of one's childhood. And if the volume of such was limited the reasons are easy to understand. Workers have been rapidly absorbed in the great industry of war, while the price of wood, the material most used, has appreciated enormously. Then there has been a reluctance to set up expensive machinery, lest at the close of the war the Germans should unload their enormous surplus stocks. Those factories which took their courage in their hands were constrained to one of two courses. Some set themselves merely to copy enemy wares, analysing them, and devising machinery to produce the various parts, with the inevitable result that they found themselves competing with a product which had already been before the public at a price far lower than they could put the article on the market for. They had everything to learn, concerning suitable woods, colours, varnishes, etc., as well as the question of machinery. In Germany the wooden

toy industry is situated close to the great wood supplies, and has arisen out of that proximity. The various materials have been tested by long experiment. Everything has been closely organised, not excepting the supply of cheap and yet efficient labour.

It is this question of the right kind of labour which beset those manufacturers who, rightly rejecting the notion of making their way by exploiting enemy goods, or of copying articles which are often alien in spirit, endeavoured to strike out a new path and produce toys which should be national in sentiment, form, and colour. There was also the difficulty of inducing the public to buy toys of different form and appearance from those to which they were accustomed.

But both those who copied and those who invented were up against a difficulty which might have been foreseen. We are not like the Eastern European peoples who are spontaneously artistic in expression. There, as the Special Numbers of *THE STUDIO* on Peasant Art have abundantly proved, we find the peasants all gifted with a feeling for decoration largely absent in our own land. Therefore when our new manufacturers began operations, they found with dismay how little art power there was among their workpeople, even the younger, who had received in the public elementary schools teaching in drawing and water-colour once a week, given by teachers often less interested in the work than the children. The handwork on any toy must of necessity be direct in order to save time. Especially the painting must be deft. Such painting as we see on the cheapest foreign toys, as the touches forming eyes and lips, or the decoration of dresses by lines and dots, demands a skill of hand, a sureness of touch only to be gained by constant practice and the possession of a conven-



"NOAH'S ARK" TOYS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY NOBLE BROTHERS

## Toys at the Whitechapel Art Gallery



"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"  
TOYS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY NOBLE BROTHERS

tion handed down from one generation to the next. It is no exaggeration to say that the cleverest draughtsman would be hard put to it to compass the directness of the touches on the cheapest German toy. He must know what pigment to use and what degree of dilution and what brushes and vehicles are necessary. Such work is outside the powers of our workpeople, to whom any form of plastic art is unknown, because they have no craving to express themselves graphically.

But at the Whitechapel exhibition there was represented another section of workers—the artists.

and it was their work which had, as might have been expected, the greatest variety and interest, and in several cases showed what might be called "toysfulness," that is to say their exhibits were really toys and not models. Also their work evinced a feeling for form and colour and a freshness of invention which were pleasantly surprising after the hackneyed productions of Germany. That country's superiority in toy production undoubtedly rests on its powers of organisation and distribution, that is, on its ability to produce the article at the cheapest rate. In the great mass of the "trade" toys produced in Germany there is an almost total lack of vitality and expression. It is on this side that British workers might succeed. Invention, originality, freshness of thought, humour, are qualities in toys that children would value highly, though up to the present they have not had much opportunity to rejoice in them.

In the designing and carrying out of toys the art schools might find an outlet for the ability of those pupils whose work has not already been earmarked for other industries. First the design of toys might be approached from the art school point of view. It might be related to other studies, as drawing and modelling and wood-work. All the factors which go to the assembling of a successful toy might be considered and threshed out. The National Competition, when next it is held, might help the movement by awarding prizes and medals for designs for toys.

Art students and teachers might attack the subject in another way by forming Guilds of Toy-making and carrying out the whole of the work,



"THE VILLAGE SCHOOL" TOYS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY NOBLE BROTHERS

## *Toys at the Whitechapel Art Gallery*

for it must not be supposed that toys, except when they are of metal, demand an expensively equipped factory. Wood-working and wood-carving tools, a light lathe for turning wood, with a few benches, would suffice for an experimental venture. It must be remembered also that besides the cheap toys exported in great quantities, both Germany and Austria produce toys of a better and more expensive kind, but these are rarely seen in England, and, like all other artistic productions, are of course made in a studio by a small group of art-workers.

The exhibition under review showed evidences that these groups are already at work, if only here and there. It must be emphasised that they *must* consist of art-workers or be controlled by such. Mere patriotism in the form of encouragement of home arts is not enough, as the difficulty of sustaining rural centres for metal-work, weaving, wood-carving, etc., has repeatedly shown.

A toy should possess several qualities for which we must go to the artist. First it should possess humour: beautiful in the hackneyed sense it need not be, for it is to appeal to children, whose sense of beauty has not fully developed. They are attracted by that interest of form which we call grotesque; hence in short the toy should be a caricature. But the toy designer who sets out to caricature may miss his mark. The quality of form which appeals to the child is obtained not by



TOY POULTRY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED  
BY MISTES M. V. WHEELHOUSE AND LOUISE JACOBS

conscious funniness, but by that humour which is attained by direct and clear-cut form with simplification brought about by economy of means. Thus a toy representing an animal or person which has been produced by plain sawing with little or no carving is likely to be more humorous than one on which so much labour of carving has been expended that the object loses vitality—becomes a model rather than a toy.

Perhaps the deepest pitfall some of the modern toymakers have fallen into is to make their toys consciously picturesque or quaint, by simulating a look of age. The doll's-house, let us say, appears to have a leaky thatched roof, its walls are painted with cracks and broken plaster. This is quite beside the mark. In the ages of great art, when work was at its freshest, the notion of "picturesqueness" was quite absent. Nothing in Japanese art suggests age; the houses and streets are clean and rectilinear as if just built. The same



TOY VILLAGE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISTES RENÉ DUNN AND JOAN DE BUDA

is true of the work of the early Flemish and Italian painters. In Botticelli we begin to see the broken arch or pillar, and the convention of a picturesque background took hold and spread like a noxious weed, till in our own day an art student going forth to sketch can see nothing paintable except the rustic cottage. Children know nothing, happily, of this outworn convention. They want their toys clean and bright. Not for them are the mud and slate-pencil hues of the Aesthetes, for in colour they are akin to our Post-Impressionists: they want red, blue, yellow, green, and these of the brightest. And as toys are not vehicles of education, are not the gifts of Froebel, but things to play with, as part of the environment of their own stage of development, bright colour they should have as supplying the craving of their natures.

The toys shown in the Exhibition by Mr. Vladimir Polunin fulfil the conditions of success mentioned. They have already been reviewed and illustrated in *THE STUDIO*. It will suffice to say that when early in the war the Board of Trade interested itself in the subject of toymaking, Mr. Polunin's name was mentioned. Money was found, the School of Art, University College, Reading, gave the hospitality of its workrooms and studios, and the designer was installed there with assistants for several weeks. He is an artist with a strong sense of the grotesque, a love of colour and a feeling for pattern, qualities which go far to meet with success when concerned with toy-making.

Among other interesting exhibits may be mentioned the toys and models by Mr. Carter Preston, which have been taken up by the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, the black and white Noah's Ark by the Messrs. Noble, the village toys by Miss Renée Dunn and Miss Joan de Bude, who have also produced some excellent animals, and the "character" dolls by a lady who carries on a workshop under the name of Nell Foy. The toys shown by the Misses M. V. Wheelhouse and Louise Jacobs have great vivacity of form and colour, combined with simplicity of construction.

The exhibits lent by the Misses R. K. and M. J. R. Polkinghorne of work done by children from the Streatham Secondary School, though not coming within the category of saleable toys, showed most praiseworthy achievement. In districts where toymaking is carried on, the school scheme of drawing and handwork might well be modified in harmony with the local industry, and it would probably improve both the education and the business.

ALLEN W. SEABY.

## STUDIO-TALK.

(*From Our Own Correspondents.*)

**L**ONDON.—We regret to record the death of Mr. T. Stirling Lee, the well-known sculptor, who died suddenly at the end of June. The second son of Mr. John S. Lee, of Macclesfield, he was educated at Westminster School and then apprenticed to Bernie Phillips, who was finishing the Albert Memorial. Mr. Lee studied at the same time at the Slade School, where he showed such aptitude for art that Mr. Armitage, R.A., advised his being sent to Paris, there being no school for sculpture in London at that time. Accordingly he next worked at the Petites Ecoles des Beaux Arts, and gained a first and second medal during his first term. Subsequently he became a fellow-student with Alfred Gilbert in Professor Cavelier's atelier, where he gained the R.A. gold medal and travelling scholarship, as well as the Composition Gold Medal of the Beaux Arts. At twenty-five Mr. Lee won the competition for the decoration of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, but long



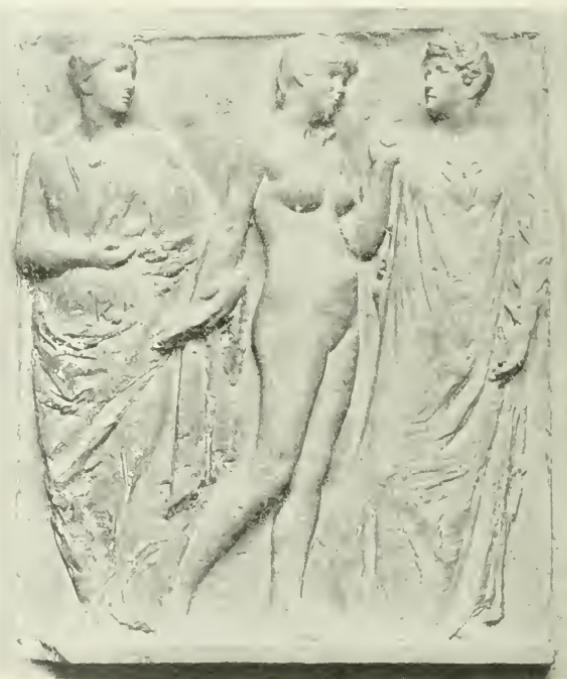
STATUETTE CARVED OUT OF TRENCH CHALK WITH A PENKNIFE IN A DUG OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT.  
BY PTE. W. RIRD DICK  
(Leicester Galleries, No. 62, £1 17s.)



PANEL OF WALL STAIRCASE IN MR. GEOFFREY DUVEEN'S HOUSE. DESIGNED AND CARVED BY T. STIRLING LEE

delay on the part of the Corporation caused the young sculptor much early disappointment, and though he was allowed to finish part of his work, he died without seeing his life's task completed. Two of his finest early works are *Adam and Eve finding the Dead Body of Abel* and *Cain* exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1881. He has done a good many portrait busts of notable people, amongst others Sir Frank Short's daughter and Miss Kitty Shannon, besides numerous "ideal" busts. He was one of the very few who carved direct in the marble, from life. The later period of his art has been largely devoted to ecclesiastical work, an excellent example of which is his altar-piece in Westminster Cathedral, and he quite recently completed another altar-piece showing the *Wise Men of the East*, in which his love of symbolism found expression. As a sculptor Mr. Lee's work was very individual. He was greatly attracted by the Early Greeks, and he was a born carver, with a strong sense of pattern.

Except the late Mr. Sidney Cooper, who was 98 when he died in 1902, Mr. James Sant, who died in London on July 12 at the age of 96, was



SKETCH MODEL FOR PANEL IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL, BY T. STIRLING LEE

## Studio-Talk



IDEAL BUST

BY T. STIRLING LEE

the longest lived member of the Royal Academy since its foundation in 1768. Mr. Sant was born at Croydon, and after studying as a youth first under John Varley and then under Sir A. Calleott, R.A., entered the Academy Schools in 1840, his first contribution to the summer exhibition following soon afterwards. Becoming an Associate in 1861, he was made full Member in 1870, continuing in that capacity until 1914, when he retired, but it was not till last year that he made his final appearance at Burlington House. As a portrait painter he had at one time a considerable vogue among the aristocracy.

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The little chalk statuette reproduced on page 175 is by Private Reid Dick, a sculptor whose

work we have on several occasions had the pleasure of introducing to our readers. In a letter written from the Front a few weeks ago he says: "I had heard of and seen things carved in this material, but did not try it myself until recently. . . . I was agreeably surprised to find that with a penknife very good results may be obtained, and that a dug-out with only the light of the doorway or a candle makes a very good studio. Carving became quite a craze in our dug-out, and indeed all along the trench little groups of soldiers were seen busily carving. The pursuit of art, however, was brought to an abrupt close one afternoon when the Bosches made themselves objectionable by a fierce bombardment which was succeeded by attacks, counter-attacks and more bombardment lasting for the best part of a week." The original of this little figure is at the Leicester Galleries.



"CHLOE" / IDEAL BUST

BY T. STIRLING LEE

## Studio-Talk

A fine display of sculpture was on view from July 10 to 22 at the Grafton Galleries, the exhibits consisting of the series of ten historical statues destined for the marble vestibule of the Cardiff City Hall, in which eight pedestals and two niches have been standing vacant since the Hall was opened in 1906, and are now to be occupied through the munificence of Lord Rhondda. Included with them was an extra group, representing the British Queen Boadicea and her two daughters, by Prof. Havard Thomas, who on the nomination of Lord Rhondda has been acting as assessor in the carrying out of the scheme in its artistic aspects. Mr. Thomas's collaborators were Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., to whom was entrusted the most important of the ten statues, that of *St. David*, patron saint of Wales ; Mr. Pegram, A.R.A., Mr. Pomeroy, A.R.A., Mr. E. G. Gillick, Mr. T. J. Clapperton, Mr. L. S. Merrifield, Mr. W. W. Wagstaff, Mr. Henry Poole, Mr. Alfred Turner and Mr. T. N. Crook. The formal unveiling of the statues will, we understand, take place in the course of a few weeks.

Among other exhibitions held in London last month one of special interest was that which filled the three rooms at the Leicester Galleries, where the public were enabled to study at first hand the work of Italy's leading caricaturists in relation to the war. Satire is a weapon which these artists know how to wield with unerring aim, and if in some cases their imagination takes somewhat extreme forms, there can be no question of their perfect sincerity. Besides these caricatures, the exhibition comprised a series of drawings by Sgr. Pogliaghi depicting military operations among the rugged Alpine peaks, and as showing the tremendous difficulties which confront the brave Alpini and Bersaglieri in this mountain warfare nothing could be more eloquent. Simultaneously with this exhibition the Fine Art Society had on view a collection of pictures by a Serbian caricaturist, Frano Angeli Radovani, who, in spite of occasional excesses, displays considerable power of pictorial inventiveness.

**P**ARIS.—Draughtsman and graver, Bernard Naudin is one of the most important of the younger school of contemporary French artists. On the eve of the war he had already come to be regarded as the next in succession to great leaders like Forain and Auguste Lepère. On the outbreak of war, being not more than forty years of age, he was called to the colours and sent to the Front with the men of his class. His artistic career may be divided into three periods.

For some score years he was content to remain an observer of every-day life and popular types. Coming himself from a family of workers—he is the son of a watchmaker of Châteauroux—he has known what it is to live in modest circumstances ; he has mixed with and loved the poor, and he has been powerfully attracted by the picturesque



"LE REMOULEUR"

ETCHING BY BERNARD NAUDIN



"LA ROULOTTE"

ETCHING BY BERNARD NAUDIN

attributes of the destitute and of beggars and other species of nomads. His numerous drawings thus inspired perpetuate the great tradition of Abraham Bosse, of Jacques Callot and Goya. To this same category belong the two etchings here reproduced, *Le Rémouleur* and *La Roulotte*. Many others of his compositions are carried out with a much greater degree of elaboration than these, but all are the work of an artist perfectly familiar with the resources of the etcher's art, a knowledge of which he acquired by a close and assiduous study of the work of the Old Masters.

In time Naudin became an illustrator much appreciated by connoisseurs, and in the silence of his studio he composed on his own account several series of drawings heightened with colour. Two of these series are particularly remarkable—one of them consecrated to music and the other designed to illustrate the "Gold Bug" of Edgar Allan Poe. Neither series has yet been published, but a publisher of strong artistic leanings and one whose

name is inseparably linked with Naudin's has arranged to bring them both to the notice of the public after the war. The artist's ardent imagination and profound sensibility have had full play in these compositions, in which the influence of the great romanticists may be discerned. To the same epoch belong numerous drawings made for various books and concert and theatre programmes (one of the most notable of these being a drawing for "Les Tisserands") and some poster designs. A certain melodramatic tone which is not always absent from Naudin's early work soon gave place however to studies of humanity, all the more impressive because seen and expressed in quite simple terms.

This was the stage he had reached when war broke out. He hastened to join his regiment, and shared alike the emotions and burdens of his comrades. He became a living witness of their calm, heroic courage, their kindheartedness and devotion, their soldierly ardour and prodigious tenacity.

On the leaves of his sketch-book, or even some odd scrap of paper, or the margin of a letter or diary, he recorded what he saw. Here we become acquainted with him in the third phase of his career. He has done with his humanitarian reveries. He has learnt to know and understand the soul of the French soldier, that is, France itself, and has devoted his crayon or his burin to its celebration. Doubtless many readers of this magazine have seen the posters which the French Government commissioned him to design for the ingathering of gold, the diploma issued by the Bank of France in exchange for the yellow metal, and the programmes he has designed for various schemes of benevolence. Without ceasing to be a soldier he has gone on with his work. The best of all these drawings are certainly those in which he has recorded his direct observations, sometimes with singular fluency of stroke and brevity of manipulation. One of these is the lithograph entitled *L'Exode*, executed during an interval of rest after the tragic spectacle of the retreat from Flanders, and to the same category belong a number of striking sketches, jotted down at random in the trenches. M. Helleu, after piously gathering together a collection of these slight notes, has had them reproduced in a small number of impressions for distribution among *amateurs*. They are indeed wonderful in the sense of movement and the heroic spirit which animates them. Unfortunately the soldier-artist had such an inferior crayon to work with that reproduction by the usual means is quite impossible. Still, notwithstanding their cursive and unfinished character, they reveal the hand of a great draughtsman. Practically all the artists who have painted war pictures up to the present have represented the

soldier in a state of rest, and Naudin, too, has occasionally got his comrades to pose for a composition, but it is his great merit also to have essayed to depict the soldier in movement as he emerges from the trench, advances at the double, throws himself down or creeps stealthily forward: and the result is very striking—it is war as it really is.

A. S.

THE Paris Museums, which on the outbreak of war two years ago were all closed, have now for the most part re-opened their doors to the public. At the Louvre, however, only certain of the sculpture galleries have been re-opened, its most important possessions being still in the provinces. At the Petit Palais the tapestries of Rheims Cathedral are on view.



"L'EXODE"

LITHOGRAPH BY BERNARD NAUDIN



PORTRAIT OF A LITHUANIAN WOMAN  
BY J. TILLBERG

**M**OSCOW.—Besides the many sudden perturbations and new arrangements which the great war has brought about in political and national affairs, it has also been responsible for many unforeseen effects in the domain of art. Among these it has afforded the Russian public an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the art of the Letts, which, in common with the cultural life of this sturdy peasant race in general, is of recent growth. Their home is in the Baltic provinces, and as practically the whole of this region has been drawn within the sphere of military operations, most of their artists have sought refuge elsewhere. Those who have settled in the Russian capitals have availed themselves of the opportunity to organise an exhibition of Lettish art, with results which have on the whole been extremely favourable. About a score in number, the oldest of them still in the prime of life, nearly all of them have attained to a respectable standard of technical proficiency. But though there can be no question here of dilettantism, the group appears to be lacking in any strongly marked individuality, nor do their paintings reveal any conspicuously national character.

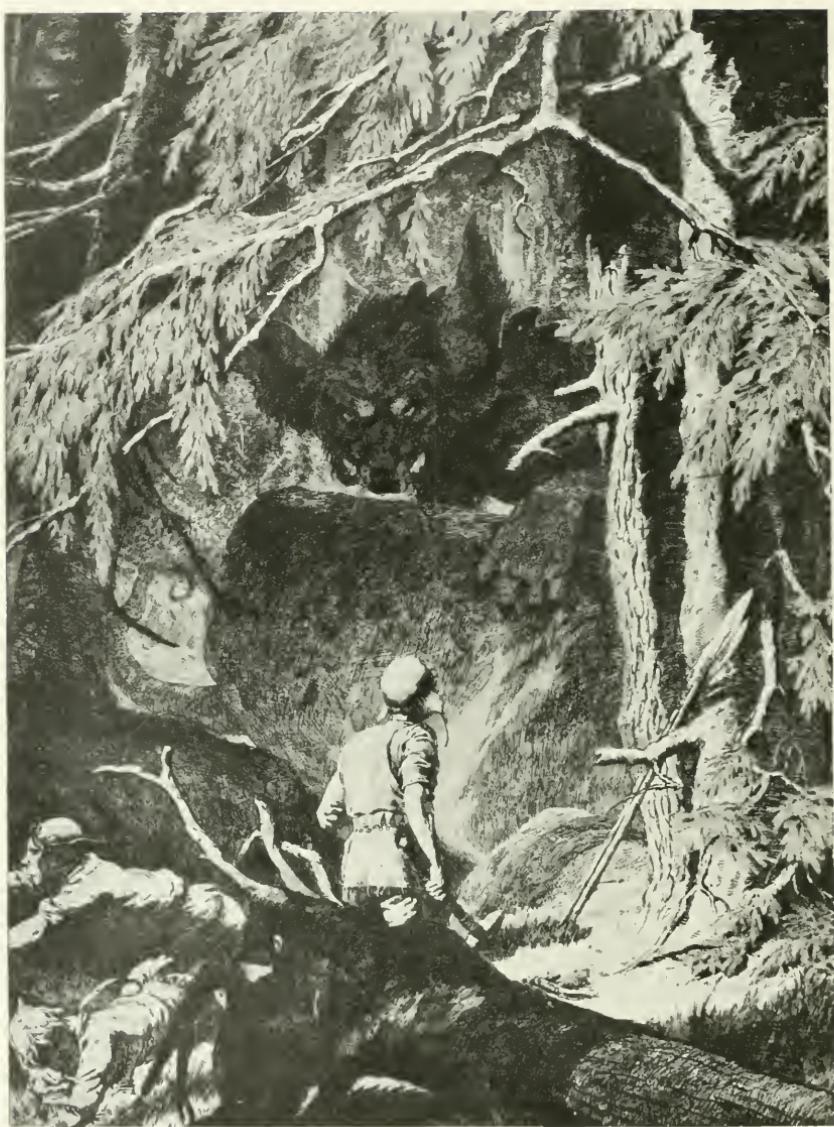
As a nation the Letts have been suppressed by the dominant German classes of the Baltic provinces, and naturally enough this newly developed art of theirs has been unable to escape the influence of German art. And this influence frequently shows itself even in the work of artists who have studied at the Petrograd Academy.

To this group belongs one of the best known Lettish artists, the landscape-painter W. Pourwit, who in past years has often figured at Russian exhibitions and was the subject of an article in this magazine in 1905. His collection of some sixty pictures revealed an artist of mature taste and with a warm love for his homeland, though his work here appeared a trifle monotonous. More versatile, and at the same time more eclectic, is Jan Rosenthal in his portraits and genre pictures, the somewhat superficial elegance of which often recalls the modern Viennese school. As a portrait-painter J. Tillberg attracted attention. Unequal in their pictorial qualities, his works nevertheless all evince



"STUDY"

BY J. TILLBERG



"KOORBAD AND SOOMPOORUS"  
ETCHING BY R. SARRIN

*(Lettish Artists' Exhibition,  
Moscow)*



SELF-PORTRAIT BY MME. ELENA KAMENTSEVA  
(*Society of Moscow Artists*)

a complete mastery of form, particularly successful being his portrait of a Lithuanian woman and his study of a lady in native costume. J. Belsen and a few others stand for the *juste milieu* of Lettish painting, while K. Uban and R. Perle, the latter with a penchant for fantastic legendary motives, were interesting in their display of colour. And then there was J. Grosswald, now serving with the Lettish battalion; in a portrait-group, a water-colour sketch of Lettish fugitives, and a series of native costume studies he showed himself an artist of marked talent.

National characteristics were more pronounced in the graphic section, in which some of those already named were represented. The exhibits comprised some excellent lithographs by a deceased artist, T. Uhder, and two who are now working in Petrograd, E. Stewart and R. Sarrin, both of them masters of their mediums. The former showed an excellent etched portrait and various linoleographs, while Sarrin contributed a whole collection of his productions—book plates and covers, posters, etchings and lithos, the chief items being five large etchings, part of a series illustrating Lettish myths. It is a pity that his power of composition falls below the high standard of his execution, which enables him to deal so easily and efficiently with such large plates. The best of these

etchings were two with Koorbad, the national hero of the Letts, as the subject. The exhibition contained a few pieces of sculpture which do not call for particular mention, but as a whole this initial display left one with the conviction that Lettish art has made a good beginning which justifies expectation of further success.

Ten years have passed since Victor Borissoff-Mussatoff's death at the age of 35 deprived modern Russian art of one of its most gifted representatives, and in remembrance of him the Society of Moscow Artists, of which he was a member, consecrated a special wall to a select loan collection of works by him at their twenty-second exhibition. These works, some fifteen in number, were lent by private owners in Moscow, and represented in more or less characteristic manner the peculiar genius of this talented painter. He belonged to that group of modern artists whose strong lyrical sensibility and decorative propensities are expressed *par excellence* in evocations of the olden times, and in this direction he created a genre of his own in which the painter and the poet mingled with felicitous result.

The transition from this artist to the living painters who showed at the same exhibition was somewhat pronounced, for Russian painting of to-day moves in a quite different direction. Among the customary exhibitors the work of J. Nivinsky showed a notable advance in the treatment of form and composition, especially two large paintings *Adam and Eve* and *Sleep*, while his smaller pictures, such as *The Sister of Mercy* (tempera) displayed decorative feeling in a marked degree. In the same group were to be seen some good still-life pieces by E. Krohn, a fine male portrait by L. Zak, some freshly painted studies of Finland by J. Chapchal, and some motives from Russian popular life by Mme. Simonovitch Efimovka which might with advantage have been further elaborated. Among artists who strive for more intimate pictorial effects must be named Mme. Elena Kamentseva who besides an interesting *Self-Portrait* showed some excellent flower-pieces; also F. Zakharoff, whose portrait of a lady, however, failed to sustain comparison with his miniature portrait of last year, and Mme. A. Glagoleva, who showed some harmoniously toned landscapes and portraits. The landscapes of B. Kamensky made a good impression, and among other contributions calling for mention were the sketches of S. Noakowski, as fascinating as ever, decorative views of Capri by M. Ogranovitch, and various successful works by W. Favorsky, Mlle.

Goldinger, N. Zimaroff and others. Finally mention should be made of the sculptures of S. Erzya, J. Koort, and J. Efimoff, as well as the dry-points and linoleum prints of P. Pavlinoff.

With the death of Vassili Ivanovich Surikoff, who died here a few weeks ago, Russian art has lost one of its most brilliant stars. The deceased painter, who was born in Siberia in 1848, came from an old Cossack family which settled in the district of Krasnoyarsk some centuries ago, and in his whole being as well as his talent one could discern traces of the deep earnestness and virile strength of Siberian Nature. After studying at the Academy in Petrograd Surikoff in the eighties of last century began that series of large historical paintings which made his name famous and earned for him a leading position in the hierarchy of Russian art.

If in general it is difficult to define in what precisely the national element in plastic art consists, yet in presence of Surikoff's masterpieces one discerns immediately their national character and their extraordinary historic import. This is true alike of the tragic atmosphere of *The Execution of the Streltsi*, of the deeply pathetic expression of *Menshikoff in Exile* and of the intense pathos of the *Boyarin Morozova* in which the great pictorial talent of the deceased artist, his perfect knowledge of Russian psychology, and his by no means theatrical power of dramatic expression were triumphantly asserted. His later works fell short of these, and in this respect he shared the fate of many Russian artists who having spontaneously attained a certain height are unable to maintain it for long. P. E.

**A**MSTERDAM.— Holland has no "Salon des Orientalistes" like Paris, but nevertheless she can boast of more than one

artist who has drawn inspiration from distant climes, such as Bauer, for example, with his etchings and water-colours full of mystery and fantasy; Philip Zilcken, at once painter, etcher, and shrewd art critic, and Legras, who died a little while ago in the very fulness of life—he was only 51. It is now some years since Legras came to Laren (where these notes are written) and settled down in this village of painters *par excellence*. He lived in a villa of good modern design which he built for himself, and here he enjoyed the pleasures of family life, but now, alas! he is no more, and the big house is empty. His canvases are to be found in many places, for his admirers were numerous, but quite recently the public were able to see at the Municipal Museum in Amsterdam a collection representing the different periods of his career.



"A STREET IN ALGIERS"

BY W. LEGRAS



"TOMB OF A MARABOUT, ALGERIA"

BY W. LEGRAS

Of French extraction—his grandfather belonged to Marseilles—Legras was brought up and educated in Holland. Early in life the young painter knew the need of money, and in order to maintain himself while studying at the Amsterdam Academy he earned a scanty living by making enlargements

and drawings of animals. About this time some "portraits" of horses which he executed attracted the attention of Mr. Westerman, director of the Zoological Gardens, whither Legras often resorted to sketch, and it was there that the young artist's liking for Oriental things took root. Thus it was



"EARLY MORNING ON THE RIVER CHIFFE, ALGERIA"

BY W. LEGRAS



"THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS"  
BY EDWARD McCARTAN

(*Pennsylvania Academy, 1916,  
Widener Gold Medal*)



BUST OF FRANK DUVENECK      BY CHARLES GRAFLY  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

that he penetrated the far-off realm of dream and fancy, not, as many others have done, through the gates of the imagination, but through his very real studies of camels, monkeys, elephants, and other beasts. In 1891 he took part in a pilgrimage to the Promised Land, and in the course of seven expeditions he visited successively Algiers, Bou-Sada, Gardaia, Tunis, and Kairouan. His last picture, left unfinished, was a view of Gardaia in Southern Algeria, a region of which he was very fond, and where he was feted by his friends the natives. This canvas with its strong contrasts of sunlight and shadow may be regarded as the synthesis of his aspirations. A faithful and conscientious observer, he perhaps analysed rather than felt what he observed, but his work in any case testifies eloquently to his ardent attachment to the lands of sunshine. By his death, moreover, we have lost not only an artist but a writer of no mean power, as his letters from Algeria to Dutch journals show.

F. Gos.

**P**HILADELPHIA.—As a manifestation of increasing interest in the plastic arts in America, the display of sculpture in the 11th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy was most convincing, not only through the large number of works exposed—over two hundred—but also through their originality of conception evolved from the modern point of view of life and its suggestions to the artist. Classic traditions seemed to have been almost completely ignored, yet there appeared no lack of that ideality which is an essential element of a really serious work of sculpture. A carefully modelled nude figure in bronze entitled *Spirit of the Woods*, by Mr. Edward McCartan, was awarded the Widener Memorial Gold Medal. A group by Miss Coleman Ladd, entitled *Peace Victorious*, showed some fine qualities, and very satisfactory both as to conception and technique was Mr. Chester Beach's marble group *Cloud Forms*. Portrait-busts abounded, many of them showing distinctive character, such as Mr. Charles Grafly's portrait of *Frank Duveneck*, the well-known



BUST OF EDWARD T. STOTESBURY ESQ.  
BY AURELIUS RENZETTI  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

painter, Mr. Samuel Murray's noble presentment of the leading local ecclesiastic, *Archbishop Ryan*, Mr. Edward T. Quinn's portrait of *Paul Haviland, Esq.*, a virile work, and Mr. Aurelius Renzetti's portrait of *Edward T. Stotesbury, Esq.*, Philadelphia's leading financier and art patron. A delightful bit of character was Miss Edith B. Parsons's little bronze figure *Turtle Baby*, and *Salome* was the subject of a very beautiful statuette by Mr. Paul Manship. Mr. Polasek's portrait of *Wm. M. Chase* was notably good.

E. C.

**C**AIRO.—The world has heard much of Lord Kitchener the soldier, but there was another side to his activities which those who knew him in private life had many opportunities of seeing. He was a keen lover of beautiful crafts-work, and had a rare knowledge of old pottery, painting, and carving. During his régime in Egypt he took a great interest in education, but more specially in technical education and the work of the Department presided over by Mr. Sidney H. Wells, and he wanted in Egypt more technical and agricultural schools. Lord Kitchener above all else was anxious that the youth of Egypt should not be semi-Europeanised, and he strongly urged that the existing methods and crafts should be retained and developed as much as possible. His delight in the work of the native craftsman is difficult to reconcile with his reputation as an austere soldier and disciplinarian. It has often been the writer's privilege to see Lord Kitchener stand over a native wood-carver and watch with almost loving interest the skilful fingers guiding the modelling tools and carving some beautiful frame or piece of furniture.

In Egypt Lord Kitchener collected many fine old Byzantine icons, and he had his own ideas about framing them, and personally attended to the carving of the designs. He was always anxious that the style of pattern and the colour of the gold should be in harmony with the deep tone of the rich old paintings, and he would even work on them himself if the result did not at first satisfy him. I have seen him repairing an old gilded frame, and working, too, in the old manner, first applying the composition to the wood, then painting it deep red, and finally applying the gold which he would afterwards tone with varnish to any required shade.

Lord Kitchener was particularly fond of old carving, and collected some fine fragments in

different places, which were eventually worked into the design for the fine carved writing bureau now at Broome Park, his country residence in Kent. He followed the production of this piece of furniture with the greatest care. After spending considerable time arranging and rearranging the details of the design, he finally gave instructions for the carved portions to be carried out in plaster and submitted to him before they were executed in the wood. Some of the capitals were altered two or three times in the plaster stage before being finally accepted, and he would not allow the carving to proceed until he had seen the plaster work temporarily fixed in place on the carcase of the bureau, so that he might have an idea of its effect as a whole. The work was executed by students of the Arts and Crafts section of the Technical School, together with the carpenters of the Bulak Model Workshops, and took about three months to complete. It was carried out in Turkish walnut, and the few genuine old pieces of work were so skilfully copied and worked into the design that it is extremely difficult to tell which are the old and which the new parts. When the piece was finally delivered at the Agency, and placed in Lord Kitchener's study, he stood a long time contemplating it, and then said "I wonder what connoisseurs at home would think of this? It might be difficult to decide what period it belongs to. Perhaps we had better say it is an English Renaissance piece made in Egypt."

The merchants of the Cairo Bazaars have reason to remember Lord Kitchener. Accompanied by his secretary, then Major Fitzgerald, who was so largely responsible as master of the ceremonies for the success of the social functions at the Agency, he would often wander round the Khan el Khalili bunting for Rhodian china, old bronzes, Egyptian alabaster or early icons, and his searches were often rewarded with success. He knew the right things to buy, and I have often heard the remark from merchants: "That piece would not stay here long if Lord Kitchener were here." He had the great luck to obtain while in Cairo some fine old inlaid Arabic cabinets, and he had these repaired with scrupulous attention to the existing old work. He was delighted to find an Arab workman who was capable of carving the ivory details of the drawers, and the man is very proud of the fact that he satisfied Lord Kitchener's critical judgment. This craftsman, though an extremely slow worker, was an artist in his trade and had to be humoured, but Lord Kitchener knew how

## Reviews and Notices

much could be done by judicious praise, and probably got more work out of the man than anyone else could have done. The native craftsmen realised that he could appreciate their art, and they admired him immensely, saying he knew more than they did about their work. It often astonished them at first that he could give them instructions even in their own processes, and he never failed to insist that repair work should be done in the old way with native methods and tools. He understood that the native turner can do more delicate work with his bow string and his feet and hands guiding the cutting chisel, than is possible with machine lathes, and he regretted that the advent of machinery in the larger Egyptian towns often unfitted workmen for the more simple but more skilful processes in their villages. With the loss of Lord Kitchener Egyptian Art of to-day has lost a great friend, and it is with a sense of keen regret that these little reminiscences of his artistic life in Egypt are penned.

W. A. STEWART.

### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Great War: A Neutral's Indictment.* One hundred Cartoons by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS. (London: The Fine Art Society.) £10. 10s. net. Within the covers of this large folio volume is presented what is without doubt the most scathing indictment of Prussianism in practice that has ever been promulgated, and it is the more remarkable as emanating from an artist who is not only a neutral by nationality but is closely related by blood to the people whose rulers and leaders are here arraigned for their misdeeds. The son of a German mother, Mr. Raemaekers cannot be accused of antipathy towards the Germans as a nation, nor in studying successively this long series of cartoons—all of them, by the way, reproduced with unusual fidelity to the originals—do we find evidence of such antipathy; it is the Prussian spirit and the brutal code of ethics actuating it that he here holds up to detestation. And in regard to his methods as an artist it is gratifying to observe that he refrains from the questionable expedients resorted to by many caricaturists. Thus on not  $\frac{1}{2}$  an almost entire absence of physiognomical exaggeration from his drawings. His delineations of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and other prominent personages on the German side show very little deviation from the portraits of them with which the public are familiar, and even in such cartoons as *The Prussian and Seduction*, where the element of caricature is

employed with caustic effect to personify the spirit of Prussian militarism, the deviation from truth is certainly no greater than one used to find in the military cartoons of German comic papers, such as "Simplicissimus." Then, too, when symbolism is employed, the artist displays excellent judgment, and as a testimony to his courage and candour there are several cartoons in which he holds up his own countrymen to scorn for their indifference to the tremendous issues involved in the great conflict. What indeed impresses us most in these cartoons as a whole is the artist's deep regard for truth and his unflinching courage in espousing the cause of Justice and Right, regardless of the fierce animosity which his drawings have aroused in Germany. Technically, too, these cartoons are interesting. A few of them are drawn with pen and ink, but the majority are done with charcoal, to which water-colour has been added in varying degrees.

*Gaudier-Brzeska. a M-moir.* By EZRA POUND. (London: John Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.—The young sculptor who is the subject of this memoir was a Frenchman by birth but resided in England. He died taking part in a charge of a French regiment at Neuville St. Vaast last year. The expression of his undoubtedly gifts was we think embarrassed rather than helped by his connection with so-called "Vorticism." It was clear that he desired above everything to be free, to be instinctive. He desired the tradition of barbaric people, and believed that barbarism represented instinct. Apparently it did not occur to him that following instinct barbarism arrived at civilisation. In civilisation, he said, instinct is second to reason, forgetting that civilised conditions develop new instincts, and with them the need for refinement in expression. This memoir is without doubt the most important exposition we have had of the ideas for which the word vorticism is made to stand, but as a biography it seems slighter and more obscure in detail than it need have been. There is no such place as Bristol College, where he is said to have held a scholarship; Clifton College there is, and Bristol University.

*Jack and Tommy.* Twenty drawings by F. C. B. CYDELL. (London: Grant Richards, Ltd.) 5s. net. The twenty drawings of soldiers and sailors here reproduced in facsimile form part of a series which the artist exhibited in Edinburgh at the exhibition of the Society of Eight a few months ago. Very summary in treatment, consisting of a few bold black strokes, supplemented by a wash of colour in varying quantities, they are remarkably clever in their suggestion of actuality. The only fault we have to find is that Tommy's khaki is too yellow.

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON NEW FIELDS FOR ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN.

"Do you not think that artists have been obliged hitherto to limit overmuch the scope of their practice?" asked the Art Critic. "Does it not occur to you that there are many directions in which the ingenuity and inventive power of the artist, and his capacity as a worker, could be usefully applied?"

"I cannot imagine that an artist would be much use in any kind of work which requires practical understanding," said the Plain Man. "He is too much of a dreamer, too unmethodical, to help in business affairs, and he has, if I may say so, a much too inflated idea of his own importance."

"You seem to look upon the artist as rather a worm," laughed the Man with the Red Tie; "but don't forget the proverb that even a worm will turn. It may be that under the new conditions forced upon us his turning is near at hand."

"Yes, and it may be that people are going to discover that there are many kinds of practical business in which his assistance will be of very real value," agreed the Critic. "I have, as you know, always protested against the popular misconception of the artist, and I do not consider that his idea of his own importance in the social scheme is at all exaggerated—therefore I want to see him doing his full share in the regeneration of his country."

"But how can a man regenerate his country by painting pictures or carving statues?" protested the Plain Man. "Something much more energetic than that will be demanded of us in the near future when we set about the task of building up our trade again and reorganising our resources."

"And do you not think that the help of the artist in this process of reconstruction will be worth having?" enquired the Critic. "Cannot you see what a number of ways there are in which his capacities can be utilised?"

"I confess, I cannot," replied the Plain Man. "It seems to me that art, which is after all only one of the ornamental accessories of life, will have to stand aside until all the vital questions of rearrangement are settled."

"Oh, good Lord! These dull business men!" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "Will they never learn how even their own affairs should be managed?"

"What has art to do with my affairs?" asked the Plain Man. "I have got along all right without it for a great many years."

"That is the pity of it," declared the Critic. "You and a lot more like you have got along without it so persistently that a very large part of the trade of this country has drifted abroad and fallen into the hands of our competitors. You have kept art so definitely out of your affairs that it has had to seek an asylum in countries which make the attack on our commerce an essential part of their policy, and in that asylum it is learning to fight against us."

"Another proverb: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," suggested the Man with the Red Tie. "As art is feminine what else could you expect?"

"Of course we might have expected it," returned the Critic; "but that is only another reason why we should try to amend our ways before it is too late."

"You would really imply then that I ought to drag art from her foreign asylum and take her into partnership," laughed the Plain Man. "How could she possibly be of any help to me?"

"In the same way in which she has been of assistance to other and much more astute countries," insisted the Critic. "There are numberless fields of activity available for art in the industrial world if you will open them to her, and her co-operation would greatly enhance your prosperity. Give her a chance and see how she will respond."

"And where, for example, do these fields lie?" asked the Plain Man.

"Great Heavens! They are all around you! Cannot you see them?" exclaimed the Critic. "Look at the toy-making industry: need the foreign artists always impose their taste upon us in that direction? Look at colour-printing: must we always be going abroad for that work because the foreign firms employ artists to direct it and we do not? Look at the trade in furniture and the accessories of the home: have we not men in this country who can design this sort of thing as well as anyone whom other countries can produce? Look at industries like the making of jewellery, the weaving of silks and other textile fabrics, the manufacture of decorative glass and ceramics, and so on *ad infinitum*: can we not reach in them an art standard which will not only secure to us the entire command of our own markets but will at the same time assure for us a leading place in the markets of the world? By snubbing art you are killing trade."

"Well, perhaps there is something in that," conceded the Plain Man. "If you put art as a business proposition, it may be worth thinking about."

THE LAY FIGURE.

## DECORATIVE WOODWORK BY STUDENTS OF THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

FOR upwards of twenty years past it has been the custom of this magazine at this time of the year to review and illustrate the work submitted by art students in the National Competition of Schools of Art as displayed in the exhibitions held year after year at South Kensington under the supervision of the Board of Education or the Department of Science and Art, and in so far as this later period in the history of the Competition is concerned these articles collectively constitute a practically unique record of what is without doubt an event of first-rate importance in its bearings on the progress of decorative and applied art in the United Kingdom. This year, however, the Competition has not been held; it has had to yield to the stern exigencies of war, and from a circular recently issued by the Board of Education it seems probable that the suspension of the Competition will endure for at least another year. However much importance may be attached to the institution by those immediately concerned, and others who like our-

selves have followed its progress from year to year with the closest interest, there is little justification for cavilling with the decision of the Board at a time such as this when the whole energies of the nation should be concentrated upon the successful prosecution of the great conflict upon which the future destiny of the British Empire depends. Even had it been possible, as we believe it would have been, to conduct the Competition without trenching to any material extent upon the resources of the Government department concerned, it has to be borne in mind that while the schools have, without exception we believe, been able to "carry on," there has been a very considerable depletion in the ranks of the male students and also in the teaching staffs, so that a competition under present circumstances would of necessity be a rather one-sided affair.

There is, however, the possibility that this temporary suspension of the National Competition, for which there are good *prima facie* reasons, may become permanent. Before the war rumours were afloat that the Board of Education had under consideration the advisability of abolishing it, and so when the time comes for its resumption we must



RELIQUARY OR CASKET IN WALNUT WITH STAINED AND GILT GESSO DECORATION

LIX No. 236—OCTOBER 1916

BY H. LOVER TOOCOK

## Decorative Woodwork by Polytechnic Students

not be surprised if the announcement of its abolition comes instead. If that is the case it is to be hoped that a strenuous opposition will be organised. We should be the last to contend that the Competition yields the best possible results under the conditions which now govern it; on the contrary we think there are many ways in which it might be materially improved, and in the successive articles on the annual exhibitions in which the prize works have been shown to the public the directions in which improvement might be made have been indicated. But the continued existence of the Competition is, we believe, of national importance, for it is the means by which the nation can see the concrete results of the art school education for which it pays, and further it is a means of bringing young designers and draughtsmen into relation with those who are in a position to make use of their talents. It is true that manufacturers have hitherto not availed themselves as fully as they might of the assistance which art schools are able to offer them, but the blame for that rests quite as much with themselves as with the schools—perhaps more; but without going further into the rather sore point of these past relations, one may express the devout hope that in the days to come, when it will be imperative for everyone to give of his best, there will be a much closer *rapprochement* between them, which will enhance the prestige of the industrial art of the country. That is what the schools were established for, and it should always be kept in view. And though there has been a tendency in many of the schools to encourage the production of immature painters of easel pictures, we believe that there is an abundance of talent among the rising generation of artists which, if it is directed into the proper channels and is encouraged by the leaders of industry, will lead to fruitful results, important alike from the economic as well as the aesthetic point of view. This belief will, we think, be fully justified by our forthcoming Special Number dealing with the work of the principal Schools of Art in the United Kingdom, and

more especially with those departments of their activities which have a direct bearing on industrial production.

Our immediate purpose here, however, is to bring to the notice of readers some examples of work in a special field of art which has been cultivated with success at the Polytechnic School of Art in Regent Street—namely, the decoration of various articles constructed of wood, usually articles that are not purely ornamental but are intended for use. This kind of work is a distinct speciality at the Polytechnic Institute, and has brought to several of the students some of the highest awards in the National Competition of recent years. The class in which this work is done is conducted by Mr. Harry G. Theaker, who himself in the Competition in 1899 won a gold medal with designs for piano panels. The illustrations we have given on previous occasions when noticing the National Competition have elicited wide-spread interest, and also a good deal of curiosity as to the technical procedure involved in the production of these articles—or rather of their embellishment. But Mr. Theaker insists to those who appeal to him for information that there is no more mystery in this kind of work than there is in the production of any other work of art. To the uninitiated every craft is of course a mystery, and knowledge and skill come only after experiment and perseverance. In this case the artistic factors are ability to draw and a sense of colour, and the chief material factors are stains of various



TRAVELLING TOILET CASE, OF WHITEWOOD WITH STAINED AND GILT GESSO DECORATION. BY GWEN WHITE

(Details of this case are shown in colour on the following pages)



TOP OF LID AND FRONT OF LADY'S TRAVELLING  
TOILET CASE WITH STAINED AND GILT  
GESSO DECORATION BY GWEN WHITE.





INTERIOR, DETAILS OF MISS GWEN WHITE'S  
TOILET CASE. (UNDER SIDE OF LID FITTED  
WITH MIRROR, AND HINGED COVER OF TRAY.)



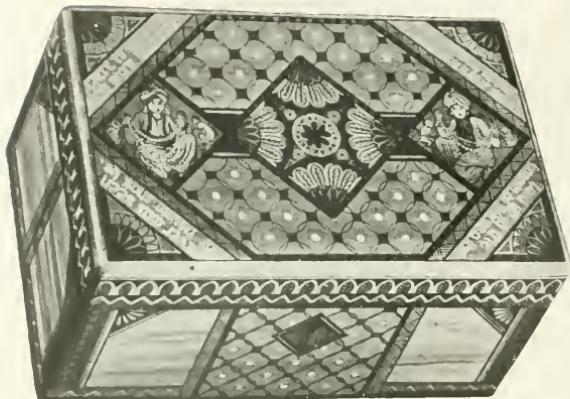


"MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS": BOOKCASE FRIEZE PANEL IN WHITEWOOD WITH STAINED DECORATION BY GAWNS WHITE.



"THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS": FRIEZE PANEL FOR A BOOKCASE WITH STAINED DECORATION BY HESTER M. WATSTAFF

## Decorative Woodwork by Polytechnic Students



JEWEL BOX IN WALNUT, STAINED AND PAINTED

BY H. JOYCE POCOCK

tints, such as may be procured from any dealers in artists' materials, and seasoned wood.

The kind of wood most commonly used for work of this kind is whitewood of a smooth, even texture. A fine example of the decoration of this wood by means of coloured stains is Miss Gwen White's Lady's Travelling Toilet Case, a very delightful piece of work both externally and internally, all the fittings, including brushes, pots, etc., being decorated to match. The subjects are taken from the song "Lady Greensleeves," and one side of the exterior, not here illustrated, shows the disconsolate lover surrounded by unpaid bills. Whitewood is one of the best woods for taking stains and it also takes a polish well. Basswood, which in appearance is somewhat like whitewood, is not considered so durable, but that it takes stain well is shown by the Roll of Honour Casket of Miss Turnbull which we illustrate in colour, another elaborate piece of work in which heraldic motives are employed with striking effect. Sycamore has an intrinsic attractiveness which is admirably used as a contrast to stained decoration in Miss Benjamin's Stationery Case and Miss Reeve's Card Box. And so with those articles in which the harder kinds of wood, such as walnut,

mahogany, etc., are used, the natural qualities of the wood are left to play their part, as for instance in Miss Joyce Pocock's Reliquary with its subjects from the Nativity; here the main structure is of walnut, while the pictorial panels are of whitewood, and here, too, as in some of the other articles there is a certain amount of gilt gesso decoration. Silvering in conjunction with gilding and colour staining is very happily employed in Miss Margaret Reed's Nursery Book Stand, an attractive piece of furniture admirably suited to its purpose.

As to the mode of procedure, all that is necessary to say here is that the design is outlined on the wood, and the stains applied in sufficient strength to give the desired result. As a final step the surfaces are either French-polished to secure brilliance or waxed over to give a half-polished effect.

It should be pointed out that the construction of the various articles to which this kind of decoration is applied is not the work of the students, who are concerned solely with the decorative features, but is the work of a cabinetmaker. Herein, however, lies one of the difficulties Mr. Theaker and his students have had to contend with, for in these days good cabinetmakers who are capable of constructing a piece of furniture in its entirety are somewhat scarce.



CIGARETTE BOX OF WHITEWOOD WITH STAINED DECORATION, BY OLIVE DINGIAN

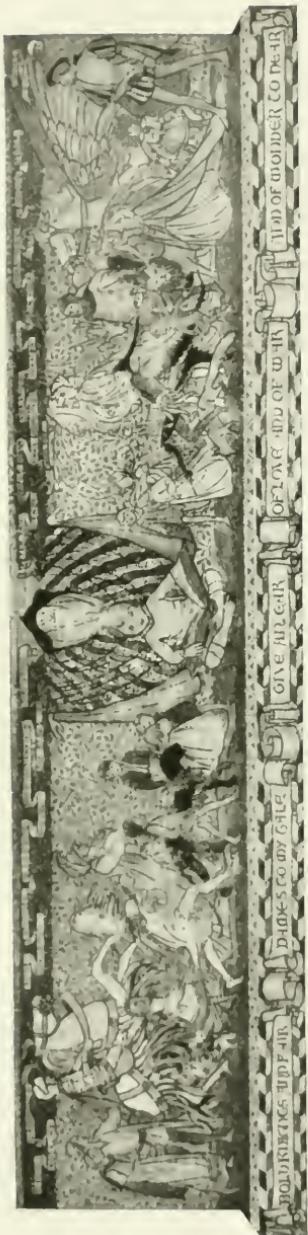


CARD BOX IN SYCAMORE WITH STAINED DECORATION. BY MARY S. REEVE.



CASKET WITH STAINED DECORATION. BY GLADYS TURNBULL.





NURSERY BOOK STAN  
DECORATED BY MARGARET REED

# M ODERN ITALIAN GRAPHIC ART.

THE Exhibition of the works by the Associazione Italiana Acquafortisti e Incisori of Milan that was recently held in London at the Suffolk Street Galleries was the result of a happy inspiration on the part of the President and members of the Royal Society of British Artists of paying a compliment to our high-spirited Ally. The collection, which was under the auspices of the Italian Government, offered an admirable opportunity to view a representative show of contemporary Italian Art. The works, some 200 in number, were well displayed, completely filling the main gallery and entrance hall. An examination, from the point of view of a colleague in Art, filled me with much satisfaction at finding that Italian graphic Art is in a state of virile existence. While the rather large etched plate and an extensive use of printer's inking to get effect were much in evidence, the subtler qualities of style and expression inherited from the noble period of Italian tradition were not absent.

The *clou* of the exhibition was to be found in the woodcuts, among which were many printed in colour. Those of Adolfo de Karolis revealed an exceedingly high level of imaginative design. He

was represented by a number of wood-engravings, notably of allegorical subjects, like *La Patria Madre* and *The Holy Army*. Our presentation of the tranquil *La Sera* with its sense of the heavy atmosphere and the flopping sail well expresses a warm Venetian summer evening. Antonio Moroni, an able artist, has done a number of Ex Libris prints. *The Seven Vices*, of which a reproduction is given, shows a goddess seated on a hydra; she holds a gold cup in her left hand. Great judgment is shown in the choice the artist has made of the lines and strokes in this drawing, every one of which is indispensable to the *mise-en-scène*. *Allegoria*, with its Olympian Gods and Goddesses, flowers and fruit, was equally rich in effect. His *La Morte* has the power of design and tragic feeling of a William Blake or a Legros.

Other woodcuts included *Nobile Maremma* by G. Guarneri, a curious portrait-head on a background of sky, the cloud-forms suggesting a Gorgonian monster's features; Ettore di Giorgio's *The Tramps* and *The Wandering Jews*, delicate monochrome prints treated with sympathetic feeling for the subjects; the clever cuts by G. Barbieri, especially the *Irritardartari* and *Boboli Gardens, Florence*; and M. Disertori's illustrations to "The Decameron."



"LA PATRIA MADRE"

"THE SEVEN VICES," WOODCUT  
BY ANTONIO MORONI





"THE GATHERING STORM"

ETCHING BY CARLO CRESSINI

Turning to the etchings and aquatints we must note first of all the contributions of Aristide Sartorio, an artist well known to readers of this magazine, but now unfortunately a prisoner of war, who exhibited two etchings, powerful compositions of tragic energy, *Lotta Regale* and *Mostri Immani*, portraying the struggles of wild animals. Typical of a certain impending tragedy were the two war studies of Anselmo Bucci, *The Gun* and *Shrapnel*, etchings which in their bold and simple execution showed evidence of a study of actuality at first hand. Gifts of an altogether different kind were discernible in Giuseppe Graziosi's bold plates and effective large decorative subjects of monumental fountain figures, which in the manner of their simple and vigorous execution exhibit the true etcher's art of red-hot impression before Nature. *Procession of the Relics* by Umberto Prencipe displayed with great power on a plate of rather large dimensions a subject of an overpowering architectonic feature rendered as a nocturne.

Ubaldo Magavacca had a fine aquatint, *The Apse of the Cathedral of Modena*, and Giovanni Greppi showed a delicate one in *Il Duomo, Milano*, with its lace-like pinnacles foaming like spray into the sky. The same structure was the subject of an excellent etching by Carlo Casanova entitled *The Soul of the Cathedral*, an illustration of which was given in the June number of *THE STUDIO*. Ludovico Cavalieri showed several subjects of marine and fishing-boat life. Among the more simple transcripts from Nature were to be found R. Borsa's *Canal Sta. Romana* and Carlo Agazzi's *Lombardy Plains*. *Gubbio*, by M. Disertori, is etched in a bold style with its wide open lines suggestive of a wood engraving; and there were five miniature etchings by Enrico Vegetti, of which *Cluny* and *St. Michele Monza* were carried out with a certain spiritual quality of vision. Carlo Cressini's etching of a leafless tree against the gathering storm clouds is very fine in effect. We found in Chiappelli's *Certosa* a strong personal view and a restraint in



LA SERA (EVENING) FROM  
WOOD ENGRAVING BY A. DE KAROLIS



## Italian Graphic Art

handling the effected contrast of the intensest light to deep shadow. A single figure of a man, *Giornino* by Giovanni Costetti, showed the maximum of effect obtained by the minimum of means, and the same may be said of his illustrations to Gabriele d'Annunzio's poem "La fossa Juta" (in "La Nave"), in which he has given expression to the tragic horror of the subject. The drypoint portraits by Federico Gariboldi, Nina Ferrari's *La Sora Gonda*, and *The Light of the Moon* by G. Guerrini, with its Botticelli-like subject, must be mentioned as examples of refinement. Flamboyant in the best sense, Cesario Fratino's *Design for a Drop Curtain*, composed on the lines of Tiepolo's work, was effective in its massing of architectural columns, figures, and two elephants. Hung in the place of honour, its carrying power would have been greater for a little more simplicity in its handling and more definiteness of accentuation in its effects. A sense of depression was conveyed in the coloured etching *Reims Cathedral* by Domingo Motta, whose rendering of the famous Gothic masterpiece suggested the devastation

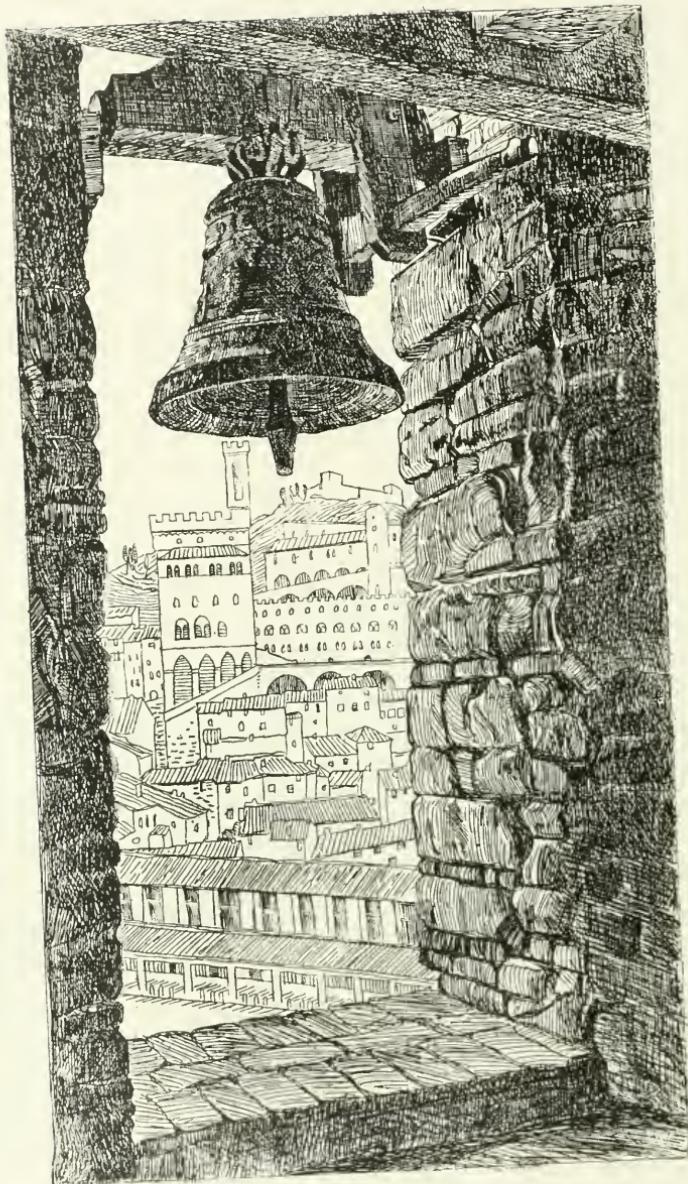
wrought by a ruthless enemy. Vito Vigano, the President of the Associazione, held our attention in his *Diploma for the Italian Aviation Society*, designed in honour of the first crossing of the Alps by aeroplane. He was also represented by *The Smoker*, a delicate dry point, and *The Pasture, Train*, a motive encountered again in *Iron and Stone*, a medley of the turmoil of modern work by Cesario Fratino. Anselmo Bucci's dry-point of *Montmartre* shows the old Moulin Rouge and neighbouring places of amusement in ante-war Paris. Seen in the daylight, it gives the light-hearted gaiety that was the more superficial aspect of old Bohemian Paris. Some power was evinced by Luigi Conconi in his *The Third Rome*, in which King Victor Emanuel II. is seen passing under the Arch of Titus. In *Don Quichote and Artistic Jury*, the latter a skit of monkeys surveying a Cubist painting, G. B. Galizzi showed trenchant humour. Ernesto Bazzaro the sculptor's etchings of heads were very effective, and the lithographs by Vincenzo Stanga and A. Brunozi also deserve mention.

HENRY F. W. GANZ.



"MONTMARTRE"

ETCHING BY ANSELMO BUCCI



"GUBBIO." ETCHING  
BY B. M. DISERTORI

## Woodcuts by Charles Shannon, A.R.A.

### I DYLLS OF RURAL LIFE: A SERIES OF WOODCUTS BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.

ABOUT eighteen years ago there was held at the late E. J. van Wisselingh's gallery in Brook Street a charming exhibition of original wood-engravings by Messrs. Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon, and their associates Messrs. Sturge Moore, Reginald Savage, and Lucien Pissarro. With these were hung engravings symbolic of rural occupations designed by Jean François Millet, and executed under his supervision by his brother, which were included in the exhibition probably to show what had previously been done in modern times. But the exhibition was practically confined to the work of the "Vale" and "Dial" artists.

Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon have worked so much together in the art of wood-engraving that even they themselves would find it hard in most cases to give credit to each individual artist for the invention of all they have done. After all it hardly matters, for the close partnership has been a most fruitful one. Their first complete work was "Daphnis and Chloe," executed in 1893. It was a work modelled on an old Italian book, "Hyperotomachia Poliphili," published in 1499, from which also Burne-Jones and William Morris, the predecessors of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon, drew inspiration. From Burne-Jones came a beautiful series of designs illustrating "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," and Morris alone or with the help of others made woodcuts from them. But only one or two sets of prints of these are known to exist. The illustrators of "Daphnis and Chloe" had mastered the art of woodcutting, and they engraved their own designs, a thing that has rarely been done until modern days.

Interesting as most of these exhibits were at this exhibition at van Wisselingh's gallery, none were more surprising than a series done by Mr. Charles Shannon himself, illustrating in twelve symbolic designs idylls of rural life. This exquisite set of roundels was a revival of another variety of the art of woodcutting, that called *chiaroscuro* or

*camæu* printing from more blocks than one. This beautiful invention probably originated in Germany, but it was developed by two clever Italians of the Renaissance who used it to interpret other men's designs. One Ugo da Carpi (born in 1486) was a clever sculptor and also woodcutter in chiaroscuro. Though not the inventor of the method, he was the first to introduce it into Italy, and to improve



"THE PORCH"



"THE CAPTIVE ERIGANUS"



"THE CORAL DIVERS"

upon it. He was a pupil of Raphael, and executed under the supervision of that artist reproductions of some of his designs. He also engraved some of Parmegianino's drawings, reproducing vividly the spirit of the originals. His plates are printed on grey and yellow paper. His successor Andrea Andreani (born in 1540) did similar work after masters like Titian and Tintoretto. His engravings resemble pen drawings and are printed on brown paper. The above discovery carried on by these two men dropped in Europe, and it was left to the Japanese wood-engravers to develop colour-printing from wood blocks with magnificent results. In England there seems to have been only one man who pursued the art with notable success. This was John Baptist Jackson, a wood-carver and wood-engraver who was born in 1700. He lived for some time in Paris and Venice, where his works in chiaroscuro appeared. He reproduced the works of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Rembrandt, and his engravings show that he tried more to attain the general effect than the subtleties of the drawing of the originals.

It seems to have been reserved for Mr. Charles Shannon in our time first of all to take up this neglected art of the Renaissance, and by his method of

handling he has given a new and quite personal charm to the art of chiaroscuro printing. The twelve roundels here reproduced, which were designed and engraved by Mr. Shannon himself, do not, as might be thought at a first glance, illustrate the individual months of the year. *Hot August* and *December* suggest, it is true, marked phases of the year. But for the most part these idylls represent the labours and occupations of a rustic people. Even the spiritual and intellectual side of such a life is shown in the exquisite design of *The Captive Pegasus*, where the laurel-crowned poet languidly touches his steed with a twig, perhaps to stir his lagging inspiration. How well the recumbent man, the spindly bare-branched tree, and browsing horse fill the circular shape of the plate! This print might well be contrasted in sentiment with the one called *The Porch*, where the kneeling figure of the man holding up the empty birdcage to the goddess-like mother and her child and the flying doves over the railings make a perfect rhythmical design. Indeed several of these idylls seem planned to run in pairs. For *The Coral Divers*, with its sharply opposed movements of the figures and a beautiful inspiration, has a lovely pendant in the attitudes of the two figures in *The Shell Gatherers*, where the natural



"THE SHELL GATHERERS"

*Woodcuts by Charles Shannon, A.R.A.*

"THE GARDEN PLOT"



"THE OVEN."



"HOT AUGUST"





"THE APPLE SHOWER"

gesture of the woman with her basket balances so finely the stooping figure of the man. Two delightful pastorals are *The Apple Shower* and *Fruit Pickers*. The superb fluent composition formed by the woman shaking the tree of the former plate is well set off by the spontaneous and perfect invention of the latter, where the man's natural action in placing the ladder balances beautifully the woman's waiting attitude. This last is surely one of the most happily inspired plates of the series. *Hot August* adequately expresses the sentiment of the languor of mid-Summer, and *The Garden Plot*, with its figures which so well fit the composition, renders its appropriate tasks. The print of *The Sheaf Binders* may be placed side by side with that of *The Oven*, but in itself the design is not wholly successful; the action of the man with the rake is a trifle awkward, and though his figure balances the action of the woman ingeniously, it seems, taken by itself, somewhat ugly and ungainly. *The Oven* is the only indoor subject, and the spontaneity of its figures makes the design a triumphant one. *Autumn Leaves* and *December* form a fitting close to the series. How finely expressed and contrasted are the actions of the man and woman, and the sentiment of the season is perfectly conveyed by the falling leaves.

In *December* the character of the last month of the year is perfectly suggested in the snowy landscape, the bare tree, and the hooded figure entering the house. The beauty of all these roundels is set off by their appropriate colour scheme, which is simple and harmonious. They are printed in three tones, a dark greenish grey for the shadows and sky, buff yellow for the half tones, and white for the high lights.

A study of these woodcuts shows Mr. Shannon's wonderful comprehension of the medium he has chosen to work in, and also his extraordinary powers of invention and design. What the fan shape was to Charles Conder, so is the form of the circle to Charles Shannon, and few, if any, modern artists can surpass him in the task of filling a tondo so perfectly. They reveal further his complete knowledge of the nude figure and his sense of finish both in material and line: a knowledge only equalled by that of the great masters.

Harmony, movement, and dignity of *allure* are the qualities one finds in these figures without any complication of modelling and very like the work of the great Greek artists. Indeed looking at these exquisite idylls it is quite easy to fancy them the work of a Greek painter come to life again and practising the fifteenth-century art of chiaroscuro printing.

FRANK GIBSON.



"FRUIT PICKERS"

*Woodcuts by Charles Shannon, A.R.A.*



"THE SHEAF BINDERS."



"DECEMBER."



"AUTUMN LEAVES."

## THE NATIONAL GALLERIES OF QUEENSLAND AND WEST AUSTRALIA.

CONSIDERING they are the youngest States of the Australian Commonwealth, the progress of the arts in Queensland and West Australia has been rather favourable. The public has not supported art as it might have done, but the Government has given it a foundation from which it is hoped it may rise and expand. It is due to the Governments of these States that the student in Brisbane and Perth has the chance of studying under an art master at a technical college, and that the public appreciation has been fostered by the establishment of a National Gallery in the capitals of these two States.

In the National Gallery of Queensland the literary pictures—the main interest of which is the subject—are fairly counterbalanced by several works which have no stories to tell, but are simply attractive as genuine works of art. There is no popular appeal in the vigorous composition called *The Drove* by Arnesby Brown, R.A. ; there is no story but just a touch of

life in the sense of movement conveyed in the breezy *Sunday Afternoon Parade* by Hamilton Macallum, R.I. ; and it is the suggestion of a soft languid atmosphere that gives all the charm that lies in *Tranquil Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness* by H. G. Hewitt. *A Cup of Tea* by Harold Knight has a central incident, but its subtle attraction is its illusive balance of light and shade. Of general interest also are : *The Crest of the Hill* by W. Frank Calderon; *Morning News* by C. Sims, R.A. ; *Home Wind* by Napier Hemy, R.A. ; and *A Sunny Corner* by H. S. Tuke, R.A. The last named was presented to the Gallery by Lord Chelmsford, formerly Governor of Queensland and now Viceroy of India.

A new addition to the collection of oil paintings is *Autumn in England*, a characteristic landscape by the late Sir Alfred East. This canvas, also Arnesby Brown's *The Drove*, and *The Village Industry* by Stanhope Forbes, R.A., were purchased on the advice of the Agent General, Sir Thomas Robertson, a clever amateur painter who is represented by one work in the Gallery. There is a David Cox among the water-colour drawings, which include a good study of York Minster by



INTERIOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF QUEENSLAND



"THE DROVE"  
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

## The National Galleries of Queensland and West Australia

Harry Hine, R.I. The black-and-white section includes a drawing of a Norman Porch by Mr. G. H. M. Addison which was one of the first works of Australian origin hung in the Royal Academy.

Most of the Australian works in the Gallery are by Queenslanders. The leading artist of this group is Harold Parker, who is represented in sculpture by *The First Breath of Spring* (which has already been reproduced in *THE STUDIO*) and *Esther*, the marble head of a girl, which was the first work exhibited by the artist at the Royal Academy 1903. Since then he has been a regular exhibitor at the Academy exhibitions and has shown at the Paris Salon, where his *Prometheus Bound* was awarded an honourable mention in 1910. The artist's masterpiece is the *Ariadne* which was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest for £1000 and is now in the Tate Gallery. There is no other work in marble which symbolises the tense sadness of despair as does this forlorn but beautiful figure; it places the artist in the front rank of British sculptors of to-day.

The typical outdoor scene *Under the Jacaranda* is by Mr. R. Godfrey Rivers, Honorary Curator of the Gallery, and instructor of drawing and painting at the Technical College, Brisbane. Mr. Rivers studied at the Slade School, where he won the prize for landscape-painting in 1884; he exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery before going to Brisbane in 1891. He has another work in this Gallery and is also represented in the Sydney Gallery. Mr. W. G. Wilson, who has two original works and several copies of Old Masters in the national collection, was a student at the Royal Academy Schools, where he was awarded the silver medal for the best copy of a picture by an Old Master. Other well-known artists, such as E. Colclough, J. H. Grainger, Oscar Fristrom, F. Vida Lahey, and Lilian Chauvel, have works in the

Gallery. There are several canvases by artists from other States, notably *A Jewish Quarter, Morocco*, by W. Beckwith McInnes of Melbourne, a good example of the work of this rising young artist. There are also paintings by Julian Ashton of Sydney and the late John Ford Paterson and Mrs. Muntz Adams of Melbourne.

Miss Bessie Gibson, who is a frequent exhibitor at the Academy and the Salon, is not represented in the Gallery: neither is Mr. Rowland Wheelwright, whose work is to be seen in three of the English provincial galleries. Mr. Wheelwright, who was born at Ipswich, Queensland, studied art in England and has exhibited at the Salon and Academy. His best-known work is his striking picture of Joan of Arc as a prisoner, which is familiar through engravings. The artist has earned a reputation as an animal painter.



"UNDER THE JACARANDA"

BY R. GODFREY RIVERS



"SUNDAY AFTERNOON PARADE"

BY HAMILTON MACALLUM, R. I.



"JEWISH QUARTER, MOROCCO"

BY W. ECKWORTH MELLINGER

## *The National Galleries of Queensland and West Australia*

There are a few sculptors besides Parker—Leslie Bowles, who was an assistant to Bertram Mackennal, and I understand is now "doing his bit" with the Army; J. L. Watts, the sculptor of the Brisbane Memorial to the Queensland soldiers who fell in the South African War; and Harvey, a fellow-student of Parker, who does wood-carving as well as modelling in clay. Among the successful women painters besides those mentioned are Gwendolyn Stanley, Frankie Payne, and Daphne Mayo. The last of these won the Travelling Scholarship (£100 a year, tenable for three years) founded by the Brisbane Wattle Day League. Madame Congean, who is one of the small group of art enthusiasts in Brisbane, has shown her sympathy with the aspirations of the younger artists by buying their pictures and presenting them to the Gallery.

The collection at the West Australian Gallery represents nearly every School from the Assyrian period to the European Schools of to-day. Most of the ancient and mediaeval works are copies, but the modern works are, of course, original.

The copies include reproductions of Holbein's portraits of illustrious personages of the Court of Henry VIII. in the collection at Windsor Castle, which were presented to the Gallery by the King. It was when His Majesty, who was then Duke of Cornwall and York, laid the foundation stone of the Gallery in 1901, that the Director, Mr. Bernard H. Woodward, asked for these reproductions as a memento of the visit. They had been made during the time his uncle, the late Mr. Bernard B. Woodward, was Librarian in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, and Keeper

of the Prints and Drawings at Windsor Castle. The original drawings had changed hands many times before they were restored to the Royal Collection; how or when is not known beyond the fact that Queen Caroline, during the reign of George II., found them in an old bureau in Kensington Palace. The copies also include reproductions of the cartoons of Ford Madox Brown; engravings of paintings and tapestries by Raphael; copies of Old Masters made by Australian painters; and numerous casts of ancient and modern statuary, including an interesting collection of Tanagra figurines.

Too often the visitors to a gallery are left to find out things for themselves, but in an admirable guide to the various collections the Director clearly indicates the distinguishing qualities of the various groups. Some time ago Mr. Woodward



"MONDAY MORNING"

BY F. VIDA LAHEY



"YACHT RACING IN THE SOLENT"

BY P. WILSON STEER

inaugurated a series of free lectures which helped to stimulate an increased interest in the ancient and modern works in the local gallery.

Besides some examples of other schools, such as works by Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Daubigny, Jules Breton and others, the collection of original paintings includes a valuable group showing the rise and progress of the English school of painting and a small but representative number of Australian works. The English works include a fine life-study by Etty and an exquisite landscape by Bonington, besides a number of canvases by painters of to day. A decided acquisition is P. Wilson Steer's impression of *Yacht Racing in the Solent*, more pictorial but strongly painted is *A Summer Morning* by H. H. La Thangue, R.A., while Clausen's *End of a Long Day* has all the best qualities

which distinguish the work of this sincere artist. Another important work is Walter Dorne's *Golden Dawn*, which was awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Salon in 1905. It is a typical English scene which forms the background of *The Green Punt* by Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., and *In the Meadows* is a good example of the work of Mark Fisher. *Bunny* by Ralph Peacock, a picture which was selected by Sir Edward Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, and *The Tambour Frame* by Melton Fisher are both popular works. Several new paintings enhance the value of the collection, which on the whole



"A SUMMER MORNING"

BY H. H. LA THANGUE, R.A.



BUST OF SIR WINTHROP HACKETT BY EVA E. BENSON

is well selected. The black-and-white section includes drawings by Lord Leighton, Charles Keene, Fred Walker, Phil May, and etchings by Whistler, Strang, D. Y. Cameron, and Legros.

Among the Australian pictures there are two works by the late John Ford Paterson, one of the finest artists that Australia has produced. *The Great Southern Ocean* attracted the attention of R. A. M. Stevenson when it was exhibited in London, and *Sunset on the Yarra* is another good example. *Down on his Luck* by Fred McCubbin belongs to the artist's earlier period which culminated in the painting of *The Pioneers* in the Melbourne Gallery. These two works are part of a series which pictorialise the struggles of the strong men and women who opened out the track when Australia was more or less a wilderness. The canvases of two of our leading figure-painters, Rupert Bunny and E. Phillips-Fox, lend distinction to the group, which includes among the pictures by artists from other States a characteristic landscape by Will Ashton.

Among the group of West Australian artists represented in the Australian section is G. Pitt Morison, who holds a leading place as a landscape painter. Besides *Springtime, Blackburn, Victoria*, the artist has two other Gallery works

and a fine copy of a painting by Velasquez. Mr. Morison first studied at the schools at the National Gallery, Melbourne, and subsequently under Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, and Doucet at the Académie Julian in Paris. On his return to Melbourne he, with other painters, established the well-known artists' camp at Blackburn, about twenty miles from the capital. He subsequently went to West Australia, where he became Art Assistant to the Director of the Gallery. Most of his work is in oils, but recently he has been doing pastels, which have attracted much attention among art-lovers in Perth. Mr. Morison was formerly President, and is now Secretary, of the West Australian Society of Arts.

Miss Florence Fuller, who resided in Perth for some years, was equally successful as a portrait and a landscape painter. She was one of the few artists who got sittings from Cecil Rhodes, whose portrait is one of several works by which she is represented in the Gallery. The artist also painted portraits of Sir James G. Lee Steere, Mr. Bernard Woodward, and other well-known West Australians. Another portrait-painter who is doing



"ESTHER"

BY HAROLD PARKER



"SUNSET ON THE YARRA"

BY J. FORD PATERSON

successful work is Daisy Rossi, an art instructor at the Technical School at Fremantle, the port of Perth. The artist studied at the Adelaide School of Design, and subsequently in London under Walter Donne. Her best known work, a figure-subject, *The Dandelion Chain*, attracted considerable attention when shown at the Federal Exhibition in South Australia. Miss Rossi also paints landscapes and designs mural decoration.

Mr. J. W. R. Linton, the son of Sir James Linton, R.I., has been some years in West Australia, and has a picture of Fremantle Harbour in the Perth Gallery, where A. Levido and Frederick Williams, two well-known West Australians, are also represented.

There are three West Australian artists in London who have gained some success. Miss Kathleen O'Connor, the daughter of the engineer who planned the vast Kalgoorlie water scheme, has shown at the Old 'Salon and Autumn Salon in Paris, the International, the National Portrait Society, and other important exhibitions. Her

favourite subjects are groups of people in outdoor scenes, though she frequently does portraits, in the free vigorous style which distinguishes her work. She holds a leading place among the younger group of Australian artists. At the request of the then President of the Board of Trustees, Sir Winthrop Hackett, Miss O'Connor was asked a short time ago to purchase a modern

work for the gallery, and she chose a work by Isaac Israels (the son of Josef Israels), which is a good example of impressionistic art.



"THE END OF A LONG DAY"

BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.



"SPRINGTIME, BLACKBURN, VICTORIA"

BY G. PIT MORISON

Miss Eva E. Benson, who has taken up sculpture as her medium, made her débüt at the Royal Academy last year, this being the first time a West Australian had shown there, and the first time that all the States of the Commonwealth were represented simultaneously at the annual exhibition at Burlington House. Miss Benson showed a bust of the late Sir Winthrop Hackett, the main supporter of art and education in his State. He was President of the Trustees of the National Gallery, and the best friend the local artists ever had.

The war has given prominence to the work of Signaller Ellis Silas, the author and illustrator of "Crusading at Anzac," which has been favourably reviewed by the London papers. The original drawings were shown to the King and Queen, the artist being honoured with a command to Buckingham Palace. He has shown at the Paris Salon, the International and other exhibitions, and is represented by a stained glass panel in the Handicrafts section of the Perth Gallery. He has drawn for the "Daily Mail," "Daily Graphic," "Illustrated London News," and some Australian papers. Signaller Ellis was at the famous landing at Gallipoli, and was mentioned in dispatches for special services rendered.

The leading figure in the black-and-white group in Perth is Ben Strange, who for several years has

been cartoonist of the "Western Mail." Like most of the Australian black-and-white artists he had his first work accepted by the "Bulletin." Mr. Strange saw active service in the South African war, where he was awarded the Queen's medal and six clasps. Miss May Gibbs, who was also connected with the "Western Mail," has drawn for a number of London and Australian papers, and illustrated various volumes published on both sides of the globe. She has struck a new line in depicting the Bush as a land of fairy folk of her own imagining.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Two Australian artists, whose work had many admirers, have recently passed away. Emmanuel Phillips-Fox, who died at the age of 53, was a native of Australia, and received most of his tuition at the Victorian National Gallery. He also studied in Paris, where he gained medals and distinctions. His *Landing of Captain Cook* is in the Melbourne National Gallery. Mr. John Mather, known up and down Australia as a water-colour painter, was born in Scotland 56 years ago, and went to Australia at an early age. He was several times elected President of the Victorian Artists' Society, and at the time of his death was a Trustee of the National Gallery of Victoria and a member of the Committee of the Felton Bequest.

## Paved Gardens

### SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF PAVED GARDENS.

THE use of stone flags for garden walks is associated chiefly with the more formal or "architectural" type of garden, but as will be seen from some of the illustrations here given it is equally compatible with the so-called "landscape" or naturalistic type of garden, especially where the flags are irregular in shape and some of the many species of flowering plants suitable for the purpose are allowed to grow in the intervening spaces. This use of the flagged path for the growth of low-growing perennials and annuals is sometimes carried so far that the path becomes a thing to look at rather than to walk upon, or at all events to be used in this way with circumspection. There are, however, certain low and close growing Alpines which can stand a good deal of walking upon with impunity, and being practically evergreen add an attractive feature to the path at all seasons of the year. Such, for instance, is *Arenaria balearica*, a perennial which, with its vivid green foliage scarcely

more than an inch or so high and tiny white flowers, thrives well in the crevices between the stone flags.

The initial expense of laying the flagged path makes it, of course, more or less of a luxury, but once well laid it is not costly to maintain, and it has manifest advantages as a *trottoir* over the gravel walk, an important one being that it can be used very soon after a downfall of rain.

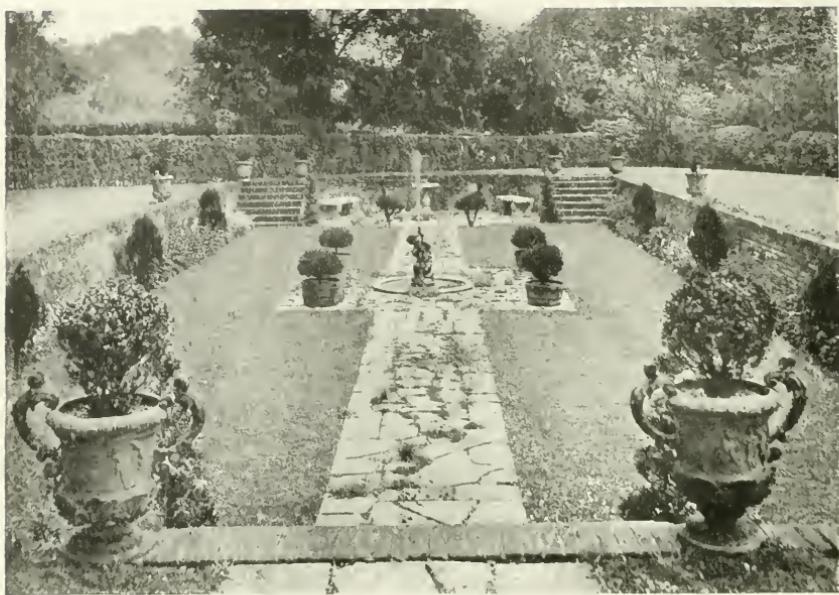
Undesirable weeds are apt to find a lodgment and if not promptly removed may not be easy to get rid of, but almost every kind of garden path, even the asphalte abomination, is subject to this evil. Bricks and tiles are occasionally used for paving garden walks, and our illustrations show one example of the use of red brick which is very effective. This is the garden of Sweet Smells and Savours at Friar Park, Sir Frank Crisp's residence near Henley.

All these illustrations are from photographs by Mr. H. N. King, to whom facilities were given by the respective owners, whose courtesy in allowing their publication we desire to acknowledge.



THE DUTCH GARDEN, BALL'S PARK, HERFORDSHIRE (SEE PAGE 111)

*Paved Gardens*



THE SUNK GARDEN, HANOVER LODGE, REGENT'S PARK (ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY)

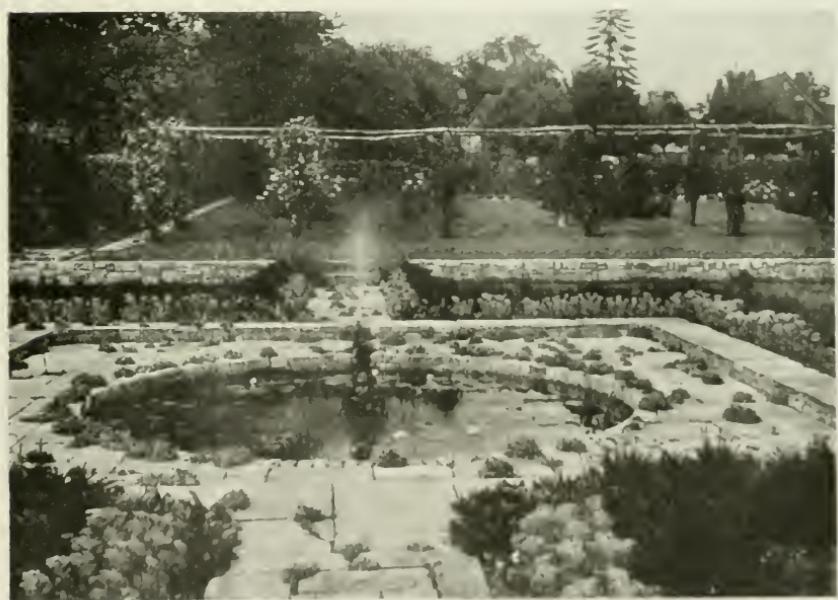


"STEPS IN THE WALL" GARDEN, NUNEHAM PARK, NEAR OXFORD (RT. HON. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P.)

*Paved Gardens*



THE DUTCH GARDEN, KENSINGTON PALACE (H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE)



THE DUTCH GARDEN, HOLLY HILL, TOLKE (OES. W. A. 1000, F.)

*Paved Gardens*



THE SUNK GARDEN, FANHAMS HALL, HERTS (MRS. CROFTS)



THE LAVENDER WALK, REGAL LODGE, NEAR NEWMARKET (LADY DE BATHE)

*Paved Gardens*



THE GARDEN OF SWEET SMELLS AND SAVOURS, FRIAR PARK, HENLEY (SIR FRANK CRIST, BART.)



THE SUNK GARDEN, REGAL LODGE, NEAR NEWMARKET (LADY DE RAVILLE)

*Paved Gardens*



THE SCENTED GARDEN, HATFIELD HOUSE (THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY)



THE THYME GARDEN, ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE, NEAR CARDIFF (THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH)

*Paved Gardens*



LAKEAWEE, KENT (W. M. TAYLOR, ESQ.)



THE MORAVIE GARDEN, HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON  
(THE COUNTESS OF ILICHESTER)

STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—Coloured plaster relief is not, perhaps, so frequently used for the interior adornment of buildings as its special qualities entitle it to be, but a very interesting series of wall decorations in this material has been recently completed. This is the ballroom at Messrs. Deller's new restaurant at Exeter, and the decorations are the joint work of Mr. Arthur Glover, sculptor, and Mr. James Williams, painter. There are fourteen figure panels, arranged as a frieze, and the artists have gone for their inspiration to English poetry, from that earliest lyric "Summer is i-cumen in" to Morris's "Eve of Crecy," choosing of course such poems as by their subject or sentiment adapt themselves for illustration on the walls of a ball-room. The panels are on all four walls, at a height of ten feet from the floor, and have a uniform depth of five feet. Each subject is complete in itself, but the scheme of colour, which is bright and rich, and includes a certain amount of gold, binds the whole frieze together in harmony. The colours used in painting the finished plaster casts were oil colours with a special wax medium. The artistic partnership which has produced the work under notice has been a most successful collaboration and a very real one, for Mr. Williams and Mr. Glover have worked together in the same studio from the first inception of the scheme. All the purely ornamental plasterwork in the ball-room and adjoining restaurant, apart from the coloured reliefs, is by Mr. G. P. Bankart, and it was indeed under his aegis that the whole of the decoration was carried out.

The decorative water-colour by Mr. Williams entitled *The Lament*, which we reproduce, is an interpretation of the spirit of Shelley's elegy on the death of Keats—"Adonais." It was exhibited at the Royal Academy as a pencil-drawing, and has been shown also in its present coloured state at the International Society's exhibition. Mr. Williams, after having been trained under Mr. R. G. Hatton at Newcastle-on-Tyne, proceeded to the Academy Schools, where he had a successful career, holding

the Landseer Scholarship in painting twice, the British Institution Scholarship for three years, and also gained the silver medals for "The Decoration of a Portion of a Public Building," for "Composition in Colour," and for "A Cartoon of a Draped Figure." As this record indicates, he has given special attention to figure design and decoration. With these illustrations we include a marble group exhibited at the Royal Academy by Mr. Glover, who as a student of sculpture was his contemporary at the Academy Schools.

The appointment of Mr. Charles John Holmes to fill the office of Director of the National Gallery made vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Holroyd was announced towards the



COLOURED PLASTER RELIEF PANEL FOR A BALLROOM AT EXETER  
BY ARTHUR GLOVER AND JAMES WILLIAMS



"THE LAMENT" WATERCOLOR BY CLARA LEE





MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE, WITH MARBLE MOULDINGS AND ENAMELLED COAT OF ARMS. DESIGNED BY TALBOT BROWN, ARCHITECT, MODELLED BY C. E. USHER. EXECUTED AT THE DRYAD WORKS, LEICESTER

end of July. Mr. Holmes has held the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford, and since 1909 has had charge of the National Portrait Gallery. He is a prominent member of the New English Art Club, at whose exhibitions he is a regular exhibitor, and he has published several books which give evidence of his wide versatility. At the National Gallery he will have as his principal coadjutor another frequent contributor to the New English exhibitions, Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, who was appointed Keeper and Secretary some two or three years ago, and who, like Mr. Holmes, while quite modern in his practice of art, has also shown a scholarly appreciation of the older schools. The office of Director, Keeper, and Secretary vacated by Mr. Holmes at the National Portrait Gallery will be held by Mr. James D. Milner, who has hitherto acted as Clerk and Acting

Assistant Keeper. The Gallery has been closed to the public since the beginning of last November.

We are glad to learn that the valuable services rendered by Mr. R. C. Witt as Secretary of the National Art Collections Fund have been recognised by his appointment as Trustee of the National Gallery.

A resolution of the Convocation of Oxford University to suspend the Slade Professorship of Fine Art and to appropriate the stipend to other



COLORED PLASTER RELIEF PANEL FOR A BALLROOM  
BY ARTHUR GLOVER AND JAMES WILLIAMS



COLOURED PLASTER RELIEF PANEL FOR A BALLROOM

BY ARTHUR GLOVER AND JAMES WILLIAMS

purposes, which was recorded in the "University Gazette" of June 14, does not seem to have attracted much notice in the Press, but we were pleased to see a vigorous protest in the "Saturday Review," which rightly points out that "in this time of war

every home of the humanities should cherish those permanent gifts of the spirit that enrich life and the mind, while forming a vital bond of union between to-day, to-morrow, and all the yesterdays in history."



"ENDYMION"

BY ARTHUR GLOVER

COLOURED PLASTER RELIEF PANEL  
FOR A BALLROOM. BY ARTHUR  
GLOVER AND JAMES WILLIAMS





CHALICE IN SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES  
WITH ENAMELS BY CECILIA ADAMS.  
MADE BY CHARLES MOXEY AND F. JOBE,  
DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER (*Artificers' Guild*)

We include among our illustrations this month a reproduction of a memorial tablet in bronze with enamel enrichment, recently executed by the Dryad Works at Leicester, a firm which, long noted for its cane furniture, has during the last few years added high-class metal-work to the scope of its activities: two examples of ecclesiastical metal-work from the Artificers' Guild of London, whose productions we have had the pleasure of bringing to the notice of our readers

on frequent occasions; and lastly a view of the interior of the Church of St. Mary, Primrose Hill (Rev. Dr. Dearmer), showing a rood-beam and figures lately erected therein from the designs of Mr. Gilbert Bayes, as a memorial to the late Mr. Thomas R. Way, to whose judgment and experience as a lithographic artist and printer the readers of this magazine owe those remarkably faithful reproductions of Whistler's pastels which are now so eagerly sought after by collectors.

The designs and models for war memorials exhibited during the latter half of July at the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects as the result of the series of competitions organised by the Civic Arts Association were on the whole very disappointing. There were eight classes in these competitions, with prizes in books and money ranging from £1 to £50, the average amounting to a little over £10, a sum hardly likely to attract first-rate talent, especially as in the case of these competitions the artists were expected to relinquish all rights in any designs to which prizes were awarded. It is not surprising under these circumstances that the response was so poor, but it is surprising that the jury should have given their approval to a set of designs which only in very few cases could be said to reach more than a mediocre standard, and even in those cases were open to objection as inappropriate to the purpose specified. And seeing that most of our rising



SILVER-GILT PYX, DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER,  
MADE BY CHARLES MOXEY; PANELS BY J. BONNER (*Artificers' Guild*)



ROOD BEAM AND FIGURES ERECTED  
AS A MEMORIAL TO THOMAS R. WAY  
IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PRIMROSE HILL,  
DESIGNED BY GILBERT BAYES

young artists are now engaged in an infinitely sterner competition, and therefore have no chance of participating in competitions of this sort, it would have been better perhaps to have postponed them till the end of the War, when the conditions in every respect would be more favourable.

Mr. Will Dyson's exhibition of cartoons at the Chenil Gallery, entitled "The German View," revealed an artist who is hardly rivalled on technical grounds either by Raemakers or by the Italian artists whose work has been shown in London. But the impression received from the exhibition is that preoccupation with style and regard for artistic beauty mean more to Mr. Dyson than his subject. He is at his best when he represents not the Prussian but the victims of the Prussian system, even in Germany. His art is of an intellectual rather than an emotional cast, and he does not convince us that the cartoon is the natural province of his genius.

We greatly regretted to see in one of the casualty lists published early last month the name of Henry Samuel Teed, Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery and Member of the Royal Society of British Artists, who was killed while organising resistance to a German attack on July 25. Mr. Teed received a commission in the Berkshire Regiment in August 1915, after training with the Inns of Court O.T.C., and went to the Front last January. The casualty list of July also contained the name of another artist, Second-Lieut. Charles Kingsley Howe, also of the Berkshire Regiment, who fell in the advance on July 1. Mr. Howe was a member of the teaching staff of the Goldsmiths' College School of Art, and an exhibitor at the International Society's shows. He joined the Artists' Rifles in September 1914, and proceeding to the Front in the following January received his commission a year ago, and took part in the heavy fighting at Loos and the

Hohenzollern Redoubt last autumn. He was 27 years of age.

**B**RIGHTON.—We give here reproductions of a dry-point and a charcoal drawing by Miss Stella Langdale, a Brighton artist whose work is to be seen not only at local exhibitions but at some of the leading London shows, such as those of the International Society, the Senefelder Club, etc. In the various forms of graphic art which she practises Miss Langdale shows due regard for the scope and limitations of her medium.

The summer exhibition at the Public Art Gallery consisted of the collection of modern pictures of the Simpkin Bequest to the town, and of a loan collection of portraits of the eighteenth-century English School. The bequest includes important works by W. J. Muller, David Cox, Sidney Cooper, John Phillips, R.A., John Linnell and others; and works of such prominent Academicians, past and present, as Alma-Tadema, J. C. Hook, Thomas Faed, Sir E. J. Poynter. In addition to paintings there are in the bequest three remarkable decorative vases by Solon. A small room of the exhibition was devoted to a few invited works from contemporary and local artists.



"A ROAD IN ITALY"

DRY-POINT BY STELLA LANGDALE



'IN THE NORTH COUNTRY - EVENING'  
FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY  
STELLA LANGDALE

STATUE OF APHRODITE ANADYOMENE  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN LIBYA



(National Museum, Rome)

**R**OME.—War, that takes away so recklessly and so much of the world's artistic riches, sometimes gives. The Italian conquest of Libya has brought quite casually the discovery of one of the finest gems of Greek art. This new Aphrodite Anadyomene, stepping from the waves and the sand, was discovered on December 1, 1913, by soldiers digging to make entrenchments near the Forum of ancient Cyrene, and last year it was exhibited in the Museo delle Terme in Rome. War had already begun to rage, and so but few saw and fewer still found occasion to study the foundling which when better known will rank amongst the half-dozen finest existing types of classic form.

There is nothing austere and forbiddingly god-like in the statue. It is a fine, well-developed girl, taller than the average, that we surprise in the act of stepping from her bath and shaking her hair dry in the warm sea-wind. The arms were raised above the head in this act. The graceful poise is ascribable to the fact of the breathing; we can verily feel the profound heaving of the bosom, the natural effect of the bath and slight chill. The equilibrium on account of the statue's leaning to the right is consolidated by the rising dolphin. This attribute was probably greenish, the scales being figured by metallic touches. The just discarded wrap, opaque and heavy in tone, threw into fine relief the pearly tints of the marble. There is little doubt about the statue's originality. The care and refinement of the kneading; the intense vitality of the marble, beneath which the hand can almost feel the form and movement of the

muscles; the attitude and ~~marvelous~~ workmanship; all these are qualities not to be found in a copy

In spite of its realism the statue seems to belong to a relatively pure era of art. The form of the breasts is still severe, the moderate curve of the hips not effeminate at all. The ventral region has slight masculine lines. The whole body is visibly solid: the feet well flattened on the ground have even been taxed as too large. The *motif* does not exclude the influence of the correct, even academic fifth century art. The rhythm and the anatomy bring this school to mind, whilst the more slender proportions speak of the fourth century. Archaeologists have therefore ascribed it to a school that preserved in the fourth century the teaching of the fifth, yielding nevertheless to the



A PAIR OF LANDSCAPE

*(Memphis Art Evolution, Tokyo — n. 10)*

BY TAKASHIMA HOKKAI



"A SINGER"

(*Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo*)

BY TERAZAKI KOGYO

softer influences of the time. They have put forward the name of Euphranor the Corinthian, but one can be sure of nothing without seeing the missing head. From the merely effective point of view, we miss the head not at all. A figure like this does not want the finish of a head. The sense of beauty complete and lacking nothing invades us when we look at it. We do not mind the mutilation and after a time forget it.

WILLY G. R. BENEDICTUS.

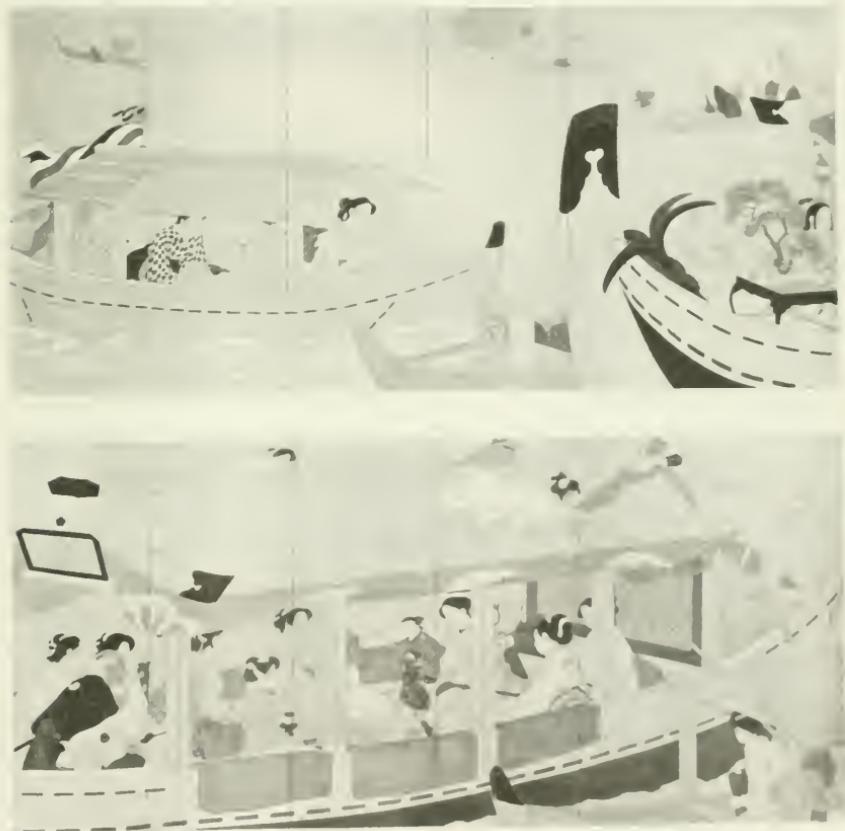
**T**OKYO.—Nothing in recent years has given so much stimulus to our art as the celebration of the formal accession to the Imperial throne which took place last winter. Master weavers of Kyoto had been

busily engaged in the production of brocade robes for the participants in the ceremony, which was observed in accordance with the time-honoured customs of the land. Certain designs and colours have come to be recognised as *gotaiten kinen*, which means "in commemoration of the great celebration." For lacquer and cloisonné artists, potters and metal workers, it was a splendid chance to show their skill and talent. Great painters of the day were called upon to decorate the walls, panels and screens of the palaces used for the occasion. Furthermore, artists of every branch were kept busy, for presents were exchanged with a greater fervour than usual among the people, who are fond of exchanging gifts. Above all, the occasion was in itself an inspiration for the artists.

Among all sorts of events which took place at the time of the great celebration two exhibitions stood pre-eminent, judged from the art standpoint—one a special exhibition of retrospective arts held in Kyoto in commemoration of the Imperial Accession; the other the 9th Annual Art Exhibition held in Uyeno Park, Tokyo, under the auspices of the Department of Education (Mombusho). Interest in this exhibition has grown in intensity from year to year—not only among the artists but also among the people at large, until it has now come to be regarded as the greatest event in the art calendar of Japan. Of course, like the Royal Academy in London and the Paris Salon, it is viewed from different angles and often serves as a target for severe criticisms. However, with slight

changes in the hanging committee and modifications in the classification of the exhibits, the exhibition has grown in size and popularity. At the last exhibition there were presented before the judges 2155 paintings in the Japanese style, of which 204 were accepted for exhibition, 1346 paintings in the European style, of which 147 were hung; and 192 pieces of sculpture, of which only 60 were exhibited. In the course of a month nearly 185,000 people visited the exhibition.

Works by members of the judging committee attracted considerable attention. In the section of Japanese paintings mention may be made of Terazaki-Kogyo's *Mountains of Shinano* (scroll) and *A Singer*, a pair of screens reproduced on



"LAND ON THE SUMIDA RIVER" / M. KUNIYOSHI / 1845

BY KABEAI KUNIOKA



"IN A SOUTHERN CLIME"

(Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)

BY HASHIMOTO-KANSETSU

page 244; Takashima-Hokkai's pair of landscapes (p. 243); Komuro-Suiun's *Autumn of Komagatake* (a pair of screens) and a summer landscape; Araki-Jippo's *Flowers and Birds of Four Seasons* and Kikuchi-Hobun's *Wagtails* (a pair of screens). In the section of European paintings the works of the following judges may be mentioned:—Okada-Saburosuke's *Snow Scene in Isojima*, Nakagawa-Hachiro's *Summer Scene*, Nakamura-Fusetsu's *Hono* and *Choyo*, Kuroda-Seiki's

*Portrait of Atomi-Kakei* (p. 248); Fujishima-Takeji's *Odour and Sky*, Mitsutani-Kunishiro's *Fish Market and Bathing*, and Wada-Eisaku's *Sayohime*. Among the sculpture exhibited by the judges were Yonehara-Unkai's *Wilderness* and *Pine-breeze*, both in wood, Yamazaki-Choun's *Minakami* (p. 247), *Medicine Grinder*, and *A Reward*, all in wood, Shinkai-Taketaro's *Eight Phases of Buddha* in relief, *An Untrained Soldier* (p. 247) in clay, and *A Dancer* in wood.



"AN UNTRAINED SOLDIER"  
MODELED IN CLAY BY SHINKAI TAKETARO  
(Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)

High awards were bestowed upon the following pictures in the Japanese style: *Clearing Shower* by Kaburaki-Kiyokata, whose *Picnic on the Sumida River* (p. 245) received a high award at the 8th Annual Exhibition; *Urashima* by Kikuchi-Keigetsu; *Range of Snowy Mountains* by Kawamura-Manshu; *Mountains in Four Seasons* by Tanaka-Raisho; *Hand-gatami* (an insane woman) by Uyemura-Shoen; *Kobikicho: Past and Present* by Ikeda-Terukata; *Summer* by Hirai-Beisen; and *Hunting* by Hashimoto Kansetsu, whose *In a Southern Clime* (p. 246) earned distinction at the Mombusho Art Exhibition of the preceding year, when also some of the others just named gained high awards.

There has been a growing tendency to paint pictures of large dimensions with a view to winning a place at the Annual Art Exhibition, it being felt that otherwise it would be difficult to attract popular attention. Some of the rolls and screens have occupied several yards of the wall, and some single subjects contained six or a dozen pictures in sets. Each year paintings of larger size but without any extra merit have made their appearance. This tendency has been much criticised, and an effort has been made to check it. Consequently, steps were taken by the authorities in charge of the exhibition to encourage pictures of small size.

However, when the last exhibition was opened, the visitors were disappointed in finding only very few small pictures. Another point to be noted in this connection is the increasing popularity of *hanga*, or "paintings of beautiful women." A great number of artists, both those who paint in oil and those who follow the Japanese style, have taken to painting pictures of this character. At present *hanga* the appearance of an increasing number of women artists among the exhibitors is a point of interest.

The Mombusho Art Exhibition reflects the life of our artists in all its phases. The struggle still continues among them—the struggle to free themselves from the bondage of their tradition and express themselves in the light of present-day life more freely than they have hitherto been



"MENNA AMI"  
WOOD SCULPTURE BY YAMA-AKE CHUN  
(The Exhibition)

listened to. To be sure, a great many are stumbling and faltering, while others stubbornly hold to their own. Yet a large number of aspiring artists are struggling bravely through the confusion of this transitional period in our art as well as in other phases of our national life. HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Picture Rāmāyana.* Compiled and illustrated by BHAVANRAO SHRINIVASRAO, alias BALASHEB PANDIT PANT PRATINIDHI, B.A., Chief of Aundh. (Bombay: The Union Agency.) 21s. net. The "Rāmāyana" has been made familiar to English readers by Mr. Manmath Dutt, and though probably the number of those who have in this way become acquainted with the great epic is not large, it has undoubtedly been instrumental in disseminating a better understanding of the vast population of India in whose lives this storehouse of legendary lore and traditional morals still exercises a deep-seated influence. As a further step in the same direction this "Picture Rāmāyana" is to be cordially welcomed. "The great charm of the Chief of Aundh's book for English readers," says Mr. Kincaid, who has contributed to it an outline of the narrative, "is that it places before them clear and definite conceptions of how the story presents itself to Indian minds. Drawn by the Chief's skilful pencil we learn what the heroes, their allies the monkeys, and their enemies the demons, of Lanka, looked like according to the fancy of modern Indians." A task such as this is beyond the power of an alien artist, however accomplished: as Lord Sydenham remarks in his sympathetic foreword, in which he pays a tribute to the high character of the Chief as an administrator, "only

an Indian mind could make the selection which is most typical of Indian thought, and only an Indian artist could present the pictures which correspond most faithfully to Indian imagination." The pictures are sixty in number, and having apparently been executed in water-colour, are all reproduced in colour, with explanatory text facing each plate.

*Attraverso gli Albi e le Cartelle.* By VITTORIO PICA. Terza Serie. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche.) 10 lire.—More than fifteen years have elapsed since Sgr. Pica brought out the first *fascicolo* of this work, which may be described as a series of illustrated monographs chiefly concerned with modern graphic art, and in the three *fascicoli* making up this third series the good typographic qualities which we have noted in the earlier instalments are fully maintained. As historian of the international exhibitions of art in Venice the author



PORTRAIT OF ATOMI KAKEI

OIL-PAINTING BY KURODA-SEIKI  
(Moriyama Art Exhibition, Tokyo)



ARTIST PRISONERS OF WAR IN THEIR STUDIO AT GIessen

has proved himself a close observer of developments in various countries; and in this publication too he reviews the work of artists of diverse nationality with rare acumen. Thus we find in this new volume essays on Carl Larsson and Anders Zorn of Sweden, Arthur Rackham and Frank Brangwyn of England, Steinlen, Raffaelli and Guys of France, and Alberto Martini, the Italian artist whose weirdly imaginative work the British public had recently an opportunity of studying at first hand in an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries; and Mr. Brangwyn figures again with others in an interesting essay on "L'Italia nelle Stampe degli Incisori Stranieri." All the essays are abundantly illustrated with excellent reproductions of works by the several artists dealt with, and as a variation from the black-and-white text illustrations a few coloured plates are inserted.

We have received from Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, a copy of their Catalogue of Etchings, Engravings, and Colour Prints, containing a large number of excellent half tone reproductions of works published by them. Prominent among these are prints after pictures by various Old Masters, English and foreign, the marine pictures of Mr. Frank Dicksee, the subject pictures of Mr. Frank Dicksee and Mr. Dendy Sadler, the landscapes of Mr. Joseph Farquharson and Mr.

MacWhirter, and original etchings and mezzotints, by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, Mr. A. C. Meyer, Mr. M. Cormack, Miss Dorothy Woollard and others. Miss Woollard's etching *Burnham Beeches*, reproduced in our March issue, is published by this firm.

The picture postcard reproduced above reached us recently with the following interesting letter from the Prisoners of War Camp at Giessen:

*To the Editor of THE STUDIO.*

DEAR SIR, We have received many numbers of THE STUDIO from Mrs. Humphrey [Secretary, Prisoners of War Relief Fund] and she writes me that you were the kind donator. We appreciate them greatly and send you our most grateful thanks and best wishes.

The "we" are about twenty men, of many various artistic talents and qualities, from theatrical scene painters to "Beaux Arts" painters.

I am sending you a picture postcard, which I hope will teach you, showing a corner and some men posed for the camera but who were not actually at work in these positions. From left to right are 1. Algerian, as no. 1; 2. A. Staels, a Belgian actor; 3. A. Venelle, Belgian sculptor; 4. Latouche, student of Nantes; 5. myself; 6. Depout, a French architect; 7. Tissot, a French caricaturist; 8. A Belgian student of architecture; 9. R. Diorat, a French artist; 10. a man who has left.

There are four British in the "we" — A. Nantel, "The Standard," Montreal, myself, and Ann Beddoe, student, Ottawa, are in Canadian regiments, and one man, a decimator, in French regiments. The best artists here are Raphael Diorat, the students Venelle, Latouche, and Beddoe, Nantel, and Tissot; the rest are architects, decorators, furniture designers, etc.

Thanking you again for your kindly thoughts and actions, on behalf of the German Art Fraternity. — I remain, Yours truly, LEWIS KENNAKAP.

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE VALUE OF CARICATURE.

"WHY do you art people profess such an interest in caricatures?" asked the Plain Man. "They always seem to me to be very trivial and unimportant things, and I cannot help thinking that it is rather undignified for an artist to do them."

"Fancy you standing up for the dignity of the profession," exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "That is indeed a surprise! But I do not agree with you that caricatures are necessarily either trivial or unimportant—they can be quite interesting things with considerable artistic value."

"But surely a mere burlesque, exaggerated and purposely ridiculous, cannot have any artistic value," said the Plain Man. "It is only meant to be laughed at; you cannot be expected to take it seriously."

"That depends entirely upon what you mean by taking it seriously," broke in the Art Critic. "Because the purpose of an artist's work is to cast ridicule upon something or somebody, it does not follow that what he does is ridiculous. His ridicule, indeed, would not be effective if his way of expressing it were not skillful and appropriate. If the funny story is told lamely its point inevitably disappears."

"Oh yes; that is true, no doubt," agreed the Plain Man; "but after all the only purpose of a caricature is to be grotesque. If it is grotesque enough you laugh at it, if it is simply silly you feel rather sorry that the artist should have made a fool of himself, but anyhow the idea must occur to you that he has wasted time which might have been much better employed."

"I will not for a moment admit that such an idea has ever entered my mind," protested the Man with the Red Tie. "On the contrary, I contend that caricature serves a really valuable purpose and that there is a definite place for it among the arts."

"Yes, and you might add that it has the warrant of very respectable antiquity and that its traditions are not undistinguished," remarked the Critic. "But I am not quite prepared to accept the statement that the only purpose of caricature is to be grotesque. I do not deny that the element of humorous exaggeration enters into much of the work which can be included under this heading, but there is often trenchant satire as well, and shrewd realisation of character, and when the caricaturist is a man of capacity there are technical

qualities which command respect. Things of this order cannot be dismissed as merely ridiculous."

"They cannot be accepted as serious works of art, all the same," objected the Plain Man. "They are not elevating: they teach nothing; and what you call their humorous exaggeration gives them a sort of flippancy that is rather irritating. What humour, for instance, is there in distorting a man's features into something unhuman?"

"Has someone been drawing a caricature of you?" chuckled the Man with the Red Tie. "Is that what inspires these criticisms?"

"Oh, do not limit caricature to personal parody," interrupted the Critic. "That is only one of its applications, and where, as sometimes happens, it is carried to extremes and attracts attention merely on the strength of some gross and unnatural exaggeration of the physiognomy, it has certainly not much claim to consideration as a work of art, though on the other hand, if the exaggeration is kept within reasonable bounds and amounts to no more than a slight accentuation of some personal peculiarity or facial characteristic, it is perfectly consistent with the recognised canons of art. But I have in my mind a more important idea of this type of art. A caricature by an artist who has intelligence and wit, and the skill to express himself, has unquestionably an educational value."

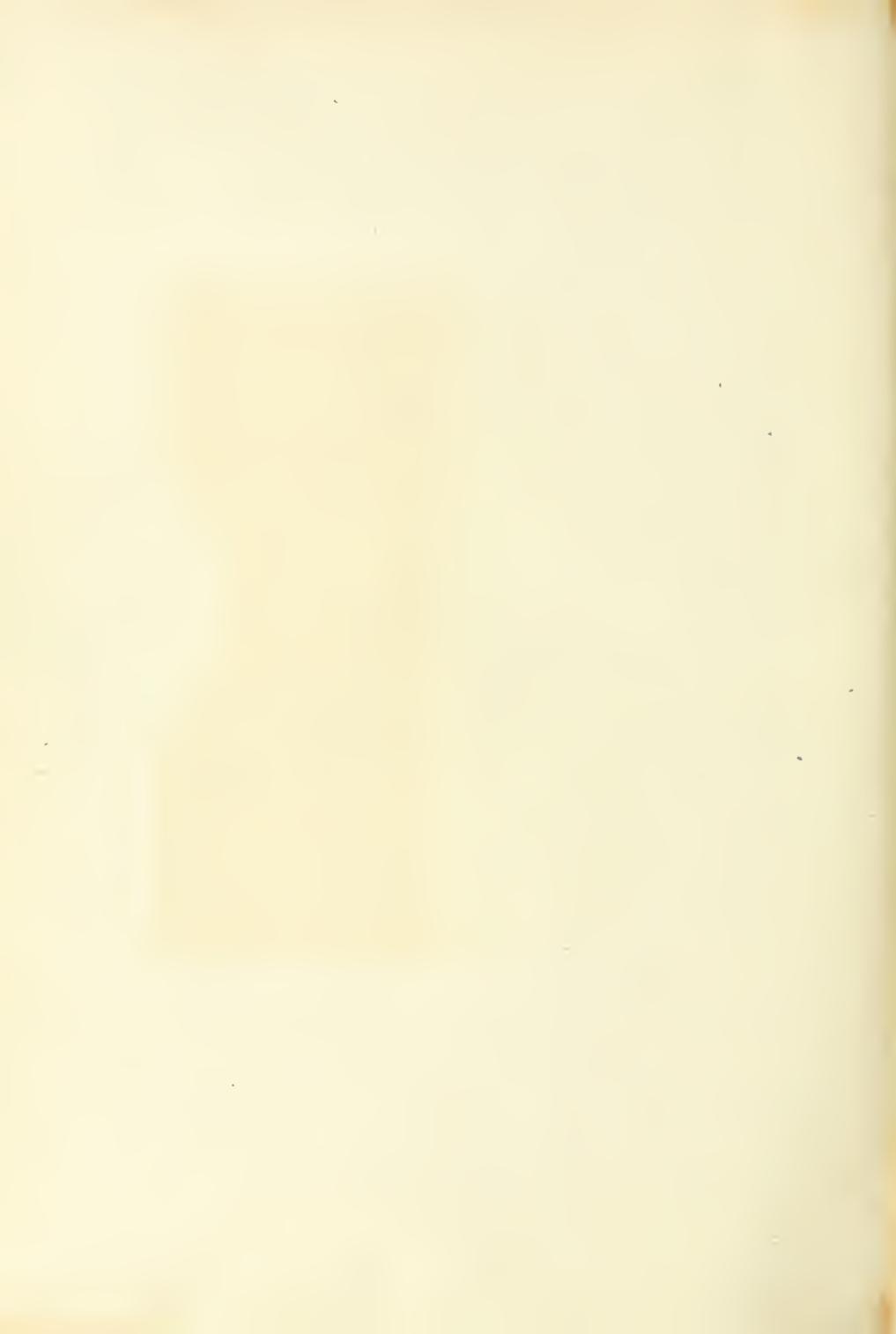
"But what can we learn from it?" asked the Plain Man.

"You can learn what a man who observes shrewdly and thinks with originality has to say about a good many subjects," replied the Critic; "and his views influence you all the more because they are expressed with a touch of humour. Look at the political caricature: how it sways public opinion and helps on the developments of party warfare. Look at the war cartoon: how it brings home to us the issues in which we are concerned and strengthens our faith in the justice of our cause. Look at the satirical drawing: what a commentary it provides on the doings of our public men and how it helps us to correct our social follies. Do you think a serious, solemn painted sermon would be half as persuasive as any of these? Why, the very fact that their flippancy irritates you proves that you are moved by them more than you think."

"And the good they do me is to be measured by the amount of discomfort they cause me," commented the Plain Man. "Well, education is always a painful process."

"Il faut souffrir pour être sage," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. THE LAY FIGURE.





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